STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA
3 0144 00339225 5

S-R
CLASS 842 BOOK M735
VOLUME 6

PENNSYLVANIA
STATE LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Commonwealth Libraries

http://archive.org/details/worksofjohnmole00mor

THE

WORKS

OF

MOLIERE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

BERWICK:

PRINTED FOR R. TAYLOR,

MDCCLXXI.

SLR
842
M735
v.6

THE

CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

A

COMEDY.

43855

The CHEATS *of* SCAPIN, *a Comedy of Three Acts, performed at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal May the 24th, 1671.*

IF we excuſe the fooliſh incident of the ſack, which has ſo frequently been the ſubject of criticiſm ſince Deſpreaux, we ſhall find in the CHEATS of SCAPIN ſome riches of antiquity which have not been diſagreeable to the moderns. Plautus would not have even rejected the very incident of the ſack, nor the ſcene of the galley, corrected from Cyrano, and would have diſcovered himſelf in the vivacity which animates the plot. Terence would not have been aſhamed of the ſimplicity and elegance with which the piece opens, where Octavio relates to his ſervant, or rather repeats himſelf, a piece of news which afflicts him; whilſt the valet, like an echo, confirms it by monoſyllables. Terence would have diſcovered himſelf again in that ſcene where Argante talks aloud to himſelf, while Scapin anſwers him without being either ſeen or heard by Argante, in order to let the ſpectator into the cheat he was contriving. In ſhort, although the ſervants, who, like the ſlaves in Plautus and Terence, are the ſoul of this piece, do not afford a comic humour ſo elegant as that which Moliere has firſt given an example of to his age, yet we cannot help praiſing this inferior kind alſo.

ACTORS.

ARGANTE, father to Octavio and Zerbinetta.
GERONTE, father to Leander and Hiacintha.
OCTAVIO, ſon to Argante, and in love with Hiacintha.
LEANDER, ſon to Geronte, and in love with Zerbinetta.
ZERBINETTA, ſuppoſed a gipſy, and diſcovered to be daughter to Argante.
HIACINTHA, daughter to Geronte.
SCAPIN, valet to Leander.
SILVESTER, valet to Octavio.
NERINA, nurſe to Hiacintha.
CARLOS, friend to Scapin.
Two Porters.

SCENE NAPLES.

THE

CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OCTAVIO, SILVESTER.

OCTAVIO.

AH! terrible news to an heart deeply in love! To what cruel extremities am I reduced! You have juſt heard, Silveſter, at the port, that my father is come back?

Silveſter. Indeed I have.

Octavio. That he arrived this very morning?

Silveſter. Yes.

Octavio. And that he is determined to marry me?

Silveſter. Yes.

Octavio. To Signior Geronte's daughter?

Silveſter. To Signior Geronte's daughter.

Octavio. And that this young lady is ordered hither from Tarentum on that account?

Silveſter. Juſt ſo.

Octavio. And you have this account from my uncle?

Silveſter. From your uncle.

Octavio. Whom my father informed of it, by letter?

Silveſter. Yes, by letter.

Octavio. And you ſay, this uncle is acquainted with our affairs?

Silveſter. All our affairs.

Octavio. Pſha! Pr'ythee ſpeak, and do not behave in this manner, catching the words out of my mouth.

Silveſter. What can I ſay more? when you tell things juſt as they are, without omitting one circumſtance.

Octavio. Adviſe me, at leaſt, and tell me what I muſt do in this cruel conjuncture.

Silveſter. Indeed, I find myſelf as much embarraſſed here as you are, and have great occaſion for advice myſelf.

Octavio. I am confounded by this plaguy return.

Silveſter. And I am no leſs ſo.

Octavio. When my father comes to be informed of affairs, I ſhall have a ſudden ſtorm of impetuous reprimands poured upon me.

Silveſter. Reprimands are trifling, would to heaven I were quit at that rate! But for my part, I am like to pay much dearer for your follies, I ſee a cloud of cudgel-blows forming at a diſtance, which will burſt upon my ſhoulders.

Octavio. Heavens! which way ſhall I clear myſelf of the perplexity I am involved in?

Silveſter. You ſhould have thought of that before you had brought yourſelf into it.

Octavio. Pho! you teize me to death with your unſeaſonable lectures.

Silveſter. And your giddy actions are more teizing to me.

Octavio. What muſt I do? What am I to determine? What remedy can I have recourſe to?

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO, SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SCAPIN.

WHAT ails you, Signior Octavio? You are much disturbed I see, pray what is the matter with you?

Octavio. Ah! my dear Scapin, I am undone, I am lost past recovery, I am the most wretched of mortals.

Scapin. How so?

Octavio. Hast thou heard nothing concerning me?

Scapin. No.

Octavio. My father is just a coming with Signior Geronte, with a resolution to marry me.

Scapin. Well, what is there so terrible in that?

Octavio. Alas! you are acquainted with the cause of my uneasiness.

Scapin. No, but it is your fault if I am not informed of it very soon, and I am a man of consolation, one who interests myself in young people's affairs.

Octavio. Oh! Scapin, if thou couldst invent any scheme to deliver me from the misery I am in, I should think myself indebted to thee for more than life.

Scapin. Really there are few things impossible to me, when I chuse to engage in them. Heaven has undoubtedly bestowed on me a fine genius for all those smart turns of wit, and those ingenious galantries, to which the ignorant vulgar give the name of imposture; and without vanity, I can say that there has scarce been a man seen who was a more dextrous artist at expedients and intrigues, who acquired more glory in that noble profession, than myself: but really, merit is poorly rewarded now-a-days, and I have re-

nounced all these things ever since the chagrin of a particular affair which befel me.

Octavio. How! What affair, Scapin?

Scapin. An adventure in which I was embroiled with justice.

Octavio. With justice?

Scapin. Yes. We had a trifling quarrel together.

Octavio. You, and justice?

Scapin. Yes, she used me but dirtily, and I was piqued to such a degree at the ingratitude of the age, that I determined to act no longer. But enough. Pursue the story of your adventure.

Octavio. You know, Scapin, it is two months since Signior Geronte and my father embarked together upon a voyage which regards a particular commerce, wherein both their interests were concerned.

Scapin. I know it.

Octavio. And that Leander and I were left by our father; I under the conduct of Silvester, and Leander under thy direction.

Scapin. Yes. I have acquitted myself very well of my charge.

Octavio. Some time after, Leander met with a young gipsy, whom he fell in love with.

Scapin. I know that also.

Octavio. As we are very intimate, he soon let me into the secret of his amour, and carried me to see this girl, whom I thought handsome, it is true, but not to such a degree as he would have had me thought her. He entertained me with nothing but her, from morn to night, at every turn exaggerated her beauty and her gracefulness to me; he extolled her wit, and spoke to me with transport of the charms of her conversation, which he reported to me even to the least word, and took pains to make me think them the most sprightly

in the world. He ſometimes quarrelled with me for not being ſufficiently ſenſible of things he had told me, and blamed me continually for the indifference I ſhewed to the flames of love.

Scapin. I do not as yet ſee whither this tends.

Octavio. One day, as I accompanied him to viſit the people in whoſe cuſtody the dear object of his paſſion is, we heard, in a little houſe of a by-ſtreet, ſome lamentations mixed with a good deal of ſobbing. We inquired what it was. A woman told us, ſighing, that we might there ſee ſomething moſt piteous in the perſons of foreigners; and that, except we were inſenſible, we ſhould be affected with it.

Scapin. Whither will this lead us?

Octavio. Curioſity made me preſs Leander to ſee what it was. We enter into a hall, where we behold an old woman dying, ſupported by a maid ſervant, who was making lamentation, and a young girl diſſolved in tears, the moſt beautiful that ever my eyes beheld.

Scapin. Oh! Hoh!

Octavio. Another would have appeared horrible in the dreſs ſhe was in; for ſhe had nothing on but a wretched ſcanty petticoat, with a night waiſtcoat of plain dimmety; and her head-dreſs a yellow cornet, turned back upon the top of her head, which let her hair fall in diſorder upon her ſhoulders; and though dreſſed in this manner, ſhe ſhone with a thouſand allurements, and there was nothing but what was agreeable and charming in her whole perſon.

Scapin. I obſerve things come towards.

Octavio. Hadſt thou ſeen her, Scapin, in the ſituation I tell thee, thou wouldſt have thought her admirable.

Scapin. Undoubtedly I ſhould; and without ſeeing her, I perceive very plain ſhe was abſolutely charming.

Octavio. Her tears were not thoſe diſagreeable

tears which disfigure a face. She had a most winning gracefulness in weeping; and her sorrow was the most beautiful in the world.

Scapin. I see it all.

Octavio. She greatly affected all present, by throwing herself in the most tender manner upon the body of the dying woman, whom she called her dear mother: there was not a person there but was pierced to the soul to see so affectionate a girl.

Scapin. Really, this is very moving, and I see plainly this good disposition of hers made you admire her.

Octavio. Ah! Scapin, a barbarian would have loved her.

Scapin. Certainly. How could one avoid it.

Octavio. After some words, with which I endeavoured to soften the grief of the afflicted fair one, we went from thence; and asking Leander what he thought of this young woman, he answered me coldly, that he thought she was tolerably pretty. I was displeased at the indifference with which he spoke of her, and would not discover the effect her beauty had upon my heart.

Silvester to Octavio.] If you do not abridge this narrative, we are in for it till to-morrow morning. Let me finish it in two or three words. [To Scapin.] His heart takes fire from this minute. He cannot live if he goes not to comfort the lovely afflicted. His frequent visits are rejected by the maid-servant, who is become governante, by the dea h of the mother. See my gentleman in despair. He presses, supplicates, conjures; not a bit. They tell him the girl, though destitute of means of support, is of a good family; and that, without marrying her, they cannot suffer his addresses. His love is augmented by difficulties. He racks his brain, debates, reasons, ponders, takes his re-

ſolution: And lo! he has been married to her theſe three days.

Scapin. I underſtand.

Silveſter. Now add to this the unexpected return of the father, who was not expected home this two months; the diſcovery the uncle has made of the ſecret of our marriage; and the other marriage intended between him and the daughter which Signior Geronte had by a ſecond wife whom it is reported he married at Tarentum.

Octavio. And more than all this, add alſo the indigence this lovely creature labours under, and the incapacity I am in to relieve her.

Scapin. Is that all? You are both mightily perplexed about a trifle. Is that an affair to be ſo much alarmed at? Are you not aſhamed to be caught ſhort in ſuch a ſmall buſineſs? What the devil! Thou art as large and as bulky as father and mother together; and canſt thou not invent ſome gallant wile, ſome honeſt little ſtratagem, to adjuſt your affairs? Fie! Plague on the booby. I ſhould have been heartily glad formerly, would they but have given me our old fellows to bubble; I ſhould have played them off with a jirk: I was but a child, when I had ſignalized myſelf by a hundred tricks of fine addreſs.

Silveſter. I own that heaven has not endued me with thy talents; and that I have not the wit, like thee, to be embroiled with juſtice.

Octavio. But here comes my charming Hiacintha.

SCENE III.

HIACINTHA, OCTAVIO, SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

HIACINTHA.

AH! Octavio, is what Silvester has just told Nerina true, that your father is upon his return, and intends to marry you?

Octavio. Yes amiable Hiacintha, and this news has struck me cruelly. But what do I see? Are you weeping? Why these tears? Tell me, do you suspect me of infidelity? And have you not assurance of my love?

Hiacintha. Yes, Octavio, I am certain you love me; but can I assure myself that love will always last?

Octavio. What, can one love you, and not love you for life?

Hiacintha. Oh! Octavio, I have heard say, that your sex loves not so long as ours does; and that the ardours men discover, are flames which are as easily extinguished as they are kindled.

Octavio. Ah! my dear Hiacintha, my heart then is not made like that of other men; I plainly see, for my part, that I shall love you as long as I live.

Hiacintha. I am willing to believe you think what you say, and I make no doubt but your words are sincere. But I fear a power which may oppose, in your heart, the tender sentiments you may have for me. You depend on a father who would marry you to another; and I am certain, should this misfortune happen, it will be my death.

Octavio. No, amiable Hiacintha, there is no father shall oblige me to break my faith with you; and I am resolved to quit my country, and even life itself, if it

is neceſſary, rather than quit you. I have already, without having ſeen her, conceived a terrible averſion for her they have appointed me; and, without cruelty, I could wiſh the ſea would drive her far hence for ever. Therefore, pray, my lovely Hiacintha, weep not, for your tears kill me, and I cannot ſee them, they ſtab me to the heart.

Hiacintha. Since you will have it ſo, I will then dry up my tears, and wait with patience for heaven's determination, concerning me.

Octavio. Heaven will favour our loves.

Hiacintha. It cannot be averſe to me, if you continue faithful.

Octavio. I certainly ſhall be ſo.

Hiacintha. Then I ſhall be happy.

Scapin aſide.] She is not ſo great a fool, really; and I think ſhe is tolerably well to paſs.

Octavio pointing to Scapin.] Here is a man could be a wonderful aſſiſtant to us in all our neceſſities, if he would.

Scapin. I have made many promiſes to meddle no more with the world; but if you intreat me very powerfully, both of you, perhaps———

Octavio. Nay, if it ſticks only at ſtrong intreaties to obtain thy aſſiſtance, I conjure thee, with all my heart, to take our affair in hand.

Scapin to Hiacintha.] And have you nothing to ſay to me?

Hiacintha. I intreat you, according to his example, by all in the world that is moſt dear to you, that you would aſſiſt us in our love.

Scapin. I muſt allow myſelf to be overcome, and have a little humanity. Go, I will employ myſelf in your favour.

Octavio. Be aſſured that———

Scapin to Octavio.] Hush. [To Hiacintha.] Get you hence, and be easy.

SCENE IV.

OCTAVIO, SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SCAPIN to Octavio.

AND you prepare yourself boldly to meet your father.

Octavio. I own to thee, that this meeting makes me tremble beforehand; and I have such a natural timorousness that I do not know how to overcome it.

Scapin. You must however appear firm at first encounter, for fear he takes the advantage of our faintheartedness, and lead you about like a child. There, endeavour by study to compose yourself. A little boldness, and think how to answer resolutely upon every thing I can say to you.

Octavio. I shall do the best I am able.

Scapin. Come on, let us endeavour a little to inure you to it. Let us rehearse over your part, and see whether you will act it well. Come. Your mind resolute, your head aloft, your looks bold.

Octavio. In this manner?

Scapin. A little more still.

Octavio. So?

Scapin. Very well. Suppose me to be your father, just arrived, and only answer me as if I were he himself. How, scoundrel, worthless, infamous rascal, son unworthy of such a father as I am! dare you appear before my face after this fine deportment of yours, after this base trick you have played in my absence? Is this the fruit of all my cares, varlet? Is this the fruit of my cares? The respect that is due to me?

The reſpect you retain for me? Come then. Have you the impudence, to engage yourſelf without the conſent of your father, to contract a clandeſtine marriage? Anſwer me, rogue, anſwer me. Let me hear your fine reaſons.——What a plague! you are abſolutely non-pluſſed.

Octavio. It is becauſe I imagine it is my father I hear.

Scapin. Why, yes, it is for that reaſon you muſt not look ſo confounded.

Octavio. I ſhall take upon me to be more reſolute now, and ſhall anſwer more ſtoutly.

Scapin. Certainly?

Octavio. Certainly.

Scapin. Here is your father a coming.

Octavio. Heavens! I am undone.

SCENE. V.

SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SCAPIN.

SOHO! Octavio, ſtay, Octavio. There he is fled. What a poor ſort of man he is! Let us not delay waiting upon the old gentleman.

Silveſter. What muſt I ſay to him?

Scapin. Leave me to ſpeak to him, and only follow me.

SCENE VI.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN and SILVESTER at the farther part of the ſtage.

ARGANTE thinking himſelf alone.

DID ever any body hear of an action like this? Scapin to Silveſter.] He knows the affair already; and it makes ſuch an impreſſion upon him, that he talks about it aloud now he is alone.

Argante thinking himſelf alone.] Here is an inſtance of great raſhneſs!

Scapin to Silveſter.] Let us liſten to him a little.

Argante thinking himſelf alone.] I would be glad to know what they can ſay to me upon this fine marriage.

Scapin aſide.] That is thought upon.

Argante thinking himſelf alone.] Will they attempt to deny the affair?

Scapin aſide.] No, we do not intend that.

Argante thinking himſelf alone.] Or will they attempt to excuſe it?

Scapin aſide.] That may be.

Argante thinking himſelf alone.] Will they pretend to amuſe me with fooliſh ſtories?

Scapin aſide.] Probably.

Argante thinking himſelf alone.] All their ſpeeches will be ineffectual.

Scapin aſide.] We ſhall ſee that.

Argante thinking himſelf alone.] They ſhall not impoſe upon me.

Scapin aſide.] Let us not ſwear to any thing.

Argante thinking himſelf alone.] I ſhall take care to ſecure my raſcal of a ſon in a ſafe place.

Scapin aſide.] We ſhall ſee to that.

Argante thinking himſelf alone.] And for that raſcal Silveſter, I will cudgel him to mummy.

Silveſter to Scapin.] I ſhould have been ſurpriſed had he forgot me.

Argante ſeeing Silveſter.] Oh! Hoh! Are you there, moſt ſage governor of a family? Excellent director of young folks!

Scapin. Sir I am glad to ſee you.

Argante. A good day to you, Scapin. [To Silveſter.] You have followed my orders, truly, in a pretty manner; and my ſon has behaved himſelf very wiſely in my abſence.

Scapin. You are mighty well, as far as I can ſee.

Argante. Pretty well. [To Silveſter] Doſt not ſay a word, raſcal? Not one word?

Scapin. Had you a good voyage?

Argante. Pſha! A very good one. Let me alone a little, that I may have time to quarrel with the raſcal.

Scapin. Would you quarrel?

Argante. Yes, I will quarrel.

Scapin. With whom, Sir?

Argante pointing to Silveſter.] With that varlet there.

Scapin. For what reaſon?

Argante. Have you not heard what has happened in my abſence?

Scapin. Indeed I have heard ſome trifling affair.

Argante. How! ſome trifling affair? An action of this nature!

Scapin. You are in ſome meaſure in the right.

Argante. So daring a thing as this!

Scapin. Very true.

Argante. A ſon marry without his father's conſent!

Scapin. Yes, there is ſomething to be ſaid to that. But it is my opinion you ſhould make no noiſe about it.

Argante. I am not of that opinion, for my part; I am determined to make all the noiſe I can. What, do you not think I have all the reaſon in the world to be angry?

Scapin. Yes. So was I at firſt, when I heard the thing; and ſo far intereſted myſelf in your favour, as to be angry with your ſon. Aſk him but what fine reprimands I gave him, and how I lectured him upon the little reſpect he retained for a father, whoſe footſteps he ſhould follow. One could not talk better to him, though it had been your own ſelf. But what of that? I ſubmitted to reaſon, and conſidered, that at the bottom he might not be ſo much in the wrong, as one would be apt to imagine.

Argante. What is this you tell me? Is there no great harm in going to marry himſelf, point blank, to a ſtranger?

Scapin. What would you have? He was obliged to it by his deſtiny.

Argante. Ho! ho. The prettieſt reaſon, that, in the world! One has no more to do but to commit the greateſt crimes imaginable, to cheat, ſteal, murder, and ſay for excuſe, One was obliged to it by one's deſtiny.

Scapin. Alas! Sir, you take my words in too philoſophical a ſenſe. I mean that he was fatally engaged in this affair.

Argante. Then why did he engage in it?

Scapin. Can you expect he is as wiſe as yourſelf? Young folks are young, and have not all the prudence

they ſhould have, to do nothing but what is proper. For inſtance, our Leander, who, notwithſtanding all my leſſons, notwithſtanding all my remonſtrances, has gone and done worſe ſtill than your ſon has done. I would be glad to know whether you yourſelf were not once young, and have not played as many pranks in your time as other people. I have heard, that formerly you were an excellent companion among the ladies; that you played the wag with the gallanteſt of them, all that time; and that you always gained your point when you made approaches.

Argante. Very true. I grant it; but I always confined myſelf to gallantry, and never went ſo far as he has gone.

Scapin. What would you have had him done? He ſees a young girl who had a kindneſs for him, (for he takes after you to have all the women in love with him,) he thinks her charming, he viſits her, makes love to her, ſighs after a gallant manner, acts the paſſionate lover. She yields to his addreſſes; he puſhes his fortune. When, lo! he is caught with her by her relations, who by force of arms oblige him to marry her.

Silveſter aſide.] What a dextrous knave it is!

Scapin. Would you have had him allow himſelf to be murdered? It is much better to be married than to be dead.

Argante. They did not tell me the affair was done in this way.

Scapin pointing to Silveſter.] Aſk him rather; he will not contradict it.

Argante to Silveſter.] Was it by force that he was married?

Silveſter. Yes, Sir.

Scapin. Do you ſuppoſe that I would tell you a lie?

Argante. He ſhould therefore have gone immediately, and have entered a proteſt with a Notary againſt the violence.

Scapin. He would not do that.

Argante. That would have made it eaſier for me to diſſolve the marriage.

Scapin. Diſſolve the marriage?

Argante. Yes.

Scapin. You will not diſſolve it.

Argante. Shall not I diſſolve it?

Scapin. No.

Argante. What, ſhall not I have the rights of a father, and have ſatisfaction for the violence they have done my ſon?

Scapin. He certainly will not conſent to it on any account.

Argante. Will he not conſent to it?

Scapin. No.

Argante. My ſon?

Scapin. Your ſon. Would you have him to confeſs that he was capable of fear, and that they made him do things by force? He will take care how he owns that. That were to injure himſelf, and ſhew himſelf unworthy of ſuch a father as you.

Argante. I do not care for that.

Scapin. He muſt for his own honour and yours, tell the world that he married her with his own free will.

Argante. And for my honour and his own I will have him ſay otherwiſe.

Scapin. No, I am ſure he will not do it.

Argante. I will oblige him.

Scapin. I tell you, he will not do it.

Argante. I will diſinherit him, if he does not.

Scapin. You?

Argante. Yes, I.

Scapin. Very well.

Argante. How, very well?

Scapin. You ſhall not diſinherit him.

Argante. I ſhall not diſinherit him?

Scapin. No.

Argante. No?

Scapin. No.

Argante. Ahah! That is good enough; I ſhall not diſinherit my ſon?

Scapin. No, I tell you.

Argante. Who ſhall prevent me?

Scapin. Yourſelf.

Argante. Myſelf?

Scapin. Yes. You will not have the heart to do it.

Argante. I ſhall indeed.

Scapin. You only jeſt.

Argante. I am in earneſt.

Scapin. Fatherly tenderneſs will prevail.

Argante. It will do nothing at all.

Scapin. Yes, yes.

Argante. I tell you I will do it.

Scapin. Trifles.

Argante. You muſt not call it trifles.

Scapin. Alas! I know you are naturally good-tempered.

Argante. Let us have done with this converſation, for it provokes my choler. [To Silveſter.] Get thee gone, hang-dog; get thee gone, and find out my raſcal, while I join Signior Geronte, and acquaint him with my misfortune.

Scapin. Sir, if I can ſerve you in any thing, you need only command me.

Argante. I thank you. [Aſide.] Oh! why was he an only ſon? I wiſh I had but now the daughter which heaven deprived me of, that I might make her my heireſs!

SCENE VII.

SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SILVESTER.

THOU art a great man, I own, and the affair is in a very fine way. But the money, on the other hand, preſſes us ſore for our ſubſiſtance, and we have people on all hands too barking after us.

Scapin. Let me alone, the ſcheme is contrived; I am only caſting about in my noddle for a man who will be faithful to us, to act a part that I have occaſion for. Stay. Hold a little. Pull thy hat over thy eyes like a bully. Bear upon one foot. Thy hand upon thy ſide. Thy eyes furious. Strut a little like a theatrical king. Very well. Follow me. I have ſome ſecrets to diſguiſe thy face and thy voice.

Silveſter. I intreat thee, however, engage me not in any broils with juſtice.

Scapin. Go, go. We ſhare our dangers like brothers; and a noble heart ought not to be caſt down for a few years in the galleys.

ACT II. SCENE I.

GERONTE, ARGANTE.

GERONTE.

YES, undoubtedly, our people ſhould have been here by this time; a ſailor who came from Tarentum, aſſured me he had ſeen my man, who was ready to embark; but my daughter's arrival will find

things but in a bad diſpoſition for what we pretended to ourſelves; and what you have told me relating to your ſon, ſtrangely breaks the meaſures we had concerted.

Argante. Give yourſelf no uneaſineſs about that; I will be anſwerable to you for the removal of that obſtacle; and I am going directly about it.

Geronte. In good truth, Signior Argante, allow me to tell you, the education of children is a thing that requires the ſtrongeſt application.

Argante. Undoubtedly. But to what purpoſe is this?

Geronte. To this purpoſe, that the bad behaviour of young people generally proceeds from the bad education their fathers give them.

Argante. This ſometimes happens. But what do you mean by that?

Geronte. What do I mean by that?

Argante. Yes, what do you mean by that?

Geronte. That if you, like a brave father, had tutored your ſon well, he would not have played you the trick he has done.

Argante. Very well. So that therefore you have tutored your ſon well?

Geronte. Undoubtedly; and I ſhould be very ſorry had he done any thing like this.

Argante. And this ſon of yours, whom you like a brave father have ſo well tutored, has done ſtill worſe than mine? Heh!

Geronte. How!

Argante. How?

Geronte. What do you mean?

Argante. I mean, Signior Geronte, that we ſhould not be too haſty in condemning the conduct of others;

and that they who will be carping, ſhould look well at home whether there is not ſomething lame there.

Geronte. I do not underſtand this riddle.

Argante. You will have it explained.

Geronte. What, have you heard any thing about my ſon?

Argante. Perhaps I may.

Geronte. And what, pray?

Argante. In my vexation, your Scapin told me the thing only in groſs; and you may, by him, or ſomebody elſe, be let into the detail. For my part, I go in haſte to conſult a lawyer, and adviſe what courſe I am to take. Farewel.

SCENE II.

GERONTE alone.

WHAT can this ſame affair be? Worſe ſtill than his! I do not ſee what one can do worſe; and I think, that to marry without a father's conſent, is an unparalleled piece of miſbehaviour.

SCENE III.

GERONTE, LEANDER.

GERONTE.

HAH! You there.

Leander running to embrace his father.] Oh! Father, how glad am I to ſee you returned!

Geronte refuſing to embrace him.] Not ſo faſt. Let us talk over a certain affair.

Leander. Suffer me to embrace you, and——

Geronte ſtill thruſting him away.] Hold, I tell you.

Leander. What, father, do you refuſe me expreſſing my tranſports by my embraces?

Geronte. Yes. We have a certain matter to clear up together.

Leander. What may that be?

Geronte. Stand ſtill that I may look you in the face.

Leander. How?

Geronte. Your eyes full upon mine.

Leander. Well.

Geronte. What is it that has paſſed here?

Leander. What has paſſed here?

Geronte. Yes. What have you done while I was abſent?

Leander. What do you think I ſhould have done, father?

Geronte. It is not what I would have had you done; but who aſk you, what it is you have done?

Leander. I? I have done nothing to give you reaſon to complain.

Geronte. Nothing?

Leander. No.

Geronte. You are very reſolute.

Leander. My innocence makes me ſo.

Geronte. For all that, Scapin has told ſome news about you.

Leander. Scapin?

Geronte. Hoh! hoh! This word puts you to the bluſh.

Leander. Did he tell you any thing concerning me?

Geronte. This is not a proper place to determine this affair. Go home. I ſhall be there ſoon. Ah! traitor, if it muſt be ſo that you diſgrace me, I renounce you for my ſon, and you may well determine to fly from my preſence for ever.

SCENE IV.

LEANDER alone.

RASCAL, to betray me in this manner! He who, for numberleſs reaſons, ought to be the firſt to conceal the things I truſt to him, is the firſt to diſcover them to my father. I vow to heaven I ſhall revenge myſelf for this treachery.

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO, LEANDER, SCAPIN.

OCTAVIO.

MY dear Scapin, what do I not owe to thy pains! What a ſurpriſing fellow art thou! And how propitious is heaven to me in ſending thee to my aſſiſtance!

Leander. Hoh! hoh! Are you there, raſcal? I am glad I have found you.

Scapin. Your ſervant, Sir. You do me too much honour.

Leander drawing his ſword.] You are but a ſorry jeſter at preſent. O! I ſhall teach you———

Scapin falling on his knees.] Sir.

Octavio ſtepping between them, to hinder Leander from ſtriking him.] Nay, Leander.

Leander. No, Octavio, pray do not hold me.

Scapin to Leander.] Oh, Sir.

Octavio holding Leander.] Pray.

Leander wanting to ſtrike Scapin.] Let me ſatisfy my reſentment upon him.

Octavio. In the name of friendſhip, Leander, do not uſe him ill.

Scapin. Sir, what have I done to you?

Leander going to ſtrike him.] What haſt thou done to me, ſcoundrel?

Octavio ſtill holding Leander.] Nay, gently.

Leander. No, Octavio, I will have him inſtantly confeſs to me himſelf the perfidy he has been guilty of. Yes, villain, I know the trick you have played me, they have juſt told me of it, and you did not think, perhaps, they ſhould have blabbed the ſecret; but I will have the ſecret from thy own mouth, or I will run my ſword through thy body.

Scapin. Oh! Sir, is it poſſible you could have the heart?

Leander. Speak then.

Scapin. Have I done any thing to you, Sir?

Leander. Yes, villain, and thy conſcience tells thee but too plainly what it is.

Scapin. I aſſure you, I do not know what it is.

Leander advancing to ſtrike him.] Do you not know?

Octavio holding him.] Leander!

Scapin. Well, Sir, ſince you will have it ſo, I own that I drank with my friends that ſmall veſſel of Spaniſh wine which ſomebody made you a preſent of lately; and that it was I who made a vent in the caſk, and poured water round about, to make you imagine the wine was run out.

Leander. Was it thee, raſcal, who drank my Spaniſh wine, and was the occaſion of my ſcolding the maid to ſuch a degree, imagining that it was ſhe who had played me the trick?

Scapin. Indeed, Sir, it was I; and I beg your pardon for it.

Leander. I am very glad to find this; but that is not the affair in queſtion at preſent.

Scapin. Is it not that, Sir?

Leander. No, it is another affair which concerns me much more, and I muſt have thee tell it me.

Scapin. I do not recollect that I have done any thing elſe.

Leander going to ſtrike him.] Will you not ſpeak?

Scapin. Oh!

Octavio holding him.] Softly.

Scapin. Yes, Sir, very true, about three weeks ago you ſent me in the evening to carry a watch to a young gipſy you were in love with. I came to my lodging, my cloaths all covered with dirt, and my face bloody, and told you I had met with thieves, who had beat me unmercifully, and robbed me of the watch. It was all deceit, Sir, I kept it.

Leander. Was it you who kept the watch?

Scapin. Yes, Sir, that I might ſee what o'clock it is.

Leander. So, ſo, theſe are fine things I learn here, and I have a moſt faithful ſervant, really. But this is not all I want ſtill.

Scapin. Is that not it?

Leander. No, villain, there is another thing yet that I muſt have thee confeſs.

Scapin aſide.] Plague!

Leander. Out with it immediately. I am in haſte.

Scapin. Sir, I have done nothing more.

Leander going to ſtrike him.] Is that all?

Octavio getting before Leander.] Nay.

Scapin. Well, yes, Sir. You recollect the hobgoblin, that gave you ſuch a condfounded drubbing one night, about ſix months ſince, and you thought you ſhould have broke your neck in a cave you fell into as you were running away?

Leander. Well?

Scapin. It was I, Sir, who acted the hobgoblin.

Leander. Was it thee, monſter, who acted the hobgoblin?

Scapin. Yes, Sir, only to fright you, and cure you of the fancy of making us ramble at nights, as was common with you.

Leander. I ſhall remember all I have learned, in a proper time and place. But I muſt come to the fact, and have you own what it was you told my father.

Scapin. Your father?

Leander. Yes, knave, my father.

Scapin. I have not ſo much as ſeen him ſince his return.

Leander. Have you not ſeen him?

Scapin. No, Sir.

Leander. Really?

Scapin. Really. It is what he himſelf will tell you.

Leander. I have it from his own mouth, however—

Scapin. With your leave, it is a falſhood.

SCENE VI.

LEANDER, OCTAVIO, CARLOS, SCAPIN.

CARLOS.

I BRING you bad news, Sir, in regard to your amour.

Leander. What?

Carlos. Your gypſies are upon the point of carrying off Zerbinetta; and ſhe herſelf with tears in her eyes, deſired me to come and tell you immediately, that if you do not carry them the money they demanded for her in two hours you will never ſee her more.

Leander. In two hours?

Carlos. In two hours.

SCENE VII.

LEANDER, OCTAVIO, SCAPIN.

LEANDER.

FOR heaven's ſake, my dear Scapin, lend me thy aſſiſtance.

Scapin getting up, and walking by him with a haughty air.] Oh! My dear Scapin! I am my dear Scapin now you have occaſion for me.

Leander. Go, I forgive every thing thou haſt told me, and worſe ſtill, if thou haſt done it.

Scapin. No, no, do not forgive me any thing; run your ſword through my body. I ſhould be glad you would take my life.

Leander. No, rather I intreat thee to give me life, by ſerving me in my amour.

Scapin. No, no, you would do better to kill me.

Leander. Thou art too valuable to me; and p'rythee employ for me that ſurpriſing genius, which brings every thing to bear.

Scapin. No, kill me, I tell you.

Leander. Nay, for heaven's ſake think no more of it, and endeavour to give me the aſſiſtance I aſk of thee.

Octavio. Scapin, you muſt do ſomething for him.

Scapin. What, after an inſult of this kind?

Leander. I intreat thee forget the paſſion I was in, and do all you can for me.

Octavio. I join my petition to his.

Scapin. I cannot forget that inſult.

Octavio. You muſt forget your reſentment.

Leander. What, abandon me, Scapin, in the ſad extremity to which my love is reduced?

Scapin. To come upon me unawares with such an affront as that!

Leander. I own it, I was wrong.

Scapin. To treat me as a rogue, a villain, a hang-dog, a rascal!

Leander. It gives me all the concern imaginable.

Scapin. To intend to run me through the body!

Leander. I ask thy pardon for it sincerely; and if it only sticks at falling down at thy feet, thou seest me there, Scapin, to intreat thee once more not to leave me.

Octavio. Indeed, Scapin, you must yield to this.

Scapin. Rise up. Do not be so hasty another time.

Leander. Do you promise me to go to work for me?

Scapin. We shall think of it.

Leander. But you know the time presses us.

Scapin. Give yourself no concern. How much must you have?

Leander. Five hundred crowns.

Scapin. And you?

Octavio. Two hundred pistoles.

Scapin. I shall get these out of your dads. [To Octavio.] As to what concerns yours, the plot is all formed already; [To Leander.] and for yours, though covetous to an excess, there will need less ceremony still; for as to wit, thank heaven, he has no great stock; and I give him up for a sort of mortal that one may make believe any thing one pleases at any time. This is no shame to you, there is no suspicion of a resemblance betwixt him and you; and you know very well what the world says, that he is only your father for form's sake.

Leander. Hold, Scapin.

Scapin. Right, right; there is a good deal of scruple made about it. Do not you care for that? But I see

Octavio's father a coming. Let us begin with him, since he offers himself. [To Octavio.] And you tell your Silvester to come immediately and play his part.

SCENE VIII.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN.

SCAPIN aside.

HE is very thoughtful just now.

Argante imagining himself alone.] To have so little prudence and consideration! To run headlong into an engagement like this! Ah! Ah! the folly of youth!

Scapin. Sir, your servant.

Argante. Good-morrow, Scapin.

Scapin. You are thinking of your son's affair.

Argante. I confess to thee it makes me very uneasy.

Scapin. Life is mixt with disappointments, Sir. It is good to be always prepared for them. And I have heard a long while since, the saying of an antient, which I have never forgotten.

Argante. And what is that?

Scapin. That be a master of a family ever so little absent from home, he should run over in his mind all the vexatious accidents that may meet him at his return: to expect his house burnt, his money stolen, his wife dead, his son crippled, his daughter debauched; and what he finds has not happened to him, to impute it to good fortune. For my part, I have always practised this lesson in my little philosophy; and I never returned home but I held myself in readiness for the anger of my masters, for reprimands, hard language, kicks on the posteriors, bastinadoes, and strappadoes;

and whatever did not happen, I thanked my good deſtiny for it.

Argante. This is very well; but this fooliſh marriage, which breaks in upon what we are about, is a thing I cannot allow, and I have been conſulting lawyers about diſſolving it.

Scapin. Really, Sir, if you believe me, you will try ſome way or other to accommodate the affair. You know what law ſuits are in this country, and you are going to plunge yourſelf into ſtrange perplexities.

Argante. Very true. But what other way can one manage this affair?

Scapin. I think I have found out one. The compaſſion your uneaſineſs lately gave me, obliged me to caſt about with myſelf ſome means to free you from your trouble; for I cannot ſee good fathers grieved by their children, but it affects me; and I always found in myſelf an inclination for your perſon.

Argante. I am much obliged to thee.

Scapin. I have been therefore to find out the brother of this wench he has married. He is one of thoſe bravoes by profeſſion, one of thoſe bullies, who talk of nothing but cutting and ſlaſhing, and make no more conſcience of killing a man, than of ſwallowing a glaſs of wine. I got him upon this marriage; I ſhewed him how eaſy it would be to diſſolve it, on account of the violence; your prerogative from the name of father, and the countenance your right, your money, and your friends would give you in a court of juſtice. In ſhort, I ſo worked him about on all ſides, that he gave ear to the propoſitions I made of adjuſting the affair with a certain ſum; and he gave his conſent to diſſolve the marriage, provided you will give him money.

Argante. And what did he aſk?

Scapin. Oh! At firſt very high things.

Argante. But what?

Scapin. Very extravagant things.

Argante. But what pray?

Scapin. He talked of no leſs than five or ſix hundred piſtoles.

Argante. Five or ſix hundred quartan agues ſeize him. Does he jeſt with me?

Scapin. That was what I told him. I utterly rejected all ſuch-like propoſals; and I gave him pretty well to underſtand you was no blockhead, that he ſhould demand five or ſix hundred piſtoles of you. At laſt, after a great deal of converſation, the reſult of our conference was reduced to this. Time draws nigh, ſays he to me, when I muſt ſet out for the army. I am about equipping myſelf; and the occaſion I have for ſome money makes me conſent, in ſpite of me, to what is propoſed. I muſt have a regimental horſe, and I cannot get one, that is ever ſo tolerable, for leſs than ſixty piſtoles.

Argante. Well, as to the ſixty piſtoles, I give them.

Scapin. There muſt be accoutrements and piſtols, and that will amount to twenty piſtoles more.

Argante. Twenty piſtoles, and ſixty, that makes four-ſcore.

Scapin. Juſt ſo.

Argante. That is a great deal; but be it ſo. I agree to that.

Scapin. He muſt have a horſe too to mount his ſervant on, which will probably coſt thirty piſtoles.

Argante. What the devil! Let him walk. He ſhall have none.

Scapin. Sir.

Argante. No, he is an extravagant fellow.

Scapin. Would you have his ſervant walk on foot?

Argante. Let him walk as he pleaſes, and the maſter too.

Scapin. Alas! Sir, do not ſtand upon ſmall matters; pray do not go to law, but give it all to ſave yourſelf from the hand of juſtice.

Argante. Well, be it ſo. I determine to give the thirty piſtoles more.

Scapin. Further, ſays he, I muſt have a mule to carry——

Argante. Oh! let him and his mule go both to the devil; it is too much, and we muſt go before the judge.

Scapin. Pray, Sir——

Argante. No, I will do nothing at all.

Scapin. Sir, a ſmall mule.

Argante. I will not give him ſo much as an aſs.

Scapin. Conſider——

Argante. No, I chuſe rather to go to law.

Scapin. Pho! Sir, what do you talk of here, and what is it you determine upon? Caſt your eyes upon the windings and turnings of juſtice. See how many appeals, and degrees of juriſdiction, how many perplexing courſes of pleadings, how many rapacious animals, through whoſe talons you are to paſs: ſerjeants, attorneys, council at law, regiſters, ſubſtitutes, reporters, judges, and their clerks. There is not one of all theſe folks but is capable of blowing up the beſt cauſe in the world for a trifle. A ſergeant ſhall deliver a falſe ſummons, upon which you will be caſt without knowing any thing of the matter. Your attorney ſhall have an underſtanding with your adverſary, and ſhall ſell you for good ready money. Your council, bought off by the ſame, will not be found when he ſhould plead your cauſe; or will give reaſons that only beat about and about the buſh, and never come home to the point. The regiſter will iſſue out ſen-

tences and arrets againſt you for contumacy. The reporter's clerk will purloin ſome of your writings; or the reporter himſelf will not ſay what he has ſeen. And when, by all the precaution in the world, you have warded off all this, you will be ſurprized that your judges ſhall be ſolicited againſt you, either by your devout people, or by the women they love. Ah! Sir, ſave yourſelf, if you can, from this hell. It is damnation in this world to be at law; and the thought alone of a law-ſuit were enough to make me fly to the fartheſt corner of the world.

Argante. What will the mule coſt?

Scapin. Sir, for the mule, for his horſe, and that of his man, for accoutrements and piſtols, and to diſcharge ſome trifling debts he owes his landlady, he demands in all two hundred piſtoles.

Argante. Two hundred piſtoles!

Scapin. Yes.

Argante walking about in a paſſion.] Come, come, I will ſtand it at law.

Scapin. Conſider——

Argante. I will go to law.

Scapin. Do not go throw yourſelf——

Argante. I will try my cauſe.

Scapin. But to go to law you muſt have money. You muſt have money for the ſummons; money for the rolls; money for the letter of attorney; money for appearance, council, evidence, and the ſolicitor's journeys. There muſt go ſome to the conſultations and pleadings of council; for the right of diſlodging your writings: for an engroſſed copy of the inſtruments. You will want money for the reports of the ſubſtitutes; for judges fees in determination; for the enrollment of the regiſter, the form of a decree, ſentences, arrets, controlls, ſignings, and the diſpatches of their clerks.

Without reckoning all the preſents you muſt make. Give this man the money, and you are done with the affair.

Argante. How! Two hundred piſtoles?

Scapin. Yes, you will gain by it. I have made a calculation within myſelf, of all the law charges; and I have found that, in giving your chap two hundred piſtoles, you will have at leaſt a hundred and fifty over and above, without reckoning the anxiety, the weary ſteps and vexation that you will ſpare. Were there nothing in it but being expoſed to the impertinent things thoſe wicked wags, the lawyers, will ſay before all the world, I had rather give three hundred piſtoles than go to law.

Argante. I deſpiſe all this, and defy the lawyers to ſay any thing of me.

Scapin. You may do what you pleaſe; but if I were as you I would avoid a law-ſuit.

Argante. I will not give two hundred piſtoles.

Scapin. Here comes the man himſelf.

SCENE IX.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN, SILVESTER, dreſſed like a Bully.

SILVESTER.

PRAY, Scapin, bring me acquainted a little with that Argante, who is father to Octavio.

Scapin. For what reaſon, Sir?

Silveſter. I have juſt heard he intends to ſue me, and diſſolve by law the marriage of my ſiſter.

Scapin. I do not know whether that be his intention; but he will not conſent to the two hundred piſtoles you expect, and he ſays it is too much.

Silveſter. S'death, blood and guts, if I find him I will make minced meat of him, were I to be broke alive on the wheel for it.

[Argante, for fear of being ſeen, ſtands trembling behind Scapin.

Scapin. Sir, the father of Octavio has courage, and probably will not fear you.

Silveſter. He? He? Blood and thunder! I would run my ſword through his body in an inſtant. [Seeing Argante.] Who is that behind you?

Scapin. It is not he, Sir, it is not he.

Silveſter. Is it not one of his friends?

Scapin. No, Sir; on the contrary, it is his mortal enemy.

Silveſter. His mortal enemy?

Scapin. Yes.

Silveſter. Hah! maſs, I am glad of it. Are you an enemy, Sir, [To Argante.] to that ſcoundrel Argante? Heh?

Scapin. Yes, I anſwer for it.

Silveſter ſeizing Argante's hand roughly.] Shake hands, boy; ſhake hands. I give you my word, and ſwear to you by my honour, by the ſword I wear, by all the oaths I can take, that before night I will rid you of that arrant raſcal, that ſcoundrel Argante. Depend upon it.

Scapin. Violence is not permitted, Sir, in this country.

Silveſter. I value nothing; I have nothing to loſe.

Scapin. He will certainly be upon his guard; and he has relations, friends and ſervants, who will protect him from your reſentment.

Silveſter. That is what I want, 'Sbud, that is what I want. [Drawing his ſword.] 'Sdeath and furies! Why have I him not here with all his ſuccours! Why does

he not appear surrounded with thirty myrmidons! Why do not they pour upon me sword in hand! [Standing upon his guard.] How, villains, have you the impudence to attack me? 'Sheart, come on, kill and slay, no quarter. [Pushing on every side, as if he had several persons to attack.] Lay on. Firm. Push home. A sure foot, a quick eye. Hah! Rascals, hah! Raggamuffians, if that is your play, I will give you enough of it. Stand to it, varlets, stand to it. Come on. Have at you here. Have at you there. [Pushes as at Argante and Scapin.] How? do ye flinch? Stand your ground, pox, stand your ground.

Scapin. Nay, nay, nay, Sir, we are none of them.

Silvester. This shall teach you to have the impudence to play upon me.

SCENE X.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN.

SCAPIN.

WELL, you see how many people's lives are in danger for two hundred pistoles. Pray come away, I wish you a good escape.

Argante trembling.] Scapin.

Scapin. What do you want, Sir?

Argante. I determine to give the two hundred pistoles.

Scapin. I am glad of it, on your account.

Argante. Let us go find him out, I have them about me.

Scapin. You need only to give them to me. It will not be proper for your own honour that you should appear there, after having passed here for another person than what you are; and besides, I should be afraid,

leſt upon your diſcovering yourſelf, he ſhould take it into his head to demand more.

Argante. Yes; but I ſhould have been very glad to ſee how I beſtow my money.

Scapin. What, do you think me diſhoneſt?

Argante. No, no; but——

Scapin. 'Sbud, Sir, I am a rogue, or I am an honeſt man; it is one of the two. Should I deceive you, and have I any other intereſt in all this, but your's and my maſter's, to whom you wiſh to be allied? If you ſuſpect me, I ſhall meddle no more with any thing; and from this time forward you have only to look out a perſon who will make up your affairs.

Argante. Take it then.

Scapin. No, Sir; do not truſt your money with me. I ſhall be very glad you would employ ſomebody elſe.

Argante. Pſha! Take it then.

Scapin. No, I tell you, do not truſt me. Who knows but I may trick you out of your money.

Argante. Take it, I ſay, and do not make me diſpute any longer. But take care to take good ſecurities along with you.

Scapin. Let me alone; he has no fool to deal with.

Argante. I ſhall go and wait for you at home.

Scapin. I ſhall not fail being there. [Alone.] One caught. I have only to ſeek for the other. There he is. It looks as if heaven brought them both, one after the other, into my net.

SCENE XI.

GERONTE, SCAPIN.

SCAPIN making as if he did not see Geronte.

OH heavens! what a misfortune! wretched parent! Poor Geronte, what will become of him?

Geronte aside.] What says he there of me, with that sorrowful face?

Scapin. Can no body tell me where Signior Geronte is?

Geronte. What's the matter, Scapin?

Scapin. O that I could meet with him, to acquaint him with this unhappy affair!

Geronte running after Scapin.] What is it then?

Scapin. To no purpose do I search every place to find him.

Geronte. Here I am.

Scapin. He must be hid in some corner, no body can tell where.

Geronte stopping Scapin.] Hola! Art thou blind, that thou dost not see me?

Scapin. Oh! Sir, it is impossible to meet with you.

Geronte. I have been an hour here just at thy nose. What is the matter now?

Scapin. Sir——

Geronte. What?

Scapin. Sir, your son——

Geronte. What of my son?

Scapin. He has fallen into the strangest misfortune imaginable.

Geronte. Pray, what is it?

Scapin. A little while ſince I found him very melancholy at I do not know what you had been ſaying to him, wherein you have very unſeaſonably involved me; and endeavouring to divert his penſive mood, we took a turn upon the key. There, among many other things, we fixed our eyes upon a Turkiſh galley very well equipped. A young Turk, of a very good mien, invited us aboard, and preſented us his hand. Aboard we went, he was very civil to us, gave us a cold collation, where we eat the moſt excellent fruit that ever was ſeen, and drank wine which we thought the beſt we ever had taſted.

Geronte. What is there ſo grievous in all this?

Scapin. Stay, Sir, there we were. While we were eating, he ordered the galley to put to ſea; and when he was got off at ſome diſtance from the harbour, he put me into the ſkiff, and ſends me to acquaint you, that if you do not ſend him directly by me five hundred crowns, he will carry your ſon to Algiers.

Geronte. What the devil! five hundred crowns!

Scapin. Yes, Sir; and more than that, he gave me but two hours for it.

Geronte. Oh! that villain of a Turk, to murder me in that manner!

Scapin. It is your buſineſs, Sir, to adviſe quickly in what way to ſave a ſon from ſlavery whom you love ſo tenderly.

Geronte. What the devil had he to do aboard that galley?

Scapin. He never thought of what has happened.

Geronte. Go, Scapin, be gone immediately, and tell this Turk I will ſend and arreſt him.

Scapin. Arreſt him in open ſea! Have you a mind to jeſt with people?

Geronte. What the devil had he to do aboard that galley?

Scapin. An evil deſtiny guides people ſometimes.

Geronte. You muſt, in this caſe, Scapin, perform the part of a faithful ſervant.

Scapin. What, Sir?

Geronte. Go, bid this Turk ſend me my ſon, and put thyſelf in his place, till ſuch time as I have raiſed the ſum he demands.

Scapin. Alas! Sir, do you conſider what you ſay? Do you ſuppoſe with yourſelf that this Turk is ſo ſilly as to receive ſuch a poor wretch as I am, in the place of your ſon?

Geronte. What the devil had he to do aboard that galley?

Scapin. He dreamt not of this misfortune. Remember, Sir, he gave me but two hours.

Geronte. You ſay that he aſks———

Scapin. Five hundred crowns.

Geronte. Five hundred crowns! Has he no conſcience?

Scapin. Yes, truly; the conſcience of a Turk.

Geronte. Does he know what five hundred crowns is?

Scapin. Yes, Sir, he knows it is fifteen hundred livres.

Geronte. Does the raſcal imagine that fifteen hundred livres are to be picked up in the ſtreets?

Scapin. They are a people who have no notion of reaſon.

Geronte. But what the devil had he to do aboard that galley?

Scapin. That is true; but what then? One could not foreſee things. For goodneſs ſake, Sir, be quick.

Geronte. Stay, here is the key of my cheſt of drawers.

Scapin. Very well.

Geronte. You will open it.

Scapin. Good.

Geronte. You will find a large key on the left hand, which is that of my garret.

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte. You will go and take all the goods that are in that great hamper, and you will ſell them to the brokers to redeem my ſon.

Scapin giving him back the key.] Why, Sir, are you dreaming? I would not get a hundred livres for all that you ſpeak of; and beſides you know how little time is allowed me.

Geronte. But what the devil had he to do aboard that galley?

Scapin. How many words to no purpoſe! Drop this galley; think we are ſtraitened for time, and that you run the riſque of loſing your ſon. Alas! my poor maſter, perhaps I ſhall never ſet eyes on you again while I live, and the moment I am ſpeaking they are carrying you a ſlave to Algiers. But heaven ſhall be my witneſs, I have done every thing in my power for you, and that if you are not ranſomed, there is nothing to blame but the want of affection in a father.

Geronte. Stay, Scapin, I will go bring this ſum.

Scapin. Diſpatch then quickly, Sir, I tremble for fear the clock ſhould ſtrike.

Geronte. Was it not four hundred crowns you ſaid?

Scapin. No, five hundred crowns.

Geronte. Five hundred crowns?

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte. What the devil had he to do in that galley?

Scapin. You are right; but be quick.

Geronte. Had he no other place to walk in?

Scapin. Very true, but loſe no time.

Geronte. Oh this curſed galley!

Scapin aſide.] This galley ſticks at his ſtomach.

Geronte. Stay, Scapin, I did not recollect that I had juſt now received that ſum in gold, and little did I think it would be ſo ſoon taken from me. [Taking his purſe out of his pocket and preſenting it to Scapin.] Here, go thy ways, redeem my ſon.

Scapin holding out his hand.] Yes, Sir.

Geronte holding the purſe faſt, which he pretends to be going to give to Scapin.] But tell this Turk he is a rogue.

Scapin holding his hand out again.] Yes.

Geronte. A villain.

Scapin keeping his hand held out.] Yes.

Geronte. A man of no faith, a robber.

Scapin. Let me alone.

Geronte. That he extorts five hundred crowns from me againſt all right and reaſon.

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte. That I do not give them to him, either dying or living.

Scapin. Good.

Geronte. And that if ever I catch him, I will revenge myſelf on him.

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte putting his purſe in his pocket again, and going.] Go, go, directly, and bring back my ſon.

Scapin running after Geronte.] Hola! Sir!

Geronte. What?

Scapin. Where is the money then?

Geronte. Did I not give it thee?

Scapin. No truly; you put it into your pocket again.

Geronte. Alas! grief disturbs my brain.

Scapin. I plainly see it does.

Geronte. What the devil had he to do in that galley? Cursed galley! The devil take this traitor of a Turk!

Scapin alone.] He cannot digest the five hundred crowns I have wrested from him; but he is not quit with me yet; I will make him pay, in other sort of coin, for the ill opinion he has given his son of me.

SCENE XII.

OCTAVIO, LEANDER, SCAPIN.

OCTAVIO.

WELL, Scapin, hast thou been successful in thy enterprize for me?

Leander. Hast thou done any thing to rescue my amour from the difficulty it labours under?

Scapin to Octavio.] Here are the two hundred pistoles I have got from your father.

Octavio. What pleasure dost thou give me!

Scapin to Leander.] As for you, I could do nothing.

Leander offering to go.] And must I die? I have no pleasure in life, if I am deprived of Zerbinetta.

Scapin. Soho! soho there! softly. How devilish quick you go!

Leander returning.] What do you want?

Scapin. I have here what will do your business.

Leander. You have restored me to life again.

Scapin. But on condition that you allow me a little vengeance upon your father, for the trick he has played me.

Leander. Any thing you please.

Scapin. You promise me before witness?

Leander. Yes.

Scapin. Hold, there are five hundred crowns.

Leander. Let us be gone immediately, and make a purchaſe of the lovely girl.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ZERBINETTA, HIACINTHA, SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SILVESTER.

YES, your lovers have agreed betwixt themſelves, that you ſhould be together; and we acquit ourſelves of the order they have given us.

Hiacintha to Zerbinetta.] Such an order has nothing in it but what is quite agreeable to me. I gladly receive a companion of this kind; and it ſhall not be my fault if the friendſhip betwixt the perſons we love, does not diffuſe itſelf to us two.

Zerbinetta. I accept the propoſal, and am not a perſon who give way when I am attacked with friendſhip.

Scapin. And when you are attacked with love?

Zerbinetta. As to love, that is another matter; one runs a little more hazard there, and I am not ſo courageous in that.

Scapin. I think you are againſt my maſter at preſent; and what he has done for you ſhould give you courage to anſwer his paſſion in a proper manner.

Zerbinetta. I truſt him as yet but upon his good behaviour; and what he has now done is not ſufficient to convince me entirely. I am of a gay temper, and laugh continually; but for all my laughing, I am ſe-

rious upon particular ſubjects; and your maſter miſtakes himſelf if he thinks his having bought me is ſufficient to make me entirely his own. It will coſt him ſomething elſe beſide money; and to anſwer his paſſion in the manner he deſires, he muſt plight me his faith, which is to be ſeaſoned with particular ceremonies thought neceſſary upon theſe occaſions.

Scapin. That is what he deſigns too. He makes no pretenſions to you but honourable ones; had he had any other thought, I ſhould not have been one to have meddled in the affair.

Zerbinetta. That is what I would believe, becauſe you tell me ſo; but, on the father's part, I foreſee ſome impediments.

Scapin. We ſhall find means of accommodating matters.

Hiacintha to Zerbinetta.] The reſemblance of our fortunes ought alſo to contribute to the growth of our friendſhip; we have both the ſame alarms, and are expoſed to the ſame misfortune.

Zerbinetta. You have this advantage at leaſt, that you know who gave you birth; and that the countenance of your relations, whom you can diſcover, is capable of adjuſting every thing, can inſure your happineſs, and command an aſſent to a marriage already ſolemnized. But for my part, I meet with no relief from what I am, and am in a ſituation that cannot mollify the temper of a father who eſteems nothing but wealth.

Hiacintha. But you have this advantage, at leaſt, that they do not tempt your lover with another match.

Zerbinetta. A change of inclination is not what one has moſt to fear in a lover. One may naturally enough believe one's merit ſufficient to maintain one's conqueſt; and what I look upon as moſt formidable in theſe ſort

of affairs, is the paternal power, with which merit is ineffectual.

Hiacintha. Alas! Why muſt our juſt inclinations be croſſed? How agreeable a thing it is to love, when there is no obſtacle to thoſe amiable chains with which two hearts are united!

Scapin. You are quite miſtaken; tranquillity in love is a diſagreeable calm. A happineſs intirely uniform grows tireſome to us; there muſt be misfortunes alſo; and difficulties mixt with our affairs awake our ardors, and heighten our pleaſures.

Zerbinetta. Pray, Scapin, give us a ſhort account, which they ſay is ſo diverting, of the ſtratagem you invented to get money from your covetous old fellow? You know it is not labour loſt to tell me a ſtory, and that I ſufficiently reward it by the pleaſure it gives me.

Scapin. Here is Silveſter will acquit himſelf in that as well as myſelf. I have a certain petty vengeance in my head that I am about to reliſh the pleaſure of.

Silveſter. But why wouldſt thou contrive to bring theſe ſcurvy affairs upon thee, out of mere diverſion?

Scapin. I take pleaſure in attempting dangerous enterprizes.

Silveſter. I have told thee already thou wouldſt quit the intention thou haſt, wouldſt thou be ruled by me.

Scapin. Yes; but I ſhall be ruled by myſelf.

Silveſter. What the devil art thou going to amuſe thyſelf about?

Scapin. What the devil art thou in pain about?

Silveſter. Why this, that I ſee you are going to run the hazard of a ſhower of blows, without any manner of neceſſity.

Scapin. Well, it is at the expence of my own back, and not of thine.

Silveſter. It is very true, you are maſter of your own ſhoulders, and may diſpoſe of them as you pleaſe.

Scapin. Theſe ſort of dangers never ſtop me, and I hate your daſtardly ſpirits who dare not attempt any thing, becauſe they foreſee too well the conſequences of things.

Zerbinetta to Scapin.] We ſhall want your aſſiſtance.

Scapin. Go, I ſhall be with you again preſently. It ſhall never be ſaid that they have brought me with impunity to betray myſelf, and diſcover ſecrets it had been well no body had known.

SCENE II.

GERONTE, SCAPIN.

GERONTE.

WELL, Scapin, how goes the affair of my ſon?

Scapin. Your ſon is ſafe, Sir; but you yourſelf, at this very time, run the greateſt hazard in the world, and I would give a good deal that you were at home.

Geronte. Why, how ſo?

Scapin. They are juſt ſeeking every where to murder you.

Geronte. Me?

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte. Who pray?

Scapin. The brother of the perſon Octavio has married. He thinks the intention you have of placing your daughter in the room of his ſiſter, is the ſtrongeſt inducement to diſſolve the marriage; and with this thought he has peremptorily determined to diſcharge his vexation upon you, and take away your life to revenge his honour. All his friends, who are gentle-

men of the blade, are in ſearch of you, and demand tidings of you every where. I myſelf ſaw, here and there, ſome ſoldiers of his company, who examine people they meet with, and have ſeized by files all the avenues to your houſe. So that you cannot go home; you can by no means avoid them.

Geronte. What ſhall I do, my dear Scapin?

Scapin. I do not know, Sir, it is an odd affair. I tremble for you from head to foot, and— Stay. [pretends to go to the farther part of the ſtage, to ſee whether any body was there.]

Geronte trembling.] Heh?

Scapin coming back again.] No, no, no, it is nothing.

Geronte. Can you find no way to free me of my pain?

Scapin. I think of one, but I ſhall run the hazard of being knocked on the head myſelf.

Geronte. Ah, Scapin, ſhew thyſelf a faithful ſervant. Do not abandon me, I intreat thee.

Scapin. I will help you; I have ſuch an affection for you that I cannot leave you without aſſiſtance.

Geronte. You ſhall be rewarded for it, I aſſure you; I promiſe you this coat, when I have wore it a little.

Scapin. Stay. Here is a thing I have thought of, which I hope will ſave you; you muſt get into this ſack, and——

Geronte imagining he ſees ſomebody.] Oh!

Scapin. No, no, no, no, it is nobody. I ſay, you muſt get in here, and take care not to ſtir in the leaſt. I ſhall take you upon my back, as if it were a bundle of ſomething, and ſo I can carry you through your enemies quite to your own houſe; when we are there,

we can barricade ourſelves, and ſend for a body of men ſtrong enough to withſtand the violence.

Geronte. It is a clever invention.

Scapin. The beſt in the world. You ſhall ſee. [Aſide.] You ſhall pay for your tricks.

Geronte. Eh?

Scapin. I ſay, your enemies will be finely tricked. Get you in quite to the bottom, and take great care not to diſcover yourſelf, and not to ſtir, on any account.

Geronte. Never fear.

Scapin. Lie ſtill: Here is a bully in queſt of you. [in a feigned voice.] "Fat, me not 'ave de pleaſure "to kill dis Geronte, and vill no body in ſharity mak "me know vere is he?" [to Geronte with his uſual voice.] Do not you move. "Begar, me ſall find him, "if he ide himſelf at the center of de eart." [to Geronte with his natural tone.] Do not ſtir. "O dere! "You man vide de ſack! Sere, me give you one giné "you will ſow me vere be dis Geronte." Do you want Signior Geronte? "Yes, pardi me vant him." And what for, Sir? "Vat for?" Yes. "Begar me "treſh him to death vid one cudgel." Oh! Sir, cudgelling is not for ſuch gentlemen as he, he is not a man to be treated thus. "Vo? dat ninny Geronte, "dat raſcal, dat ſcoundrel?" Signior Geronte, Sir, is neither ninny, nor raſcal, nor ſcoundrel; and you ought, if you pleaſe, to ſpeak in a different manner. "How, "you treat me vid dat inſolence?" I defend, as I ought to do, a man of honour who is abuſed. "Vat? you "be one friend of Geronte?" Yes, Sir, I am. "Hah! "begar you be one of his friends, me be glad of it." [ſtriking the ſack ſeveral times.] "Dere, me give dat "for him." [crying out as if he had received the blows of the cudgel.] Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Sir, oh!

ſoftly, Sir. Oh! gently. Oh! oh! oh! "Begone, "carry dat to him from me. Farewell." Pox take the Gaſcon. Oh!

Geronte putting his head out of the ſack.] Oh! Scapin, I can bear it no longer.

Scapin. Oh! Sir, I am beat to mummy, my ſhoulders pain me terribly.

Geronte. How ſo? It was on my ſhoulders the blows were laid.

Scapin. No, Sir, indeed they were laid on my back.

Geronte. What do you mean? I felt the ſtrokes pretty plainly, and feel them plainly yet.

Scapin. No, it was only the end of the ſtick, I tell you, that reached your ſhoulders.

Geronte. You ſhould have retired then, at a little farther diſtance, to ſpare me———

Scapin making Geronte go into the ſack again.] Take care. Here is another of them, who has the appearance of a ſtranger. "Begar, me ſcip about like "a marſh-hare, and me no find dis deviliſh Geronte "all dis day." Lie ſnug. "You, Sir, dere you tell "me, if you pleaſe, vether you no ſee dis Geronte me "ſeek for?" No, Sir, I do not know where Geronte is. "Inteed, me have no great matter vid him; me "only vant to give him one little regale of one dozen "blows o'er de back vid one cudgel, and tree or four "truſts through de guts vid my ſword." I do aſſure you, Sir, I do not know where he is. "Me fancy "me ſee ſometing move in dat ſack." Forgive me, Sir. "Dere be ſome merry ſtory widin dere." None at all, Sir. "Me ave one grand inclinationg to vip "my ſword tro dat ſack." Oh! Sir, take care what you do. "You ſow me vat dat be." Softly, Sir. "How ſoftly?" You have no buſineſs to ſee what I carry. "And me vill ſee, ſo me vill." You ſhall

not see. "Hey! hey vat nonsence is dis." They are goods that belong to me. "Sow me den, me tell "dee." I will not do it. "You vill not do it?" No. "Me give dee one bastonade upon de shoulders." I do not value it. "Ha! you be one drole." [beating the sack, and crying out as if he had received the blows.] Oh! oh! oh! Sir, Oh! oh! oh! oh! "Fare "de vell. Dis be one litel lesson for teash dee to "speak insolently." Plague take the jabbering rascal. Oh!

Geronte putting his head out of the sack.] Oh! I am mauled to death.

Scapin. Oh! I am killed.

Geronte. Why the devil do they lay me over the back?

Scapin thrusting his head into the sack again.] Take care, here is half a dozen soldiers all together. [counterfeiting the voice of several persons.] "Come, let us "try to find out this Geronte, let us look every where. "Let us not be sparing of our steps. Let us run "through the whole town. Forget no place. Visit "every where. Ferret every quarter. Where shall "we go? Let us turn this way. No, here. To the "right. No, no. Yes." Keep close. "Soho! "my comrades, here is his valet.—— Come, rascal, "you must inform us where your master is." Nay, gentlemen, do not abuse me. "Come tell us where "he is." Speak. Make haste, let us have done. "Dispatch, quick." Nay, gentlemen, softly. [Geronte steals his head out of the sack, and discovers Scapin's roguery.] "If thou dost not find out thy "master immediately, we shall rain an inundation of "blows upon thee." I would rather suffer every thing than discover my master. "We shall beat out thy "brains." Do what you please. "Dost itch for a

" beating? What, wouldſt feel it a little? There—" Oh!

[Juſt as he is going to ſtrike, Geronte gets out of the ſack, and Scapin runs off.

Geronte alone.] Oh! hang-dog. Oh! traitor. Oh! villain. What, play upon me thus!

SCENE III.

ZERBINETTA, GERONTE.

ZERBINETTA laughing, and not ſeeing Geronte.

HA! ha! I muſt take the air a little.

Geronte aſide, not perceiving Zerbinetta.] I will ſwear he ſhall pay for this.

Zerbinetta not ſeeing Geronte.] Ha, ha, ha, ha! a droll ſtory, a moſt excellent dupe of an old fellow.

Geronte. There is no joke in this, and you have no buſineſs to laugh at it.

Zerbinetta. How? what do you mean, Sir?

Geronte. I mean that you ought not to make a joke of me.

Zerbinetta. Of you?

Geronte. Yes.

Zerbinetta. Why, who intends to make a joke of you?

Geronte. Why do you come here to laugh at me to my face?

Zerbinetta. This has no regard to you; I was laughing to myſelf at a ſtory that has been told me juſt now, and the pleaſanteſt that ever was heard. I do not know whether it is becauſe I am intereſted in the affair, but I never knew any thing ſo droll as the trick that has lately been played by a ſon upon his father, to cheat him of his money.

Geronte. By a ſon upon his father, to cheat him of his money?

Zerbinetta. Yes. Should you preſs me ever ſo little, you will find me very ready to tell you the affair; and I have a natural itch of communicating the ſtories I know.

Geronte. Pray tell me this ſtory.

Zerbinetta. I will readily do it. I ſhall run no great hazard in telling it to you, for it is an adventure not long to be kept a ſecret. Fate would have it that I ſhould fall amongſt a gang of thoſe people who are called gipſies, who ſtrole from province to province, and employ themſelves in telling of fortunes, and ſometimes in many other things. Arriving at this town, a young gentleman ſaw me, and fell in love with me: from that moment he was always after me, and was preſently, as all other young fellows are, who think they have nothing to do but ſpeak, and that upon the leaſt word they ſay to us, the buſineſs is done. But he met with a pride and diſdain that made him correct a little his former thoughts. He diſcovered his paſſion to the people whoſe hands I was in, and found them diſpoſed to reſign me to him, on payment of a certain ſum: but the miſchief of the affair was, that my ſpark was in that condition which we very often obſerve moſt of ſons are, that is to ſay, he was a little bare of money. He has a father, who, though he is rich, is an arrant curmudgeon, a moſt ſordid mortal. Stay, cannot I recollect his name? Heh! help me out a little. Cannot you name me a perſon in this town, who is noted for being avaricious to the greateſt degree?

Geronte. No.

Zerbinetta. There is a ron in his name——ronte. Or—Oronte. No. Ge—Geronte; yes, Geronte; the ſame; this is he, I have found him out; it is this ſame

ſtingy mortal I am ſpeaking of. To come to our ſtory, our people have reſolved to-day to leave this town, and my lover was going to loſe me for want of money, had he not been relieved by the induſtry of a ſervant he has, to get it from his father. As to the name of the ſervant, I know it extremely well. His name is Scapin; and he is an incomparable fellow, and deſerves all the praiſes one can beſtow on him.

Geronte aſide.] Oh! villain as thou art!

Zerbinetta. This is the ſtratagem therefore he made uſe of to catch his dupe. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I cannot remember it, but I muſt laugh from my very heart. Ha, ha, ha! He goes and finds out this covetous cur, ha, ha, ha! and tells him, that walking upon the key with his ſon, ha, ha! they ſaw a Turkiſh galley which they were invited aboard of. That a young Turk had given them a collation there, ha! that while they were eating, the galley put to ſea; and that the Turk had ſent him aſhore alone in the ſkiff, with orders to tell the father of his maſter, that he would carry his ſon to Algiers, if he did not directly ſend him five hundred crowns. Ha, ha, ha! Behold my miſer, my ſordid wretch, under the moſt furious pangs; and the tenderneſs he had for his ſon, occaſioned a ſtrange combat with his avarice. The five hundred crowns they aſk from him, are to him five hundred ſtabs with a poinard given him. Ha, ha, ha! He could not reſolve to tear this ſum from his entrails, and the pain he ſuffers makes him find a hundred ridiculous ways of getting his ſon again. Ha, ha, ha! He will ſend a warrant after the Turkiſh galley when got to ſea. Ha, ha, ha! He ſolicits his valet to go offer himſelf in the place of his ſon, till ſuch time as he has raiſed the money that he had no mind to give. Ha, ha, ha! To make up the five hundred crowns, he abandons five

or fix old ſuits not worth thirty. Ha, ha, ha! The valet at every turn lets him ſee the impertinence of his propoſitions, and every reflexion is accompanied in a dolorous manner with a "But what the devil had he "to do in that galley? Oh curſed galley! Traitor "of a Turk!" In ſhort, after many windings and turnings, after having a long while ſighed and groaned ———But methinks you do not laugh at my ſtory. What ſay you to it?

Geronte. I ſay the young fellow is a villain, an impudent blockhead, who ſhall be puniſhed by his father for the trick he has played him. That the gipſey is an inconſiderate, impertinent huſſy, to abuſe a man of honour, who will teach her to come here and debauch people's children. And that the valet is a rogue, who ſhall be ſent to the gallows, by Geronte, before night.

SCENE IV.

ZERBINETTA, SILVESTER.

SILVESTER.

WHY do you go out? Do you know that you have juſt been talking to the father of your lover?

Zerbinetta. I began to doubt it; I addreſſed myſelf to him, without thinking of it, to tell him his own ſtory.

Silveſter. What, his own ſtory?

Zerbinetta. Yes, I was quite full of it, and impatient to be quit of it againſt. But what does it ſignify? So much the worſe for him. I do not ſee that matters can either be better or worſe to us.

Silveſter. You had a great deſire to be babbling;

they muſt be very fond of talking who cannot keep their own affairs ſecret.

Zerbinetta. Would he not be told it by ſomebody elſe?

SCENE V.

ARGANTE, ZERBINETTA, SILVESTER.

ARGANTE.

SOHO! Silveſter.

Silveſter to Zerbinetta.] Get you within doors again. Here is my maſter calls me.

SCENE VI.

ARGANTE, SILVESTER.

ARGANTE.

WHAT, have you agreed together, villain, have you agreed together, Scapin, you and my ſon, to cheat me, and do you imagine I ſhall bear it?

Silveſter. Troth, Sir, if Scapin cheats you, I waſh my hands of it; and I do aſſure you, I do not trouble myſelf about it.

Argante. We ſhall ſee that, villain, we ſhall ſee that; I ſhall not allow myſelf to be made a dupe of.

SCENE VII.

GERONTE, ARGANTE, SILVESTER.

GERONTE.

BEHOLD, Signior Argante, thy friend oppreſſed with misfortunes.

Argante. You ſee me too under a terrible oppreſſion.

Geronte. That villain of a Scapin, by a piece of roguery, has got five hundred crowns from me.

Argante. That ſame villain of a Scapin, by a piece of roguery alſo, has got two hundred piſtoles from me.

Geronte. He was not ſatisfied with cheating me of the five hundred crowns; but has treated me in a ſcandalous manner. However, he ſhall pay for it.

Argante. I will have ſatisfaction of him for the trick he has played me.

Geronte. I intend to take an exemplary vengeance of him.

Silveſter aſide.] I wiſh I had not had my ſhare in all this!

Geronte. But ſtill this is not all, Signior Argante; one misfortune always follows another. I pleaſed myſelf to-day with the hope of having my daughter, in whom I placed all my conſolation; and I have juſt now been informed by my man, that ſhe ſet out a great while ago from Tarentum, and they believe ſhe there periſhed in the veſſel that ſhe embarked aboard.

Argante. But why, pray, did you keep her at Tarentum, and not give yourſelf the pleaſure of her company?

Geronte. I had my reaſons for that, and the intereſts of my family have hitherto obliged me to keep

this second marriage a profound secret. But who is this coming?

SCENE VIII.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, NERINA, SILVESTER.

GERONTE.

GOOD gods! nurse, is it thee I behold? Nerina falling on her knees.] Oh! Signior Pandolph, that———

Geronte. Call me no longer by that name, but Geronte. The reasons have ceased which obliged me to take it amongst you at Tarentum.

Nerina. Alas! what troubles and uneasinesses has this change of name occasioned us, in the pains we have taken to find you out here!

Geronte. Where are my daughter, and her mother?

Nerina. Your daughter, Sir, is not far off. But before I introduce you to her, I must ask your pardon for having married her, in the abandoned condition we were both in, for want of meeting with you.

Geronte. My daughter married?

Nerina. Yes, Sir.

Geronte. And to whom?

Nerina. To a young gentleman, Octavio by name, son of one Signior Argante.

Geronte. O heavens!

Argante. What an accident!

Geronte. Let us immediately see where she is.

Nerina. You need only go into that house.

Geronte. Go, lead the way. Follow me, follow me, Signior Argante.

Silvester alone.] What an amazing adventure is this!

SCENE IX.

SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SCAPIN.

WELL, Silveſter, what are our people a-doing?

Silveſter. I have two things to tell you. One is, that the affair of Octavio is accommodated. Our Hiacintha is diſcovered to be daughter to Signior Geronte; and chance has performed what the prudence of the fathers had concerted. The other piece of news is, that the two old gentlemen threaten thee in a moſt terrible manner, and particularly Geronte.

Scapin. That is nothing. Threatnings never did me any hurt; they are clouds which paſs very high over our heads.

Silveſter. Take care of thyſelf. The ſons may very likely be reconciled to the fathers, and thou left in the lurch.

Scapin. Let me alone, I ſhall find a way to appeaſe their wrath, and———

Silveſter. Retire, here they are coming out.

SCENE X.

GERONTE, ARGANTE, HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SILVESTER.

GERONTE.

COME, daughter, go home with me. My joy had been compleat could I have ſeen your mother with you.

Argante. Here comes Octavio very ſeaſonably.

SCENE XI.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, OCTAVIO, HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SILVESTER.

ARGANTE.

COME, ſon, come and rejoice with us at the happy adventure of your marriage. Heaven——

Octavio. No, father, all your propoſitions of marriage will ſignify nothing. I ought to take off the maſk with you, and you have been told of my engagement.

Argante. Yes, but you do not know——

Octavio. I know all I have occaſion to know.

Argante. I would tell you that the daughter of Geronte——

Octavio. The daughter of Geronte ſhall never be any thing to me.

Argante. It is ſhe——

Octavio to Geronte.] No, Sir, I aſk your pardon; my determination is fixed.

Silveſter to Octavio.] Hear——

Octavio. No, hold thy tongue; I will hear nothing.

Argante to Octavio.] Your wife——

Octavio. No, I tell you, father, I will rather die than quit my amiable Hiacintha. Yes, all you do is to no purpoſe. [Croſſing the ſtage to Hiacintha.] This is ſhe to whom my faith is engaged; I will love her for life, and will not have any other wife.

Argante. Alas! it is her we give to you. What a hair-brains he is! Always true to his point.

Hiacintha pointing to Geronte.] Yes, Octavio, this is my father whom I have found, and now we are out of pain.

Geronte. Let us go to my houſe, we ſhall talk affairs better over there than here.

Hiacintha pointing to Zerbinetta.] Ah! father, I beg it as a favour of you, that I may not be ſeparated from the amiable perſon you ſee here. She has merit that will make you conceive an eſteem for her when you come to be acquainted with her.

Geronte. Would you have me keep a perſon in my houſe whom your brother is in love with; and who told me, juſt now to my face, a thouſand fooliſh things of myſelf?

Zerbinetta. Sir, I beg pardon. I ſhould not have ſpoken in that manner, had I known it was you; and I knew you only by report.

Geronte. How, only by report?

Hiacintha. Father, the paſſion my brother entertains for her has nothing criminal in it; and I anſwer for her virtue.

Geronte. A pretty fancy truly! Would they not have me marry my ſon to her? A wench that is a ſtranger to every body, and a gypſey by trade?

SCENE XII.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, LEANDER, OCTAVIO, HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SILVESTER.

LEANDER.

COMPLAIN not, father, for my loving a perſon who is unknown, without birth, or portion. The people I purchaſed her of have juſt diſcovered to me, that ſhe was of this city, and of a worthy family, that they ſtole her when a child; and there is a bracelet they gave me, that may help us to diſcover her parents.

Argante. Alas! by this bracelet, it must be my daughter, that I lost when she was but four years old.

Geronte. Your daughter?

Argante. Yes, and I see all the features in her that can give me assurance of it. My dear child——

Hiacintha. Heavens! what surprising adventures!

SCENE XIII.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, LEANDER, OCTAVIO, HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SILVESTER, CARLOS.

CARLOS.

A Terrible accident has just happened, gentlemen.

Geronte. What is it?

Carlos. The poor Scapin——

Geronte. He is a villain, I will have him hanged.

Carlos. Alas! Sir, he will no longer trouble you. Passing by a new building, a stone-cutter's hammer fell upon his head, which fractured the skull, and laid his brains bare. He is a-dying, and desired to be brought hither, that he might take his last farewell of you.

Argante. Where is he?

Carlos. You will see him in a minute.

SCENE THE LAST.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, LEANDER, OCTAVIO, HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SCAPIN, SILVESTER, CARLOS.

SCAPIN carried by two men, and his head tied up with linen, as if he had been wounded.

SOFTLY, ſoftly. Oh! gentlemen, you ſee me—Oh! you ſee me in a ſtrange ſituation.—Oh! I was not willing to die without aſking forgiveneſs of all perſons that I may have ever offended: Oh! Yes, gentlemen, before I give up my laſt breath, I intreat you from my heart, to forgive me whatever I have done to you; and particularly Signior Argante and Signior Geronte. Oh!

Argante. For my part, I forgive thee; go end thy days in peace.

Scapin. It is you, Sir, whom I have given the moſt offence by the blows of a cudgel that——

Geronte. Mention it no more, I forgive thee too.

Scapin. It was a very great raſhneſs in me, to cudgel———

Geronte. Let us have no more of it.

Scapin. Now I am dying, it gives me inexpreſſible ſorrow that I ſhould cudgel———

Geronte. Alas! ſay not a word more.

Scapin. Thoſe unhappy blows with a cudgel that I—

Geronte. Hold thy tongue, I ſay; I forgive all.

Scapin. Alas! what goodneſs! But do you ſincerely forgive me the cudgelling that———

Geronte. Pho! Yes. Let us ſpeak no more of it; I forgive thee, that is ſufficient.

Scapin. Ah! Sir, how that word has refreſhed me!

Geronte. Yes; but I forgive you on condition that you die.

Scapin. How, Sir?

Geronte. I revoke my word, if you recover.

Scapin. Oh! oh! my weakneſs ſeizes me again.

Argante. Signior Geronte, in favour of our mirth, you muſt forgive him without condition.

Geronte. Well, well, I agree to it.

Argante. Come, let us go to ſupper, that we may enjoy ourſelves more agreeably.

Scapin. As for poor Scapin, carry him to the foot of the table, there to meet his fate.

THE END.

MELICERTA.

AN

HEROIC PASTORAL.

MELICERTA, *an Heroic Paſtoral, performed at St. Germains en Laye in December*, 1666.

MOLIERE brought out the followig heroic paſtoral in 1666, of which he had only compoſed the two firſt acts, and which was acted in that condition at St. Germains. The ſcene of the ſecond act between Myrtillo and Melicerta is remarkable for the delicacy of ſentiments and ſimplicity of expreſſion; and indeed, in general, every thing that is ſaid between the two lovers is of the ſame kind. Guerin, our author's widow's ſon, who finiſhed the piece in 1699, joined interludes to it, and changed the verſification of the two firſt acts into free and irregular verſe; but the alteration does not ſay much in his favour.

ACTORS.

MELICERTA, a ſhepherdeſs.
DAPHNE, a ſhepherdeſs.
EROXENA, a ſhepherdeſs.
MYRTILLO, in love with Melicerta.
ACANTES, in love with Daphne.
TYRENES, in love with Eroxena.
LYCARSIS, a ſhepherd, thought to be Myrtillo's father.
CORINNA, confidant to Melicerta.
NICANDER, a ſhepherd.
MOPSUS, a ſhepherd, thought to be Melicerta's uncle.

SCENE Theſſaly, in the Valley of Tempe.

MELICERTA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DAPHNE, EROXENA, ACANTES, TYRENES.

ACANTES.

AH! lovely Daphne.

Tyrenes. Too amiable Eroxena!

Daphne. Leave me, Acantes.

Eroxena. Tyrenes, do not follow me.

Acantes to Daphne.] Why do you drive me away?

Tyrenes to Eroxena.] Wherefore do you leave me?

Daphne to Acantes.] You give me moſt pleaſure when you are from me.

Eroxena to Tyrenes.] I take pleaſure when you are abſent.

Acantes. Will you never lay aſide this deadly rigour?

Tyrenes. Will your cruelty never end?

Daphne. Will you never give over your fruitleſs addreſſes?

Eroxena. Will there never be an end of your impertinence?

Acantes. Except you pity it, I ſink under my pain.

Tyrenes. Unleſs you give me aſſiſtance, I die.

Daphne. I will leave this place, if you do not go.

Eroxena. If you will ſtay, I ſhall bid you farewell.

Acantes. Well, I will leave you, as you deſire it of me.

Tyrenes. My departure ſhall remove your diſpleaſure.

Acantes. Generous Eroxena, for pity's ſake pray do ſpeak a word or two to her in favour of my flame.

Tyrenes. Kind Daphne, ſpeak to that cruel fair one, and learn why ſhe diſlikes me ſo.

SCENE II.

DAPHNE, EROXENA.

EROXENA.

ACANTES loves you tenderly, why do you treat him ſo ſeverely? He is a deſerving man.

Daphne. Tyrenes languiſhes for you, why do you overlook his tears? He has merit.

Eroxena. You muſt anſwer my queſtion firſt, as I ſpake firſt.

Daphne. I am inflexible to all Acantes can do, becauſe I have other deſires.

Eroxena. I ſhew nothing but rigour to Tyrenes, becauſe my heart is poſſeſſed by another.

Daphne. Will you acquaint me with this choice?

Eroxena. Yes, if you will diſcover the myſtery of yours to me.

Daphne. I can very eaſily ſatisfy your requeſt, without naming to you the perſon whom love has made me chuſe; I have in my pocket an excellent picture of him, done by Atis, that inimitable painter, which has ſo great a reſemblance, even in the ſmalleſt feature, that you will certainly find out who it is at the firſt ſight.

Eroxena. In the ſame manner I will ſatisfy your

curiosity. I have an amiable picture of the object of my love, done by the same hand, which discovers so plainly his charms, that you must immediately know him.

Daphne. Your box is exactly the same as mine.

Eroxena. Indeed they are so like each other, that Atis certainly had them both made at one time.

Daphne. Let us at the same time, by means of a few colours, entrust our eyes with the secret of our hearts.

Eroxena. Let us see which work speaks plainest, and which will soonest understand this language.

Daphne. This is an odd mistake, and you blunder strangely; instead of your picture, you have restored me my own.

Eroxena. Indeed I do not know how I happened to do that.

Daphne. Your thoughtfulness was the occasion of it. Pray give it me.

Eroxena. You make the same blunder with these pictures as I did. We certainly jest with each other. What is the meaning of it?

Daphne. It is diverting enough, give it me again.

Eroxena putting the two pictures by each other]. This is the best way not to mistake.

Daphne. Is this an illusion of my prepossessed senses?

Eroxena. Does my soul make an impression upon my eyes?

Daphne. In this work I perceive Myrtillo.

Eroxena. In these lines I find Myrtillo's image.

Daphne. It is young Myrtillo that inflames my soul.

Eroxena. It is young Myrtillo who has all my wishes.

Daphne. I came now to you to desire you to acquaint him with the cares his merit inspires me with

Eroxena. I came to get you to ſerve my ardour in the intention I have of ſecuring his heart to myſelf.

Daphne. Is this ardour, which inſpires you, ſo powerful?

Eroxena. Do you love ſo violently?

Daphne. There is no coldneſs but what he is able to enflame; and his growing beauties are ſufficient to charm every body.

Eroxena. There is no nymph but what might eſteem herſelf happy in loving him, and Diana might be enamoured with him, and not be aſhamed of it.

Daphne. Nothing but his delightful air now touches me; and if he had a thouſand hearts, they ſhould all be his.

Eroxena. He effaces all things elſe that I can ſee; and if I had a ſceptre, he ſhould poſſeſs it.

Daphne. Then it would be to no purpoſe for any body to endeavour to wreſt this love from our breaſts. Our ſouls are too well confirmed in their wiſhes; let us truly endeavour, if poſſible, to continue friends; and ſince at the ſame time, for the ſame cauſe, we both formed the ſame project, let us uſe freedom in this debate, take no mean advantage of each other, and let us run and open ourſelves together to Lycarſis, and inform him of the tender ſentiments his ſon inſpires us with.

Eroxena. I am amazed how ſuch a ſon ſhould deſcend from ſuch a father. One would imagine by his ſhape, mein, eyes and ſpeech, that he was ſprung from the gods. But I agree to your propoſals, let us go immediately to find his father, and acquaint him with the ſecret of our hearts, and Myrtillo ſhall decide this combat of our wiſhes afterwards.

Daphne. I agree to it; I ſee Lycarſis, Mopſus and

Nicander; they may leave him; we will conceal ourselves in the mean time.

SCENE III.

LYCARSIS, MOPSUS, NICANDER.

NICANDER to Lycarsis.

WHAT news have you?

Lycarsis. Alas! you press me! that is not so soon told as you think.

Mopsus. What silly scruples and trifling are here! Menalcas makes not more to sing.

Lycarsis. It is of great consequence to tell a secret amongst us statesmen; I will put myself upon the footing of an important man a little, to enjoy your impertinence awhile.

Nicander. Will you provoke us both in this manner with your delays?

Mopsus. Do you take a pleasure in being impertinent?

Nicander. Pr'ythee speak, and give over this shuffling.

Lycarsis. Then do you both desire me in a genteel manner, and tell me each of you what present you will make me, to obtain your desire of me.

Mopsus. Devil take the booby; let him alone, Nicander, he is more desirous to tell it than we are to hear it. His news is burthensom to him, he wants to discharge himself of it, and it will plague him, if we do not condescend to hear him.

Lycarsis. Ah, ha?

Nicander. You are rightly punished for the manner you do things in.

Lycarsis. Well, I will tell it you; hear me.

Mopsus. No, I will not.

Lycarsis. What! you will not hear me?

Nicander. No.

Lycarsis. Well then, I will not tell you a word of it, and you shall know nothing.

Mopsus. With all my heart.

Lycarsis. You shall not know that the king is coming magnificently to honour Tempe with his presence; that he entered Lariſſa yesterday noon; that I saw him there, with all this court; that these woods will to-day have the pleasure of seeing him, and that there are mighty surmises above his coming.

Nicander. Nor do we care whether we know any thing or not.

Lycarsis. There I saw a hundred things which were delightful to behold. There is nothing but lords, who from head to foot are as glittering and fine as if it were a holiday; they amaze the sight, and our meadows in spring, with all their flowers, are not half so gawdy. As for the prince, he is easily known from them all, and looks like a great monarch a furlong off; he has, in all his person, I do not know what myself, which presently gives one to understand that he is a master king; he plays it with an unequalled grace; and indeed it sits extremely well upon him. One would not think how all his court watch on every side to get his eyes; it is nothing but comical confusion all about him; and one would think it a multitude of shining flies which every where follow a honeycomb. In short, there is nothing under heaven finer; and the feast of Pan, which we admire so, is a piece of beggary to this sight; but since you are so haughty, I will keep my news to myself, and tell you none of it.

Mopsus. And we will not hear thee at all.

Lycarsis. You may go about your business.

Mopsus. So may you.

SCENE IV.

EROXENA, DAPHNE, LYCARSIS.

LYCARSIS imagining himself alone.

WHEN people are fooliſh and impertinent, they are puniſhed in this manner.

Daphne. Shepherd, may heaven always preſerve your ſheep ſound.

Eroxena. May Ceres always keep your barns replete with corn.

Lycarſis. May mighty Pan give each of you an huſband, who may love you much, and be deſerving of you.

Daphne. Ah! Lycarſis, our wiſhes aim at the ſame mark.

Eroxena. Both our hearts ſigh for the ſame object.

Daphne. And Cupid, that boy who cauſes our languiſhing, has borrowed the dart with which he wounds our hearts from you.

Eroxena. We come hither to ſeek your alliance, and to ſee which of us two will be preferred.

Lycarſis. Nymphs———

Daphne. We ſigh for that good fortune only.

Lycarſis. I am———

Eroxena. To that happineſs do all our deſires tend.

Daphne. It is explaining our thoughts a little too freely.

Lycarſis. Why ſo?

Eroxena. Decency ſeems to be a little offended in it.

Lycarſis. Oh! not in the leaſt.

Daphne. But when the heart burns with a noble fire, one may certainly, without ſhame, freely own it.

Lycarsis. I——

Eroxena. This liberty may be allowed us, and the beauty of our choice authorises it.

Lycarsis. My modesty is offended at your flattering me thus.

Eroxena. No, no, do not affect modesty here.

Daphne. In short, all our felicity is in your power.

Eroxena. It is on you that our only hope depends.

Daphne. Shall we find any scruples in you?

Lycarsis. Oh!

Eroxena. Tell me, shall our wishes be rejected?

Lycarsis. No, heaven has not bestowed on me a hard heart; I am like my late wife for tender-heartedness, and I feel, like her, a great deal of humanity for the desires of another, and am not one of a cruel disposition.

Daphne. Grant Myrtillo then to our amorous zeal.

Eroxena. And let his choice decide our quarrel.

Lycarsis. Myrtillo?

Daphne. Yes, it is Myrtillo we would have of you.

Eroxena. Who did you imagine we meant?

Lycarsis. I do not know; but Myrtillo is not old enough for the yoke of marriage.

Daphne. His growing merit may strike others eyes, and we are desirous of engaging so precious a jewel to ourselves, to prevent other hearts, and defy fortune under the firm ties of a mutual chain.

Eroxena. As by his wit and his other perfections he breaks common order, and out-strips time, so our flame for him will do the same, and regulate all its desires according to his great merit.

Lycarsis. Indeed he is sometimes a little surprising for his age; and that Athenian, who was at my house twenty months, and who finding him notable, took it into his head to fill his brain with his philosophy, has

made him so profound in certain things, that as big as I am, he often puzzles me. But yet, he is still in his infancy, and what he does is mixed with a great deal of innocency.

Daphne. As much an infant as he is, I believe, by what he does daily, his heart is already a little touched with love, and I have seen more than one accident which discovered to me that he follows the young Melicerta.

Eroxena. They may well love, and I see——

Lycarsis. A down-right mistake; she is two years older than him, and two years in her sex is a great deal; but as for him, nothing but diversions take him up, I think, and he loves nothing but to be dressed like the shepherds of quality.

Daphne. In short, we have a desire to bind his fortune to ours by the marriage-knot.

Eroxena. We would both with equal ardour assure ourselves of the empire of his heart.

Lycarsis. I esteem myself very much honoured by it. I am a poor shepherd, and it is too great a glory for me that two of the greatest nymphs in the country should dispute for my son's being a husband to one of them. Since you are pleased to have the thing executed in this way, I consent that his choice end your dispute; and she whom this decree sets aside may, if she thinks proper, marry me. It is still the same blood, and almost the same thing. But here he comes; let me dispose him a little. He has got some bird which he has newly taken; that is all his pleasure and engagement.

SCENE V.

EROXENA, DAPHNE and LYCARSIS, at the farther part of the ſtage, MYRTILLO.

MYRTILLO thinking himſelf alone, and holding a ſparrow in a cage.

INNOCENT little thing which, in thy priſon,
Doſt flutter thus, and beat thyſelf before me,
Wail not thy loſs of liberty, thy fate
Is glorious; thou art caught for Melicerta.
She'll take thee in her lily hands, and kiſs thee,
Nay, condeſcend to put thee in her boſom.
Is there in all the world a ſweeter lot?
What king, alas! thou happy little bird,
But would be willing to change ſtations with thee?

Lycarſis. Myrtillo, Myrtillo, a word with you. Leave ſuch trifles; there is ſomething of more importance in the caſe now beſides ſparrows. Theſe two nymphs, Myrtillo, both claim you at once; and demand you, young as you are, for an huſband. I muſt engage you to them by marriage, and they will have you chuſe which of them you will have.

Myrtillo. Theſe nymphs?

Lycarſis. Yes, you may chuſe one of the two for a wife. See how happy you are, and bleſs your fortune.

Myrtillo. Can this offerred choice be a happineſs to me, if it is not deſired by me?

Lycarſis. Receive it at leaſt, and anſwer genteelly, without confuſion, to the honour they do you.

Eroxena. Notwithſtanding the natural haughtineſs which reigns amongſt us, O Myrtillo, ſee two nymphs, who offer themſelves to you, and the ſurpriſing dawn-

ing of your qualities makes us thus pervert the order of things.

Daphne. We leave you to the beſt advice, Myrtillo, conſult your own heart in this choice; and we will not perjudice your election by a recital of our own qualifications.

Myrtillo. You do me an honour, the luſtre of which amazes me; but this is too great an honour for me. I muſt oppoſe your goodneſs; I am too mean to deſerve this good fortune; and I ſhould be ſorry, whatever charms it may have, to hear you blamed for making too low a choice on my account.

Eroxena. Satisfy our deſires, let what will be thought of it, and do not you concern yourſelf about our honour.

Daphne. No, do not think ſo meanly of yourſelf, but leave us to judge of what you deſerve.

Myrtillo. The choice which is offered to me oppoſes your expectation, and is what alone may hinder my heart from contenting you. How can one chuſe between two great beauties equal in birth, and rare perfections? To reject either would be a hideous crime; and to chuſe neither is more reaſonable.

Eroxena. But you affront us both, Myrtillo, by refuſing to anſwer our wiſhes.

Daphne. Since we agree to ſtand by your ſentence, theſe reaſons will not do for your refuſing it.

Myrtillo. Well, if theſe reaſons will not ſatisfy you, this ſhall; I love another, and I plainly feel that a heart which a beautiful object engages, is inſenſible and deaf to all other advantages.

Lycarſis. What! how now! who could have ſuppoſed it? And do you know what it is to love, boy?

Myrtillo. My heart has done it, whether it knows what it is or not.

Lycarſis. But this loves diſpleaſes me, and it is not neceſſary.

Myrtillo. Since that diſpleaſes you, you ought not to have given me ſo tender and ſenſible an heart as mine is.

Lycarſis. But the heart I have given you owes obedience to me.

Myrtillo. Yes, when it is in its power to obey.

Lycarſis. But it ought not to love without my permiſſion.

Myrtillo. Why do not you prevent its being charmed then?

Lycarſis. Well, I forbid you to let this continue.

Myrtillo. I am afraid your prohibition comes too late.

Lycarſis. What! have not fathers ſuperior rights?

Myrtillo. The gods, who are much greater, do not force people's inclinations.

Lycarſis. The gods!——Peace, fool. This philoſophy———

Daphne. Pray do not be angry.

Lycarſis. No, I will have him give himſelf to one of you, or I will whip him before your faces. I will make you know that I am your father.

Daphne. Pray let us do things calmly here.

Eroxena. Will you let us know, Myrtillo, who is the object of your paſſion?

Myrtillo. Melicerta, madam. And ſhe may captivate many.

Eroxena. Do you compare her qualities to ours, Myrtillo?

Daphne. The choice between her and us is very unequal.

Myrtillo. In the name of heaven, nymphs, do not ſpeak any ill of her: pray conſider that I love her, and do not put me into diſorder. If by loving her I wrong your heavenly charms, ſhe has no ſhare in the fault I commit: it is from me that all the offence proceeds. Indeed I know the difference between you and her; but we are bound by our deſtiny; and I find that heaven has given me all imaginable reſpect for you, but for her all the love a ſoul is capable of. I ſee, by the bluſh that riſes in your faces, that what I ſay diſpleaſes you. If you ſpeak, my heart is afraid of hearing what may wound it in its moſt tender part: and to ſave myſelf from ſuch a blow, I ſhall beg leave to withdraw.

Lycarſis. Myrtillo, ſoho, Myrtillo, traitor, will you return? He is gone; but we ſhall ſee which of us two is the maſter. Do not let theſe vain tranſports concern you; I will anſwer for it, one of you ſhall have him for a huſband.

ACT II. SCENE I.

MELICERTA, CORINNA.

MELICERTA.

OH! Corinna, did Stella tell it you, and had ſhe the news from Lycarſis?

Corinna. Yes.

Melicerta. That Myrtillo's fine qualities have touched Eroxena and Daphne with love?

Corinna. Yes.

Melicerta. And ſo great is their ardour to obtain him, that they have already jointly demanded him?

and that in this debate they have determined to go this inſtant to receive his hand? O how unwilling you are to ſpeak, and how little are you touched with my misfortunes!

Corinna. But what? What would you have? this is the truth, and you repeat it all juſt as I told you.

Melicerta. But how did Lycarſis receive this affair?

Corinna. I believe, as an honour that ought to pleaſe him greatly.

Melicerta. And do not you perceive, you who know my ardour, that you pierce my heart with theſe words?

Corinna. How ſo?

Melicerta. By letting me ſee that implacable deſtiny makes me inconſiderable, compared to them, and that by means of their rank, they will be preferred to me: Is not this thought ſufficient to afflict me?

Corinna. I only anſwer you, and tell you what I think.

Melicerta. Your indifference ſhocks me. But tell me, what ſentiments did Myrtillo diſcover?

Corinna. I do not know.

Melicerta. And that is what ought moſt to be known, cruel creature!

Corinna. Really, I do not know what to do; I find, on all ſides, ſomething to diſpleaſe you.

Melicerta. That is becauſe you do not enter into all the movements of a heart full of tender ſentiments. Begone, and let me paſs away ſome unhappy minutes in this ſolitude.

SCENE II.

MELICERTA alone.

MY heart now feels what it is to love, and Beliſa well knew how to inform me of it. That

dear mother, before her death, said to me once on the banks of the Peneus; daughter, take care; love always shews itself to young hearts, surrounded with pleasures. At first it displays nothing but pleasing things to the eyes, but it brings with it frightful troubles; and if you chuse to spend your days in peace, always defend yourself from its darts as from a disease. I remembered these lessons, my heart, and when Myrtillo offered himself to my sight, when he played with me, and rendered me his services, I always bid you be less pleased with it; you would not take my advice, and your complaisance was soon changed into too much good-will. In this growing love which flattered your desires, you expected nothing but joy and pleasures: yet you behold the cruel misfortune with which destiny now threatens you, and the mortal trouble you are reduced to: O my heart! my heart! I rightly told you so: But, if possible, let us conceal our grief. Here——

SCENE III.

MYRTILLO, MELICERTA.

MYRTILLO.

I TOOK a little prisoner just now, my dear Melicerta, which I keep for you, and which may probably in time make me jealous. It is a young sparrow, which in order to your acceptance, I myself will take care to tame. The present is small; but the Gods regard only the will. It is the heart which ought to be considered, and never the richness of the present, which———But, heavens! why this sadness? What ails you, Melicerta? What dark chagrin has overspread your charming eyes? You give me no answer, and this sad silence redoubles my pain and im-

patience. Speak. What ails you? What is the matter?

Melicerta. Nothing at all.

Myrtillo. Nothing, say you? And yet I see your eyes bedewed with tears. Does this agree, dear beauty? O do not conceal a secret which afflicts me; but tell, alas! from whence proceed these tears?

Melicerta. To let you know it, will not ease me.

Myrtillo. Ought you to conceal any thing from me? And do not you now offend our love, by endeavouring to deprive me of my share in your grief? O! do not hide it from the ardour that inspires me.

Melicerta. Well, Myrtillo, well, I must discover it to you. I am informed that Eroxena and Daphne strive, by a glorious choice for you, which of them shall have you for a husband: And I confess I had the weakness, Myrtillo, not to hear it without grief, without accusing fate of the rigorous law which makes them preferable, in their wishes, to me.

Myrtillo. And can you have this unjust sorrow? can you suspect my love of infidelity, and think that, being engaged by such sweet charms as yours, I can ever be another's? That I can take any other hand? What have I done, cruel Melicerta, that you should use my tenderness with so much cruelty, and make such an ill judgment of my heart? I am very unhappy in suffering this stroke. Alas! What good does it do me to love you as I do, if you are so ready to disbelieve it?

Melicerta. I might be less afraid of these rivals, Myrtillo, if things were on a level on both sides; and if I were in an equal rank, I might hope that love would give me the preference. But the inequality of wealth and birth which might make the difference between them and me———

Myrtillo. O, their rank will not conquer my heart; and your divine charms ſerve you in room of every thing elſe. I love you; that is enough; in your perſon I behold rank, wealth, treaſures, kingdoms, ſceptres, crowns; and were I offered the power of the greateſt kings, I would not change the felicity of having you, for it. This is a pure ſincere truth; and it would be doing me an injury to doubt it.

Melicerta. Well, Myrtillo, ſince you will have it ſo, I believe that your deſires are not ſhaken by their high condition; and that though they be noble, rich and fair, your heart loves me better than them. But it is not the voice of love that you will be able to follow, your father, Myrtillo, will regulate your choice; and I am not dear to him, as I am to you, that he ſhould give a ſimple ſhepherdeſs the preference.

Myrtillo. No, dear Melicerta, neither father nor gods can oblige me to quit your charming eyes, and always queen of my deſires as you are———

Melicerta. O, Myrtillo, be careful what you do; do not preſent an hope to my heart, which it might perhaps receive with too much pleaſure, and which going out afterwards like a flaſh of lightning, might render my diſgrace the moſt cruel.

Myrtillo. What! muſt I have recourſe to oaths when I promiſe you eternal conſtancy? How you wrong yourſelf by ſuch alarms, and how little do you know the power of your beauty! Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, I ſwear by the gods; and, if this is not ſufficient, I ſwear by your eyes, that I would rather die than leave you; here, receive the pledge I gave you of it, and let my mouth with joy ſign the oath on this fair hand.

Melicerta. Ah! Myrtillo, riſe, for fear you are ſeen.

Myrtillo. Is any thing——but, O heavens! my joy is interrupted.

SCENE IV.

LYCARSIS, MYRTILLO, MELICERTA.

LYCARSIS.

LET not my preſence conſtrain you.

Melicerta aſide.] Cruel fate!

Lycarſis. There is no harm in this; go on both of you. Bleſs me, ſon, what a tender air you have, and how maſter-like you go about it already! Did that learned Athenian who was baniſhed, teach you thoſe things among his philoſophy? and you, miſtreſs, who ſo mildly give him your hand to kiſs, you gentle ſhepherdeſs, does honour teach you theſe pretty favours, by which you thus ſeduce young hearts?

Myrtillo. Ah! leave ſuch hard language; and do not break my heart with a diſcourſe that gives her offence.

Lycarſis. I will ſpeak to her: all theſe courtings——

Myrtillo. I will not ſuffer you to uſe her ill. My birth engages me to have reſpect to you, but upon my ſelf I can puniſh you for this affront: Yes, I call heaven to witneſs, that if contrary to my deſires you again ſay the leaſt harſh word, with this ſword, which ſhall do me juſtice, I will ſearch a puniſhment for you in the midſt of my own breaſt; and immediately ſhew her by my ſtreaming blood how much I diſapprove your anger.

Melicerta. No, no, do not believe that I enflame him with art, or that my intention is to ſeduce his ſoul: if he loves to ſee me, and wiſhes me well, it is of his own free choice; I do not force him to it. Not

that my heart would here refuſe to anſwer his vows with a tender ardour, I love him, I confeſs, as much as any one can poſſibly love: but this love has nothing in it that ought to alarm you. And, to relieve you from all unjuſt thoughts, I here promiſe you to avoid his preſence, to give place to the choice you approve of, and not to ſuffer his addreſſes till you pleaſe to give your conſent to it.

SCENE V.

LYCARSIS, MYRTILLO.

MYRTILLO.

WELL, now ſhe is gone, you triumph, you have in thoſe words what you deſired: but know that you rejoice in vain, that you ſhall be deceived in your expectations, and that, do what you will, all your power ſhall gain nothing upon my perſeverance.

Lycarſis. How! What inſolence is this, ſirrah? Is it thus you ought to talk to me?

Myrtillo. I am in the wrong, my tranſport is fooliſh; I will change my language, and return to my duty; and here I beg you, father, in the name of the gods, and by all that is dear to you, do not in this conjecture uſe the power that nature gives you over me; do not impoiſon your greateſt favours. Life is a preſent I had from you; but wherein ſhould I be obliged to you, if you make it inſupportable to me? Without Melicerta, I am miſerable: Nothing is dear to me without her divine charms, they are all my felicity and all my deſire; if you deprive me of them, you deprive me of life.

Lycarſis aſide.] He makes me ſhare in the ſorrow

of his ſoul. Who would ever have believed it of the little rogue? What love! What raptures! What talk, for one of his age! I am confounded with it, and find myſelf engaged in behalf of his love.

Myrtillo. See, will you order me to die? You need only ſpeak, I am ready to obey.

Lycarſis aſide.] I can no longer hold, he forces tears from me, and theſe tender words make me yield.

Myrtillo. But if a ſmall remain of friendſhip can infuſe into your heart any pity of my deſtiny, grant Melicerta to my ardent deſire, and you will do more than in giving me life.

Lycarſis. Get up.

Myrtillo. Will you take pity on my ſighs?

Lycarſis. Yes.

Myrtillo. Shall I obtain the object of my deſires of you?

Lycarſis. Yes.

Myrtillo. You will get her uncle to give me her hand?

Lycarſis. Yes. Get up, I ſay.

Myrtillo. O, beſt of fathers! Let me kiſs your hand for ſo much goodneſs.

Lycarſis. Ah! How much weakneſs a father has for his children! Can one refuſe any thing to their tender language? And does one not feel particular ſweet movements when one thinks that it comes from ourſelves?

Myrtillo. Will you keep the promiſe you have given me? Tell me, will you not change your mind?

Lycarſis. No.

Myrtillo. Will you give me leave to diſobey you, if you go from your promiſe? Speak.

Lycarſis. Yes. Ah! nature, nature! Well, I will go to Mopſus, and acquaint him with the love you and his neice have for each other.

Myrtillo. What am I not indebted to you for this uncommon goodneſs! [alone.] What happy news to tell Melicerta! I would not give the pleaſure of telling her this ſurpriſing ſucceſs for an offered crown.

SCENE VI.

ACANTES, TYRENES, MYRTILLO.

ACANTES.

AH! Myrtillo, you have received from heaven charms which have prepared ſubject of tears for us; and their dawn, fatal to our ardour, deprives us of the hearts of the perſons we love.

Tyrenes. May we know, Myrtillo, to which of theſe two fair ones you will turn this choice which is ſo much talked of? and upon which of us that terrible ſtroke, which overwhelms all the hopes of our wiſhes, will fall?

Acantes. Do not make two lovers languiſh any longer; and tell us what deſtiny your heart allots us.

Tyrenes. When one is in fear of ſuch great misfortunes, it is better to die by them at one blow, than to languiſh ſo long.

Myrtillo. Noble ſhepherds, let your paſſion be calm; the fair Melicerta has captivated my ſoul: My deſtiny is ſweet enough with that object not to conſent to take any thing from you; and if your wiſhes have none but mine to fear, you will neither of you have any reaſon to complain.

Acantes. Ah! Myrtillo, may two ſorrowful lovers—

Tyrenes. Is it true that heaven, ſenſible to our torments———

Myrtillo. Yes, ſatisfied with my chains as with a victory, I give you that choice, though it is full of

glory: I have again altered my father's mind, and have made him consent to my happiness.

Acantes to Tyrenes.] O delightful, wonderful adventure! What a great obstacle to our pursuit it removes!

Tyrenes to Acantes.] It may restore those nymphs to our vows, and render us both blessed.

SCENE THE LAST.

NICANDER, MYRTILLO, ACANTES, TYRENES.

NICANDER.

CAN you tell in what place Melicerta is concealed?

Myrtillo. How!

Nicander. She has been carefully searched for every where.

Myrtillo. For what?

Nicander. We are going to lose that beauty. It is on her account that the king came hither; it is said he is going to marry her to a great lord.

Myrtillo. What is that you say? pray explain this to me.

Nicander. They are incidents great and mysterious. Yes, the king comes hither in search of Melicerta; and it is said that formerly Belisa her mother, whose brother all Tempe thought Mospus to be —— But I am desired to search for her every where, you shall know it all soon.

Myrtillo. How cruel, O ye gods, are you to me! Nicander, Nicander.

Arcantes. We will follow him, that he may inform us of the whole affair.

THE END.

THE

COUNTESS

OF

ESCARBAGNAS.

A

COMEDY.

The COUNTESS *of* ESCARBAGNAS, *a Comedy of One Act, performed at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, July 8th, 1672.*

THE following comedy is a ſimple picture of the follies which had diffuſed themſelves through the country, from whence they were baniſhed, according to the meaſure that taſte and politeneſs were introduced there. The parts of the Counteſs, of Mr. Tibaudier, and of Mr. Harpin, are a ſketch of three characters which have frequently been introduced upon the ſtage ſince at full length, by other comic authors. This comedy, together with a comic paſtoral of which we have only the names of the characters remaining, appeared at a feaſt which the King gave the Queen at St. Germain en Laye in December 1671. The two pieces were divided into ſeven acts, but the true diviſion of them is not known: There were likewiſe interludes played along with them, taken from ſeveral entertainments which before had been acted in the King's preſence.

ACTORS.

The COUNTESS of ESCARBAGNAS.
The COUNT, ſon to the counteſs of Eſcarbagnas.
The VICOUNT, in love with Julia.
JULIA, in love with the Vicount.
Mr. TIBAUDIER, a counſellor, one of the counteſs's lovers.
Mr. HARPIN, a receiver of the taxes, another of the counteſs's lovers.
Mr. BOBINET, the count's tutor.
ANDRÆA, the counteſs's woman.
JEANNOT, Mr. Tibaudier's valet.
CRIQUET, the counteſs's valet.

SCENE, ANGOULEME.

THE

COUNTESS

OF

ESCARBAGNAS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JULIA, VICOUNT.

VICOUNT.

HOW! Here already, madam?

Julia. Yes, Cleanthes, and you may bluſh for ſhame at it: A lover, and come laſt to the rendezvous! It is not very gallant indeed.

Vicount. I ſhould have been here an hour ſince, were there no troubleſome fellows in the world; I was ſtopped in the way by an old politician of quality, who inquired what news from court, only to have an opportunity to tell me the moſt extravagant that could be related; and you know that the plague of theſe little towns is great newſmongers, who make it their bu-

fineſs to ſpread abroad the tales they have picked up. This man ſhewed me two ſheets of paper, crouded in the very margin with trifles, which came, as he ſaid, from the fureſt quarter. Afterwards, as a very curious affair, he gave me a tedious reading of all the filly jokes of the Dutch Gazette, whoſe intereſt he eſpouſes. He maintained that France is entirely conquered by that writer's pen, and that ſuch a wit as he is ſufficient to defeat all our troops, and from thence he went on, hand-over-head, into the policy of the miniſtry, all the faults of which he obſerved, and with which I thought he would never have done. To hear him talk you would think he knew the ſecrets of the cabinet better than thoſe who belong to it. He is let into all the deſigns of the ſtate, nor does it make a ſtep, but he penetrates the intentions of it. He tells us the hidden meanings of all it does, diſcovers to us the views of our neighbours' prudence, and overturns at pleaſure all the affairs of Europe. His intelligence extends even to Africa and Aſia, and he is informed of all that paſſes in the privy council of Preſter John, and the great Mogul.

Julia. You dreſs up your excuſe in the beſt manner you can, to make it agreeable, and the more eaſily received.

Vicount. This, fair Julia, is the real cauſe of my delay; and if I would give it a gallant excuſe, I need only tell you that the rendezvous you deſire may authorize the indifference you reprimand me for, that your engaging me to make love to the miſtreſs of this houſe, is putting me in a ſituation to be afraid of being here the firſt, that the feint I force myſelf to being only to pleaſe you, I have room to be againſt ſuffering that conſtraint but before the eyes that it is to divert, that I would avoid the familiarity with this ridiculous coun-

teſs, with whom you trouble me, and in a word, that ſince I come here only on your account, I have reaſon to ſtay away till you are here.

Julia. We know that you never want wit to find an excuſe for your faults. However, if you had come half an hour ſooner we might have made uſe of that time; for when I came I found the counteſs abroad, and I doubt not but ſhe is gone through all the town, to do herſelf the honour of the play you give me under her name.

Vicount. But tell me ſincerely, madam, when will you put an end to this conſtraint, and allow me to purchaſe the happineſs of ſeeing you at a lower price?

Julia. When our parents can agree, which I dare not hope for. You know as well as I that the diſcord of our two families does not permit us to ſee each other any where elſe; and that my brothers, any more than your father, are not reaſonable enough to agree to our coming together.

Vicount. But why may you not better enjoy the rendezvous their enmity leaves us; but I muſt be obliged under a ridiculous fiction, to loſe the moments I have with you?

Julia. The better to conceal our love; and to tell you the truth, the fiction you mention is to me a very agreeable comedy, and I know not whether that which you are to give us to day will afford me more diverſion. Our counteſs of Eſcarbagnas, with her continual infatuation of quality, is as good a character as can be brought on the ſtage. The trip ſhe has made to Paris, has brought her back to Angouleme, more finiſhed than ſhe was before. The court-air has given a new agreeableneſs to her extravagance, and her folly encreaſes and grows more embelliſhed every day.

Vicount. Yes; but you do not conſider that what

diverts you is a punishment to me; and that a man is not capable to feign long, when he has so serious a passion as that I feel for you. It is a cruel thing, fair Julia, that this amusement should bereave my love of a time it would make use of to express its ardour to you; and last night I made some verses upon it, which I must recite to you, without your asking me, so inseparable from the quality of a poet is the itch of reciting his works.

Iris, you torture me too long;

Iris, as you observe, is put there for Julia.

Iris, you torture me too long,
Your laws I keep, but still I blame;
Forc'd a feign'd passion to prolong,
And hide a real flame.

Your eyes, to which I render up my arms,
Must they make pastime of my sighs and woe?
Is n't enough I suffer for your charms,
But must I suffer for your pleasure too?

This double martyrdom's too much to bear,
And what I am to speak and what forbear,
Cause in my tortur'd heart a-like despair.

Whilst love inflames, constraint distracts my breast,
And if with pity you are not possess'd,
I die betwixt reality and jest.

Julia. I observe you make yourself worse treated than you really are; but to lie out of pleasantry is a licence poets will take, and to give their mistresses more cruel-

ty than they have, to accommodate themſelves to the fancies that may come into their heads. However, I will be very glad to have theſe verſes in writing.

Vicount. It is ſufficient that I have repeated them to you, and I ought to ſtop there; a man may ſometimes be ſuffered to play the fool and make verſes, but not to make them public.

Julia. It is in vain for you to entrench yourſelf within a falſe modeſty, it is known that you have wit, and I know no reaſon why you ſhould conceal it.

Vicount. Madam, let us tread there with as much caution as poſſible; it is a dangerous thing to ſet up for a wit. There is in it a particular ridiculouſneſs which it is eaſy to fall into, and ſome of our friends make me dread their example.

Julia. Alas, it is in vain to talk, Cleanthes; notwithſtanding this I ſee you would fain give them me, and I ſhould vex you if I pretended not to care whether you did or no.

Vicount. I, madam? You are in jeſt, I am not ſo much a poet as you imagine to——but yonder comes your lady the counteſs of Eſcarbagnas. I will go out at the other door that I may not meet her, and diſpoſe my people for the amuſement I have promiſed to you.

SCENE II.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA and CRIQUET, at the farther part of the ſtage.

COUNTESS.

AH, lard! Madam, are you all alone! what a pity it is; all alone! I thought my people told me the vicount was here.

Julia. Indeed he juſt came hither, but his knowing you abroad was ſufficient to make him be gone.

Counteſs. What! did he ſee you?

Julia. Yes.

Counteſs. And did he ſay nothing to you?

Julia. No, madam, and thereby aimed to diſcover that he is intirely devoted to your charms.

Counteſs. Indeed I ſhall be angry with him for it; whatever paſſion people have for me, I would have thoſe who love me render what is due to our ſex, and I am not of the humour of thoſe unjuſt women, who boaſt of their lovers incivilities to other beauties.

Julia. You ought not to be ſurpriſed at his manner of proceeding, madam. The love you inſpire him with, appears in all his actions, and prevents him from having eyes for any but you.

Counteſs. Nay, I do believe myſelf powerful enough to inſpire a pretty ſtrong paſſion, and find I have beauty, youth, and quality enough for that, thank God. But yet notwithſtanding what I inſpire, I think they may preſerve ſome civility and complaiſance for others. [ſeeing Criquet.] What are you doing there, Lacquy? Is there no anti-chamber for you to be in till you are called? it is ſtrange that in the country one cannot have a lacquy that knows his place. Who is it I ſpeak to? Will you wait without, Sirrah?

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA.

COUNTESS to Andræa.

COME hither, girl.

Andræa. Your pleaſure, madam?

Counteſs. Take off my hood. Softly, clumſey

fist; how you tumble my head with your country-hands!

Andræa. I do it as softly as I possibly can, madam.

Countess. Yes; but as softly as you can is very rough for my head, and you have almost put my neck out of joint. Here, take this tippet, and carry it to my wardrobe; do not pull it along the ground now. Hey! Where is she going? where is she going? what is she doing? this fool!

Andræa. Madam, I am carrying it to the closet, as you desired me.

Countess. O heavens! the ninny! [to Julia.] I beg your pardon, madam. [to Andræa.] I told you my wardrobe, idiot, the place where my cloaths lye.

Andræa. Why, madam, do they call a press a wardrobe at court?

Countess. Yes, blockhead, so the place is always called where cloaths are put.

Andræa. I will remember it, madam, as well as the garret, which must be called the store-room.

SCENE IV.

COUNTESS, JULIA.

COUNTESS.

WHAT trouble one must be at to instruct these animals!

Julia. I think them very happy, madam, in being under your discipline.

Countess. It is my nurse's daughter, whom I have made my woman; she is very young.

Julia. It discovers a great soul, madam, and it is noble to form creatures thus.

Countess. Come, chairs there; valet, valet, valet.

How hard it is that one cannot have a valet to reach chairs. Girls, lacquies, lacquies, girls, ſomebody there. I believe all my people are dead, and that we ſhall be obliged to reach chairs ourſelves.

SCENE V.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA.

ANDRÆA.

WHAT would you chuſe to have, madam?

Counteſs. One muſt make themſelves hoarſe with calling to you.

Andræa. I was putting your tippet and hoods into your cloſ——your wardrobe, I mean.

Counteſs. Call me the little raſcal of a valet.

Andræa. Soho, Criquet.

Counteſs. Call valet, huſſey, and leave your Criquet.

Andræa. Valet then, and not Criquet, come to my miſtreſs. I believe he is deaf, Cri—Valet, valet.

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA, CRIQUET.

CRIQUET.

YOUR pleaſure.

Counteſs. Where was you, you little rogue?

Criquet. In the ſtreet, madam.

Counteſs. And what buſineſs had you in the ſtreet?

Criquet. Why, you bid me go.

Counteſs. You are an impudent jackanapes, friend, and you ſhould know that without, in quality terms, means the anti chamber. Andræa, ſee that you bid

my gentleman-uſher take care by and by to beat the knave; it is a depraved wretch.

Andræa. Who do you mean by your gentleman-uſher, madam? Is it Mr. Charles that you call ſo?

Counteſs. Hold your tongue, fool, as you are; you cannot open your mouth but you ſpeak impertinently; [to Criquet.] ſeats there; [to Andræa.] and you, light up two tapers in my ſilver candleſtick; it grows late. Why do you look at me ſo as if you were affrighted?

Andræa. Madam.——

Counteſs. Well, madam! What now.

Andræa. Why——

Counteſs. What?

Andræa. Why, I have no tapers.

Counteſs. How, have you not?

Andræa. No, madam, unleſs they be tallow tapers.

Counteſs. Ignorant monſter! where are the wax ones I bought the other day?

Andræa. I have ſeen none ſince I have been here.

Counteſs. Be gone, varlet, I will ſend you home again. Bring me a glaſs of water.

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS and JULIA making compliments about ſitting down.

COUNTESS.

MADAM.

Julia. Madam.

Counteſs. Oh! Madam!

Julia. Oh! Madam!

Counteſs. Lard! Madam!

Julia. Lard! Madam!

Counteſs. Ah! Madam!

Julia. Ah! Madam!

Counteſs. Good now! Madam!

Julia. Good now! Madam!

Counteſs. Pray! come, madam.

Julia. Pray! come, madam.

Counteſs. I am at home, madam. We agree as to that. Do you take me for a country woman, madam?

Julia. God forbid, madam!

SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA, bringing a glaſs of water, CRIQUET.

COUNTESS to Andræa.

YOU gipſey, am I accuſtomed to drink without a ſalver? I bid you go and bring me a ſalver to drink from.

Andræa. Criquet, what can that be they call a ſalver?

Criquet. Salver!

Andræa. Yes.

Criquet. Really I cannot tell.

Counteſs to Andræa.] What are you muttering there?

Andræa. Why, madam, we cannot think what this ſalver is.

Counteſs. It it a thing to ſet a glaſs upon.

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, JULIA.

COUNTESS.

WELL, Paris for being well ſerved; there they underſtand your meaning at the leaſt wink.

SCENE X.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA, with a ſalver put on the top of the glaſs of water, CRIQUET.

COUNTESS.

WHAT a puppy! Did I bid you put it ſo? You muſt put it under the glaſs.

Andræa. Oh; that is ſoon done. [Andræa breaks the glaſs in putting it on the ſalver.]

Counteſs. Do you ſee? The blunderer! I aſſure you, you ſhall pay for it.

Andræa. Well, madam; if I muſt I will.

Counteſs. Out of my ſight, you lubber-head, you blunderbuſs; you, you———

Andræa. Miſtreſs! Madam, if I pay I will not be ſcolded at too.

Counteſs. Be gone from my ſight.

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS, JULIA.

COUNTESS.

INDEED, madam, theſe ſmall towns are ſtrange things: They do not know who they have to deal with, and I have juſt made three or four viſits, where

I thought they would make me mad by the little reſpect they ſhewed my quality.

Julia. Where could they be bred? They certainly never made a journey to Paris!

Counteſs. Yet they might learn if they would but liſten to people; but the worſt of it is, they pretend to know as much as I, who have been two months at Paris, and have ſeen all the court.

Julia. What ſots!

Counteſs. There is no bearing the impertinent equality wherewith they treat people. In ſhort, there ought to be ſubordination in things; and what puts me beyond myſelf is, that a city upſtart of two days, or even ſuppoſe two hundred years, ſhall have the impudence to ſay he is as good a gentleman as my late huſband who lived in the country, had a pack of hounds, and took the quality of count in all the contracts he ſigned.

Julia. One knows much better how to live at Paris in thoſe hotels, whoſe memory ought to be ſo dear. That hotel *de Moi*, madam, that hotel of Lyons, that hotel of Holland, are very agreeable places.

Counteſs. Indeed there is a great deal of difference between thoſe places and this. They are genteel perſons there, who do not heſitate to render all the reſpect you could wiſh for. If you chuſe it, one need not riſe from one's ſeat; and when one would ſee a review, or the grand entertainment of Pſyche, they will begin at the very time one appoints.

Julia. I ſuppoſe, madam, while you ſtayed at Paris, you made ſeveral conqueſts of quality.

Counteſs. You may well believe, madam, that all the courtiers did not fail to come to my gate, and to talk to me of love, and I have in my box ſome of their billets-doux, which may ſhew what propoſals I have

refuſed; no matter for telling their names, you know what I mean by the gallants of the court.

Julia. I am ſurpriſed, madam, that from all thoſe great perſons, whom I gueſs at, you could deſcend again to Mr. Tibaudier the counſellor, and Mr. Harpin the tax-gatherer. I muſt own the fall is great. For as for your vicount, though a country vicount, he is ſtill a vicount, and may take a journey to Paris, if he has not yet took one; but a counſellor and tax-gatherer are but mean lovers for ſuch a great counteſs as you.

Counteſs. They are men, whom one manages in the country for a uſe we may make of them; they ſerve at leaſt to ſtop up the gaps of gallantry, to fill up the number of lovers; and it is good, madam, not to allow one lover to be maſter of one's heart entirely, leſt want of rivals ſhould lay his love aſleep in too much confidence.

Julia. I own, madam, great uſe may be made of every thing you ſay, your converſation is a ſchool; I daily improve myſelf by it.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA, CRIQUET.

CRIQUET to the Counteſs.

MADAM, here is Jeannot from the counſellor inquires for you.

Counteſs. Another of your block-headiſms, Sirrah: A well-bred lacquy would have whiſpered to the waiting-gentlewoman, who would come to whiſper her miſtreſs, and ſay, madam, here is the lacquy of Mr. ſuch-a-one, who wants to ſpeak a word to you; to which the miſtreſs would reply, let him come in.

SCENE XIII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA, CRIQUET, JEANNOT.

CRIQUET.

ENTER, Jeannot.

Countess. Another clownery! [to Jeannot.] What is your business, lacquy? What is that you bring there?

Jeannot. The counsellor, madam, presents his compliments to you; and before he comes sends you some pears out of his garden, with a line or two.

Countess. This is a fine Bon-cretien. Here, Andræa, carry this into the store-house.

SCENE XIV.

COUNTESS, JULIA, CRIQUET, JEANNOT.

Countess giving Jeannot money.

THERE is something for you to drink, lad.

Jeannot. Do not trouble yourself, madam.

Countess. Take it, I say.

Jeannot. My master forbid me taking any thing of you, madam.

Countess. No matter for that.

Jeannot. Pray excuse me, madam.

Criquet. Take it, Jeannot; if you will not, give it to me.

Countess. Tell your master, I am obliged to him.

Criquet to Jeannot, who is going.] Give me what she gave you.

Jeannot. Ay? what a fool it is!

Criquet. I made you take it.

Jeannot. I ſhould have taken it without you.

Counteſs. What is pleaſing in this Tibaudier is, that he knows how to live with perſons of my quality, and behaves very reſpectfully.

SCENE XV.

VICOUNT, COUNTESS, JULIA, CRIQUET.

VICOUNT.

I COME to acquaint you, Madam, the play will be ready ſoon, and that in a quarter of an hour we may go into the hall.

Counteſs. I will have no croud after me. [to Criquet.] Order my Swiſs to allow no body to come in.

Vicount. Then I declare, madam, I will put a ſtop to the comedy; I ſhall take no pleaſure in it except there be a great deal of company. Believe me, if you will be well entertained, give orders to admit the whole town.

Counteſs. Lacquy, a chair. [to the Vicount after he is ſat down.] You come juſt in time to receive a ſmall ſacrifice I mean to make you. There is a letter from Mr. Tibaudier, who has ſent me ſome pears. I give you leave to read it aloud. I have not ſeen it yet.

Vicount having read the letter to himſelf.] Madam, it is a billet in an excellent ſtile, and deſerves attention.

" Madam, I could not have made you the preſent " I ſend you, if I gathered no more fruit from my " garden than I do from my love.

Counteſs. That ſhews you plainly that nothing paſſes between us.

Vicount. "The pears are not yet quite ripe, but "they agree the better with the hardneſs of your heart, "which by its continual diſdain does not promiſe me "ſoft pears. Excuſe me, madam, that without en- "gaging in an enumeration of your perfections and "charms, which would be endleſs, I conclude with "deſiring you to conſider that I am as good a chriſti- "an as the pears I ſend you, ſince I render you good "for evil; that is, madam, to explain myſelf more "intelligibly, ſince I preſent you with good chriſtian "pears for choak pears, which your cruelty makes me "ſwallow every day.

"TIBAUDIER, your unworthy ſlave."

This, madam, is a billet worth preſerving.

Counteſs. There may be ſome word in it that is not academic; but I perceive in it a particular reſpect which pleaſes me mightily.

Julia. You are in the right, madam, nor ought the vicount to take it amiſs. I ſhould love a man who ſhould write in this manner to me.

SCENE XVI.

TIBAUDIER, VICOUNT, COUNTESS, JULIA, CRIQUET.

COUNTESS.

COME hither, Mr. Tibaudier; do not be afraid to come in. Your billet was well received, as were your pears; and there is a lady who is ſpeaking for you againſt your rival.

Tibaudier. I am obliged to her, madam; and if ſhe ever has any ſuit in our court, I ſhall not forget the honour ſhe has done me of making herſelf the advocate of my flame to your beauty.

Julia. You have no need of an advocate, Sir, as your cauſe is a juſt one.

Mr. Tibaudier. Yet, madam, my right may have need of help, and I have reaſon to fear being ſupplanted by ſuch a rival, and to apprehend leſt the lady ſhould be circumvented by the quality of vicount.

Vicount. I had ſome ſmall hope, Mr. Tibaudier, before your billet; but I confeſs that puts me in fear for my love.

Mr. Tibaudier. Here are alſo, madam, two little couplets, which I have compoſed to your honour and glory.

Vicount. I did not think Mr. Tibaudier was a poet, but to conclude my ruin here are two couplets.

Counteſs. He means two ſtrophas. [to Criquet.] Lacquy, reach a chair for Mr. Tibaudier. [low to Criquet, who brings a chair.] A pliant little animal. Sit down, Mr. Tibaudier, and read your ſtrophas to us.

Mr. Tibaudier. A perſon of quality
My ſoul o'ercame:
She has beauty in reality,
And I a flame:
Yet ſhe's to blame,
That her ſpirit's ſo high.

Vicount. After this I am loſt.

Counteſs. The firſt verſe is fine— A perſon of quality!

Julia. I think it a little too long, but a liberty may be taken to expreſs a fine thought.

Counteſs to Mr. Tibaudier.] Let us ſee the other ſtropha.

Mr. Tibaudier. I know not whether you doubt my love:
But well I know my heart would at all hours

Quit its chagrin abode
To go and make its court to yours.
Thus of my tenderneſs ſecur'd,
And likewiſe of my faith aſſur'd,
You in your turn to ſooth my care,
Content to be a counteſs fair,
Some of your tigreſs ſkin ſhould ſtrip away,
Which darkens all your charms as night does day.

Vicount. Mr. Tibaudier has quite ſupplanted me now.

Counteſs. Well, you need not make a jeſt of them; for the verſes are good verſes, for country verſes.

Vicount. How, madam, I make a jeſt? No, though I am his rival, I think theſe verſes admirable, and I give them the title not only of ſtrophas, as you do, but of two epigrams as good as any of Martial.

Counteſs. What? Did Martial make verſes; I thought he only made gloves.

Tibaudier. It is not that Martial, madam, it is an author that lived ſeveral years ago.

Vicount. You ſee Mr. Tibaudier has read the authors. But come, madam, let us ſee if my muſic and play, with my entries and dances, can oppoſe the progreſs the billet and the two ſtrophas we have ſeen have made on your mind.

Counteſs. The count, my ſon, muſt be one of the ſpectators, for he has come from my country-ſeat this morning with his tutor, whom I ſee within.

SCENE XVII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT, MR. TIBAUDIER, MR. BOBINET, CRIQUET.

COUNTESS.

MR. Bobinet, Mr. Bobinet, pray come near us.

Mr. Bobinet. I give a good vesper to this honourable company. What does madam the countess of Escarbagnas want of her most obedient humble servant, Bobinet?

Countess. Mr. Bobinet, at what time did you set out from Escarbagnas, with the count, my son?

Mr. Bobinet. According to your order, madam, at eight o' clock and three quarters.

Countess. How are my two other sons, the marquis, and the governor?

Mr. Bobinet. They are, God be thanked, madam, in good health.

Countess. Where is the count?

Mr. Bobinet. In your fine alcove, madam.

Countess. What is he doing there, Mr. Bobinet?

Mr. Bobinet. He is composing a theme, madam, which I just dictated to him on an epistle of Cicero.

Countess. Bring him hither, Mr. Bobinet.

Mr. Bobinet. Madam, as you desire it.

SCENE XVIII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT, MR. TIBAUDIER.

VICOUNT to the Countess.

THIS Mr. Bobinet, madam, has a very sensible look, and certainly has wit.

SCENE XIX.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT, COUNT, MR. BOBINET, MR. TIBAUDIER.

MR. BOBINET.

COME, Mr. le Comte, shew the progress you make under the good documents that are given you. Your bow to this honourable assembly.

Countess pointing to Julia.] Count, salute the lady, make a bow to the vicount, salute the counsellor.

Tibaudier. I am delighted, madam, that you do me the favour to let me embrace the count, your son. One cannot love the trunk, without loving the branches.

Countess. Lard, Mr. Tibaudier! What a comparison you make!

Julia. Indeed, madam, the count has a genteel air.

Vicount. A very fine young gentleman.

Julia. Who would imagine the countess had a child so big?

Countess. Alas! when I had him, I was so young that I played with my baby.

Julia. It is your brother, not your son.

Countess. Pray, Mr. Bobinet, be careful of his education.

Mr. Bobinet. Madam, I will omit nothing that may cultivate this young plant, of which your goodness has done me the honour to intrust me with; and I shall endeavour to inculcate in him the seeds of virtue.

Countess. Mr. Bobinet, make him talk some little gallantry which you have taught him.

Mr. Bobinet. Pray, Sir, recite your lesson of yesterday morning.

Count. *Omne viro ſoli quod conveniet eſto virile, Omne vir*———.

Counteſs. O, Mr. Bobinet, what fooliſh ſtuff is this you teach him?

Mr. Bobinet. It is Latin, madam, and the firſt rule of John Deſpauter.

Counteſs. Heavens! that John Deſpauter is an inſolent wretch; pray teach him better Latin than that.

Mr. Bobinet. If you will allow him to go on, madam, the gloſs will explain the meaning.

Counteſs. No, no, it ſufficiently explains itſelf.

SCENE XX.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT, TIBAUDIER, THE COUNT, MR. BOBINET, CRIQUET.

CRIQUET.

THE players ſend to acquaint you that they are ready.

Counteſs. Come, let us ſeat ourſelves. [pointing to Julia.] Mr. Tibaudier, take the lady. [Criquet ranges all the chairs on one ſide of the ſtage, Counteſs, Julia and vicount, ſeat themſelves, and Tibaudier ſits at the Counteſs's feet.]

Vicount. I muſt acquaint you that this comedy was made only to join together the different pieces of muſic and dancing of which this diverſion is compoſed, and to———

Counteſs. Heavens, let us ſee it, we have wit enough to underſtand things.

Vicount. Let them begin as ſoon as poſſible, and prevent if they can any troubleſome people from coming to interrupt our diverſion. [The violins play an overture.]

SCENE XXI.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT, THE COUNT, MR. HARPIN, TIBAUDIER, MR. BOBINET, CRIQUET.

HARPIN.

ODS me, very fine: I am very glad to see what I see!

Countess. Mr. Receiver, what do you mean by your behaviour? Do you come to interrupt this play thus?

Harpin. 'Sblood, madam, I am ravished at this adventure, and this shews me what I ought to think of you, and the confidence that may be given to the gift of your heart, and the oaths you have made me of its fidelity.

Countess. Indeed you ought not to comes thus in the midst of a play, and disturb an actor that is speaking.

Harpin. 'Sdeath, the real play here is that which you act, and if I disturb you, I do not care one farthing.

Countess. Really you do not know what you say.

Harpin. Yes, 'Sdeath I know very well, 'Sdeath I know very well, and——[Mr. Bobinet being frightened takes up the count and flies; he is followed by Criquet.]

Countess. Fie, Sir, how you swear, it is sordid.

Harpin. 'Slife, if any thing is sordid here, it is not my swearing, but your actions; you had better swear by your head, death and blood, than do what you do with the vicount.

Vicount. I cannot tell, Mr. Receiver, what you have to complain of, and if——

Harpin to the Vicount.] As for you, Sir, I have nothing to say to you, you do well to push your point; it is natural, I do not think it at all strange, and I beg your pardon if I interrupt your play; neither ought you to think it strange if I complain of her proceeding, and we have both of us cause to do what we do.

Vicount. I have nothing to say to that; nor do I know what reason you may have for complaining against the countess of Escarbagnas.

Countess. When men are possessed with jealousy, they should not act in this manner, but come quietly and complain to the person beloved.

Harpin. I complain quietly?

Countess. Yes. What ought to be said in private should not be published on the stage.

Harpin. 'Sblood, I come hither for this reason, I wished for such a place, and should be glad it was on a public stage, that I might tell you your own aloud.

Countess. Must such an uproar be made for a play which the vicount gives me? You see Mr. Tibaudier who loves me, behaves himself much more respectfully than you.

Harpin. Mr. Tibaudier may do as he chuses; I know not how it may have been between Mr. Tibaudier and you; but I am not to be ruled by Mr. Tibaudier; I do not love to pay the music whilst another dances.

Countess. But really, Mr. Receiver, you do not consider what you say; women of quality are not used in this manner, and those who hear you might believe there is some strange affair between us.

Harpin. 'Zblews, madam, have done with your bibble babble.

Counteſs. What do you mean by your bibble babble?

Harpin. I mean, that I do not think it ſtrange you ſhould yield to the Vicount's merit; you are not the only woman in the world that plays ſuch a ſort of a character, and who has a Mr. Receiver, whoſe paſſion and purſe they betray for the next comer that preſents himſelf; but then I would not have you think it odd, that I will not be the cully of an infidelity, which is ſo common to the coquets of the age, and that I come to aſſure you before good company, that I break off all acquaintance with you, and that the receiver will be no longer the giver for you.

Counteſs. How inſolent lovers are now become! Come, come, Mr. Receiver, lay aſide your paſſion, and ſit down and ſee the play quietly.

Harpin. I ſit down! Look for a tony at your feet. [pointing to Mr. Tibaudier.] I leave you, Madam Counteſs, to Mr. Vicount; and to him I will immediately ſend all your letters. My ſcene is done, my part is over now; ſo I am the company's ſervant.

Mr. Tibaudier. Mr. Receiver, we ſhall meet in ſome other place, and I will ſhew you I am good at any game.

Harpin going out.] You are in the right, Mr. Tibaudier.

Counteſs. For my part, I am confounded at this impudence.

Vicount. The jealous, madam, are like thoſe who loſe their cauſe, they are permitted to ſay any thing. But let us liſten to the play.

SCENE THE LAST.

COUNTESS, VICOUNT, THE COUNT, JULIA, MR. TIBAUDIER, JEANNOT.

JEANNOT to the Vicount.

HERE is a note, Sir, I was desired to give you immediately.

Vicount reading.] "As you may have some measures to take, I seize the first opportunity to acquaint "you, that the quarrel between your parents, and "those of Julia, is just made up, and the marriage of "you two amicably settled. Adieu." [to Julia.] Indeed, madam, there is our comedy ended likewise.

[Vicount, Countess, Julia, and Tibaudier all rise.

Julia. Ah! Cleanthes, what felicity is this! Our love could not have hoped for such good success.

Countess. How, what do you mean by that?

Vicount. I mean, madam, that I am to marry Julia; and if you will take my advice, to render the comedy compleat in all points, you shall marry Mr. Tibaudier, and give madam Andræa to his footman; whom he shall make his valet de chambre.

Countess. Ought you to use a person of my quality thus?

Vicount. It is without any intention of offending you, madam; comedies require such things.

Countess. Yes, Mr. Tibaudier, I will marry you to provoke all the world.

Mr. Tibaudier. Madam, you confer too great an honour upon me.

Vicount to the Countess.] In the mean time, let us see the remainder of our entertainment.

THE END.

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS.

A COMEDY.

The PRINCESS *of* ELIS, *a Comedy of Five Acts, performed at Verſailles May the 8th, 1664. and at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, the 9th of November the ſame Year.*

ON the ſeventh of May, 1664. the King preſented the Queens with a gallant and magnificent feaſt, which laſted for ſeveral days; a particular account whereof is annexed to the following comedy, which made a part of the entertainment. Our author was very much hurried in compoſing this comedy, which made the court leſs ſevere, and it met with a tolerable reception. It was not ſo favourably received at Paris, it being deprived when it appeared there of the ornaments which had embelliſhed it at court; and as the ſpectator was neither in the ſame point of view, nor in the gay and agreeable ſituation which thoſe were in for whom it was compoſed, the author was only applauded for the accurateneſs with which he had unfolded ſome ſentiments of the heart, and his artful picture of female vanity and ſelf-love.

ACTORS.

IPHITAS, Prince of Elis, father to the Princeſs.
The PRINCESS of Elis.
EURIALUS, Prince of Ithaca.
ARISTOMENES, Prince of Meſſena.
THEOCLES, Prince of Pylos.
AGLANTA, couſin to the Princeſs.
CYNTHIA, couſin to the Princeſs.
ARBATES, governor to the Prince of Ithaca.
PHILLIS, attendant on the Princeſs.
MORON, a buffoon to the Princeſs.
LYCAS, attendant on Iphitas.

SCENE, ELIS.

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

EURIALUS, ARBATES.

ARBATES.

THE gloomy habit of this silent thoughtfulness, which makes you perpetually seek after solitude, those swelling sighs which burst from your heart, and those languishing looks, must certainly speak plain enough to one of my age, and I believe, my lord, I understand the language; but without your leave, for fear of running too great a hazard, I dare not presume to explain it.

Eurialus. Explain, explain freely, Arbates, these sighs, these looks and this melancholy silence. I allow you to say that love has subjected me to its laws, and insults me in its turn, and I farther consent that you make me ashamed of having so weak a heart as would allow itself to be overcome so easily.

Arbates. What, my lord, shall I blame you for the tender movements I now see you inspired with? The sourness of old age cannot set me against the transports of an amorous flame; and though my days are now almost spent, I will still say that love sits well upon

ſuch as you; that the tribute which is paid to the charms of a beautiful form is a clear teſtimony of a beautiful mind, and that it is very difficult for a young prince to be great and generous, without being in love; it is a quality I admire in a monarch; a tenderneſs of heart is a certain ſign that every thing may be expected from a prince of your age, eſpecially when we ſee your ſoul is capable of love. Yes, that paſſion, the moſt beautiful of all others, draws innumerable virtues after it; it ſpurs the heart to noble deeds, and all great heroes have been ſenſible of its ardours. Your infancy, my lord, was ſpent under my care, and I had the greateſt hopes of your virtues. I obſerved in you qualities that ſpoke the blood from whence you ſprung; I diſcovered in you a fund of wit and brightneſs, I ſaw you handſome, great and noble; your courage, and your addreſs ſhone forth every day; but I was concerned that I did not obſerve any marks of love; and ſince the pangs of an invincible wound diſcovers that your ſoul is ſenſible to its ſtrokes, I triumph, and I now regard you with a heart replete with joy, as a prince perfectly accompliſhed.

Eurialus. If I deſied the power of love for a while, alas, my dear Arbates, it now takes full vengeance for it; and if you knew what ills my heart is plunged into, you yourſelf would wiſh that it had never loved. For ſee the fortune my ſtars have led me to. I love, I ardently love the princeſs of Elis, and you know that pride which lurks under her charming aſpect arms her youthful ſentiments againſt love, and how ſhe flies the croud of lovers, who endeavour to make a conqueſt of her, during this illuſtrious feaſt. Alas! how untrue it is, that what one is to love, always charms one at the firſt ſight, and that the firſt glance kindles in us thoſe flames to which heaven at our birth deſtined our

ſouls. At my return from Argos, I paſſed through this place, and in my paſſage ſaw the princeſs; I viewed all the charms ſhe is inveſted with, but beheld them as one would do a fine ſtatue; her brilliant youth which I carefully obſerved, inſpired my ſoul with no ſecret deſire, and I contentedly reviſited the ſhores of Ithaca, without ſo much as thinking of her for two years; in the mean time rumours ſpread in my court the famous diſdain ſhe had of love; it was every where publiſhed that her proud ſoul had an invincible averſion to marriage, and that with a bow in her hand and a quiver on her ſhoulder, like another Diana ſhe frequented the woods, was fond of nothing but hunting, and obliged all the heroic youths of Greece to ſigh in vain. Admire our tempers and the works of fate; what her preſence and beauty could not do, the fame of her haughtineſs produced in my ſoul. I felt an unknown tranſport which I could not conquer; her ſo famous diſdain had the ſecret charms to make me carefully call to remembrance all her beauties, and looking upon her with new eyes, I formed an image of her ſo noble and beautiful, ſuppoſing to myſelf ſo much glory and ſuch pleaſure, if I could but triumph over her coldneſs, that my heart in the ſplendor of ſuch a conqueſt ſaw the glory of its liberty vaniſh away. It in vain reſiſted ſuch a bait, the ſweetneſs of it took ſuch an abſolute power over my ſenſes: drove by the force of an invincible power, I directly ſailed from Ithaca hither, and concealed the effect of my ardent paſſion, under the pretence of deſiring to be preſent at theſe famous ſports, to which the illuſtrious Iphitas, father to the princeſs, has aſſembled moſt of the Grecian princes.

Arbates. But, my lord, what avail theſe precautions; and why are you ſo obſtinate in keeping it a ſe-

cret? You confeſs that you love this illuſtrious princeſs, and come to ſignalize yourſelf before her; and have not you informed her of your flame yet either by looks, words, or ſighs? For my part, I cannot underſtand the policy which will not allow you to explain your heart, nor do I know what fruit can be expected from a paſſion which avoids all methods of diſcovering itſelf.

Eurialus. And what benefit ſhould I reap, Arbates, by declaring my paſſion? I ſhould only incur her diſpleaſure, and bring myſelf into the ſituation of thoſe ſubmiſſive princes, whom ſhe looks upon as her enemies, ſince the declaration of their love? You ſee the ſovereigns of Meſſene and Pylos pay the homage of their hearts to her in vain, whilſt the high fame of their virtues is in vain aſſiſted by the moſt aſſiduous reſpects. The repulſe of their ſervices, makes me ſilently conceal the violence of my love. I conſider myſelf as condemned in theſe famous rivals, and I diſcover my own ſentence in the contempt ſhe ſhews of them.

Arbates. And it is in this contempt and this haughty humour that the paſſion of your ſoul ought to place its greateſt hopes, ſince fortune preſents to you a heart to conquer, which is only defended by a mere coldneſs, and does not oppoſe to your ardor the invincible tenderneſs of any engagement. A prepoſſeſſed heart reſiſts powerfully, but where a ſoul is free it is eaſily overcome, and there only wants a little patience to triumph over all the pride of her indifference: Conceal no longer from her then the power of her eyes, make a glorious diſcovery of your flame, and far from trembling at the example of others, ſwell the hope of your addreſſes with the repulſe of theirs Perhaps you may have the ſecret of touching this rigid charmer,

which these princes have not. And if you should not meet with a more favourable destiny from the caprice of her haughty pride, it is at least a happiness in misfortunes of this sort, to see one's rivals rejected at the same time.

Eurialus. You give me pleasure by baffling my reasons, I am glad to find you press this declaration of my passion. My intention was only to try whether you would approve of what I had done; for as I must make you my confident, you must know that there is a friend who has promised to explain my silence to the princess, and may probably at this very moment be discovering my love to her. This hunting-match, which you know she went to this morning, was to avoid the croud of her admirers, and Moron will take the opportunity of declaring my passion.

Arbates. Moron, my lord?

Eurialus. You are a little surprised at my choice, you judge of him by his title of fool, but you must know he is much less so than he chuses to appear, and that notwithstanding his present employment he has more sense than those who laugh at him. The princess diverts herself with his buffoonry, he has got into her favour by a thousand pleasant tricks; and by having this access, can say and persuade her to what others dare not venture. In short, I think him fit for the business I have employed him in; for he says he has a great regard for me; and, being born in my country, will assist my love against all my rivals. A little money in hand to keep up his zeal——

SCENE II.

EURIALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

MORON behind the ſcenes.

HELP, help, deliver me from the ſavage beaſt.

Eurialus. I certainly hear his voice.

Moron behind the ſcenes.] Help, oh help.

Eurialus. It is he. Where is he running to in ſuch a fright?

Moron. How ſhall I avoid this terrible boar? Ye gods preſerve me from his horrid throat; and I will give you four pounds of incenſe, and two fat calves. [meeting Eurialus whom in his fright he takes for the boar he fled from.] Oh! I am dead.

Eurialus. What is the matter with you?

Moron. My lord, I took you for the beaſt, whoſe throat I beheld ready to ſwallow me, and I could not throw aſide my fear.

Eurialus. What is the matter?

Moron. O what a ſtrange temper the princeſs is of! And that we muſt ſubmit to the fooliſh complaiſance of following hunting and ſuch extravagancies! What pleaſure, with a murrain to them, can theſe hunters take in being expoſed to a thouſand fears! Now if one was only to hunt hares, rabbets, or young does, why there was ſomething to be ſaid; they are animals of a very mild nature, and always run away from us; but to go and attack theſe plaguy rude beaſts, who have not the leaſt regard to a human face, and who hunt thoſe that come to hunt them; it is a fooliſh paſtime that I cannot endure.

Eurialus. Tell us what is the matter?

Moron. What a laborious exerciſe does the caprice

of our princeſs fly to! I could have ſworn that ſhe would have played this trick. The chariot-race being to-day, ſhe muſt needs go hunt to put a greater contempt on thoſe ſports, and ſhew——but mum, let us go on with my tale, and reſume the thread of my diſcourſe. What did I ſay?

Eurialus. You were talking of a laborious——

Moron. Oh, right. Well then, fainting under that horrible labour, for you muſt know I was up by break of day harneſſed out like a famous hunter, I ſlunk away from them all like an hero, and finding a place fit to take a good nap in, I lies me down, and, compoſing myſelf, began to ſnore, when a terrible noiſe awakened me, and I ſaw coming out of a thicket, a boar of an enormous ſize, for——

Eurialus. What now?

Moron. Nothing. Do not be afraid, but only let me get between you for a certain reaſon, that I may the better tell you the whole affair; I ſay I ſaw the boar, which being purſued by our people, ſet up all his briſtles with a frightful air; his two burning eyes flaſhed nothing but threats, and his grim mouth all foamy, diſcovered certain tuſhes for thoſe that had a mind to come near him——I leave you to imagine it. At this horrid ſight I took to my arms; but the falſe hearted beaſt without any fear, came ſtrait up to me, when I ſpoke not a word to him.

Arbates. And you received him boldly?

Moron. Who would be fool then? No, I threw away my arms, and out-ſtript the wind.

Arbates. To fly from a boar when you were armed, was not a valiant action, Moron.

Moron. I confeſs it was not valiant, but it was politic.

Arbates. But if one does not eternize one's self by some exploit——

Moron. I am your servant, I would rather people should say, here it was that Moron by flying, without saying his prayers, saved himself from the fury of a wild boar, than, in this illustrious place, the brave Moron, with an heroic boldness, facing a furious boar, lost his life by a wound with his tush.

Eurialus. Very good.

Moron. Yes, by glory's leave, I would rather live two days in the world than a thousand years in history.

Eurialus. Your death would indeed grieve your friends; but if your fear is over, may I know if, touching the flame with which I burn——

Moron. Sir, I must not dissemble with you. I have done nothing in it yet, not having had an opportunity of speaking to her as I could have wished; the office of a buffoon has its prerogatives. But we must often abate of our free attempts. To talk of your flame is a nice point, it is a state affair with the princess. You know in what title she glories; and that her head is stuffed with a certain philosophy, which declares war against the conjugal bands, and treats Cupid like a pitiful deity. I must manage the thing skilfully, for fear of shocking her tyger humour; for one must take care how one speaks to you great people, for you are sometimes very tickliſh. Let me alone to manage it by degrees, I am very zealous for you; you was born my prince, and some other obligations may also contribute to the good I intend you: My mother in her time was thought handsome enough, and was not naturally very cruel; your late father, that generous prince, was a very bold gamester in matters of gallantry; and I have heard that Elpenor my reputed father, alias my

mother's husband, used to boast among the shepherds how the prince sometimes called at his house, and that during that time he had the advantage of being bowed to by all the village. But mum, be that as it will, I will endeavour—But lo the princess and two of our rivals.

SCENE III.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTE, CINTHIA, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, EURIALUS, PHILLIS, ARBATES, MORON.

ARISTOMENES.

DO you upbraid us, madam, for the danger we saved your charms from? For my part, I should have thought that to overcome that boar which attacked you so furiously, was an accident (not knowing of this hunting) which we ought to have thanked our good fortune for: But by this coldness I plainly perceive that I ought to think otherwise, and blame the fatal power of chance, which made me an acomplice in a thing that displeases you.

Theocles. For my part, madam, I esteem this action which my whole heart flew to do for you a sensible felicity, and notwithstanding your displeasure, cannot consent to blame fortune for such an adventure. I know when a person is disliked, every thing he does displeases; but though your anger were even greater than it is, I shall say it is an extreme pleasure to one that loves to an extreme, to have an opportunity to assist the person he admires.

Princess. And do you imagine, my lord, since I must speak, that I should have been so mightily affrighted at this danger? That a bow and arrow, which

have so many charms for me, would have been useless arms in my hand? That I who am accustomed to haunt the hills, the dales, the woods, might not hope to be of myself sufficient for my own defence? Sure I have made but ill use of my time and the assiduous toils I boast of, if on such an urgency I could not have triumphed over one poor beast. If the generality of my sex is so unable in your opinion to effect such actions, yet I beg you would allow me the glory of an higher sphere, and do me the favour both of you to believe that whatever the boar of to-day might be, I have laid fiercer than it dead at my feet.

Theocles. But, madam———

Princess. Well, be it so; I see you desire to persuade me that I owe my life to you; I will grant it. Yes, without you I had died, I heartily thank you for your great assistance, and will immediately go to the prince and inform him of the goodness your love has inspired you with for me.

SCENE IV.

EURIALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

MORON.

DID ever any body see so proud a spirit! the death of that plaguy boar enrages her. O how willingly should I have well rewarded any one that would have ridded me of him just now!

Arbates to Eurialus.] Sir, I perceive her disdain makes you thoughtful, but it ought not in the least to retard the execution of your intentions. Her hour is not yet come; and perhaps the honour of conquering her insensibility is reserved for you.

Moron. It is proper that she know your passion before the race, and I———

Eurialus. No. Moron, I will not have it so now. Do not mention it at all, and let me alone a little: I have determined to take a quite different method: I see too plainly she is determined to despise all who think to overcome her with submission. The deity which engages me to sigh for her, inspires me with a new contrivance to conquer her. Yes, it is he alone has made me alter my way of thinking, and from him I expect the happy success of it.

Arbates. May one know, my lord, the means you hope to———

Eurialus. You shall know it; follow me, and be secret.

Moron. Well, my good wishes attend you till we meet.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS.

PRINCESS.

HOW admirable are these solitary places! Every thing here delights the eye; and all the architecture of our palaces must yield to the simple beauties which are formed by nature: These trees, these rocks, these rivulets, this fresh turf, are to me pleasures that will never cloy.

Aglanta. I love these peaceful retreats as well as you, wherein one avoids the bustle of the city; these places are embellished with a thousand delightful objects, and what is most surprising is, that at the very

gates of Elis, they who hate crouds may meet with so fine and extensive a solitude. But, to speak truth, in these days of general joy, your retreat here looks unseasonable; and it is no less than a gross affront to the magnificent preparation made by the princes. The pompous spectacle of the chariot-races is worthy of the honour of your presence.

Princess. What right have they to exact my presence? How am I obliged to them after all for their magnificence? They do these things with an intention to win upon me; and my heart is the only prize they all run for. But they may flatter themselves as much as they please, I am greatly deceived if either of them carry it off.

Cinthia. How long will this heart be provoked at the innocent intentions that are formed to touch it; and look upon the concern people gives themselves for you as so many criminal attempts upon your person? I know that whoever pleads the cause of Cupid, displeases you, but the consanguinity there is between us makes me oppose the rigors you shew. I cannot by flattery encourage your resolutions of never loving. Is any thing more praise-worthy than the innocent flame which a shining merit kindles in a heart? Where would be the pleasure of life, if there was no love in the world? no, no, the delights it affords are very great, and to live without loving, is, properly speaking, not to live at all.

Aglanta. I must confess, I think that this passion is the most agreeable thing in life, that it is necessary to love in order to live happily, and that all pleasures are insipid unless they are tempered with a little of that.

Princess. Can you two, being what you are, talk in this manner? ought you not to blush to maintain a

paſſion which is nothing but error, weakneſs and extravagance, and the diſorders of which are ſo repugnant to the glory of our ſex? I intend to maintain its honour to the laſt moment of my life, and will not commit myſelf to thoſe men, who act the ſlaves, only to become in time tyrants over us. All thoſe tears, ſighs, homages, reſpects, are nothing but ſnares laid out for our hearts, and which often engage them to commit mean things. For my part, when I behold certain examples, and the terrible meanneſſes to which that paſſion ſinks thoſe who are under its power, my heart is moved at it. And I cannot bear that a ſoul, which profeſſes never ſo little honour, ſhould not feel a horrible ſhame for ſuch weakneſſes.

Cinthia. Ah, madam, there are ſome weakneſſes that are not at all ſhameful: and it is a fine thing to have them even in the higheſt degree of glory. I hope in time you will change your opinion, and if heaven pleaſes, we ſhall ſhortly ſee your heart——

Princeſs. Hold. Do not finiſh that ſtrange wiſh: I have too great diſlike for ſuch ſorts of debaſements, and if ever I ſhould be capable to deſcend to them, I am ſure I ſhould never forgive myſelf.

Aglanta. Take care, madam. Love knows how to revenge himſelf for the contempt that is had of him, and perhaps—

Princeſs. No, no, I defy all his darts, and the great power that is attributed to him is nothing but a chimera, and the excuſe of weak hearts, who repreſent him invincible to authoriſe their weakneſs.

Cinthia. But all the world are ſenſible of his power, and you ſee the gods themſelves are ſubject to his empire. We are informed that Jupiter has been in love more than once, and that even Diana herſelf, whoſe

example you admire so much, was not ashamed to sigh for love.

Princess. The publick opinions are always mixed with error. The gods are not made as the vulgar make them; and it is a want of respect to attribute to them human weaknesses.

SCENE II.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.

AGLANTE.

COME here, Moron, come help us to defend love against the princess's opinion.

Princess. Your side is fortified with a powerful defender indeed!

Moron. Indeed, madam, I believe that after my example there is no more to be said, and that the power of love will be no longer doubted. I a long time defied his arms, and mocked him like another, but at length my pride was humbled, and you have a traitress [pointing to Phillis.] that made me calmer than a lamb; after this you ought to make no scruple to love; since I do, sure others may.

Cinthia. What, is Moron in love?

Moron. Indeed he is.

Cinthia. And does he expect to be beloved again?

Moron. And why not? Am not I well enough made for that? I think this face is tolerable; and for a fine air, thank Jupiter, we need yield to nobody.

Cinthia. Undoubtedly it would be wrong to——

SCENE III.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON, LYCAS.

LYCAS.

MADAM, the prince your father is coming here to you, and brings with him the princes of Pylos, Ithaca, and Meſſene.

Princeſs. Heavens! what does he mean by bringing them to me? Has he determined on my ruin? And would he oblige me to chuſe one of them!

SCENE IV.

IPHITAS, EURIALUS, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.

PRINCESS to Iphitas.

MY lord, I beg you will allow me to prevent, in two words, the declaration of the thoughts you may probably have. There are two truths, my lord, one as certain as the other, which I may equally aſſure you of; one is, that you have an abſolute power over me, and that you can lay no commands upon me but what I would blindly obey; the other is, that I look upon marriage as death, and that it is impoſſible for me to maſter that natural averſion. To give me an huſband, and to give me death, is the ſame thing; but your will goes firſt, and my obedience is much more dear to me than my life: now ſpeak, my lord; pronounce freely what you pleaſe.

Iphitas. You are wrong to be ſo ſuddenly alarmed,

daughter; I am ſorry you ſhould ſuppoſe me ſo bad a father, as to do violence to your ſentiments, and uſe the power heaven has given me tyrannically. I wiſh your heart were capable of loving ſome perſon; that would give me great ſatisfaction. My intention of celebrating theſe feaſts and ſports, was to aſſemble all the illuſtrious youths of Greece, that you might fix on one. I aſk from heaven no other bliſs, but to ſee you married, and to obtain this favour I have this morning ſacrificed to Venus, and if I can explain the language of the Gods, ſhe promiſed me a miracle; but, be it as it will, I will uſe you like a father that loves his daughter; if you fix your inclination upon any one, your choice ſhall be mine, and I will conſider neither intereſt of ſtate, nor advantage of alliance. If your heart remains inſenſible, I will not undertake to force it; but be at leaſt complaiſant to the civilities that are done you, and do not give me reaſon to make excuſe for your coldneſs; behave to theſe princes with the eſteem you owe them: receive with acknowledgment the teſtimonies of their zeal, and be preſent at this race wherein they are to ſhew their ſkill.

Theocles to the Princeſs.] Every body goes to endeavour to gain the prize of this courſe. But I aſſure you, I have no great ardour for the victory, ſince it is not your heart that is to be diſputed there.

Ariſtomenes. For my part, madam, you are the only prize I propoſe to myſelf; it is you that I expect to be diſputed in theſe combats of ſkill, and I aſpire to gain the honour of this courſe, only to obtain a degree of glory, that may raiſe me nearer your heart.

Eurialus. As for me, madam, I do not go with any ſuch intention. As I all my life-time have profeſſed to love nothing, the cares I take have not the aim as others have. I have no pretence to your

heart, and the honour of the courſe is the only advantage I aſpire to.

SCENE V.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.

PRINCESS.

WHAT can be the reaſon of this unexpected haughtineſs? Princeſſes, what do you think of this young prince? Did you obſerve what an air he aſſumed?

Aglanta. Really it was ſomething haughty.

Moron aſide.] Oh! What a fine trick he has ſerved her!

Princeſs. Do not you think it would be pleaſant to humble his pride, and to take down a little that hectoring heart?

Cinthia. You being accuſtomed never to receive any thing but homages and adorations from every body, ſuch a compliment as his may well ſurprize you indeed.

Princeſs. I muſt own it has given me ſome diſturbance, and I ſhould be very glad to find a way to chaſtiſe this pride. I had no great deſire to go to this race; but now I will go on purpoſe, and do all I can to ſtrike him with love.

Cinthia. Be careful, madam, the enterpriſe is dangerous; and when one endeavours to give love, one runs a great hazard of receiving it.

Princeſs. Oh, pray do not be apprehenſive, come, I will be anſwerable for myſelf.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS.

CINTHIA.

INDEED, madam, this young prince displays an uncommon dexterity; and his air had something wonderful in it. He goes off conqueror in this course; but I doubt much whether he went off with the same heart he came in. For you aimed such blows at him, that it was difficult to defend himself; and without mentioning any thing else, your gracefulness in dancing, and the sweetness of your voice had charms to-day to touch the most insensible heart.

Princess. There he is engaged in conversation with Moron; we will know what he is talking about. Do not let us interrupt him now, but turn this way to meet them again presently.

SCENE II.

EURIALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

EURIALUS.

AH, Moron, I own I was delighted, and never so many charms together struck my eyes and ears. It is true, she is always adorable; but that minute more than ever, and new graces redoubled the lustre of her beauty. Her face was never adorned with more lively colours, nor her eyes armed with more quick and piercing shafts. The sweetness of her

voice discovered itself in a perfectly charming tune which she condescended to sing, and the wonderful sounds which she formed went to the very bottom of my soul, and held all my senses in an irrecoverable rapture. She afterwards discovered a disposition entirely divine; and her lovely feet upon the enamel of the tender turf, traced such amiable characters as struck me quite insensible, and tied me by invincible bonds to the easy and just motion with which her whole body followed the changes of the harmony. In short, never did soul feel stronger emotions than mine, and I thought about twenty times to break my determination, and to cast myself at her feet, and freely confess my love for her.

Moron. If you would be advised by me, my lord, you would be very careful how you do that. You have hit upon the best method in the world, and I am greatly deceived if it do not succeed. Women are animals of a whimsical nature, we spoil them by our tenderness; and I really believe we should see them hunt us, were it not for the respect and submissions whereby men make them vain.

Arbates. Here comes the princess, my lord, at a distance from her train.

Moron. Be firm in the course you have taken; I will go see what she will say to me, walk you in these little turnings, in the mean time, without discovering any desire of joining her, and if you do accost her, stay as little with her as possible.

SCENE III.

THE PRINCESS, MORON.

PRINCESS.

ARE you intimate, with the prince of Ithaca, Moron?

Moron. Ah, madam, we have been acquainted a long time.

Princeſs. How came it that he did not walk quite hither, but turned the other way when he ſaw me?

Moron. He is a whimſical man, and loves to converſe with his own thoughts.

Princeſs. Were you preſent when he made me the compliment?

Moron. I was, madam, and thought it a little impertinent, under favour of his princeſhip.

Princeſs. I confeſs, Moron, this ſhunning of me gives me pain, and I am very deſirous to engage him, that I might humble him a little.

Moron. Indeed, madam, you would not do amiſs, he deſerves it; but to tell you the truth, I doubt you would not ſucceed.

Princeſs. How ſo?

Moron. How? Why he is the vaineſt little rogue you ever ſaw: He thinks no body in the world worthy of him; and that the earth is not fit to bear him.

Princeſs. But has he not yet ſpoken of me?

Moron. Not yet.

Princeſs. Did he ſpeak nothing to you of my ſinging and dancing?

Moron. Not a word.

Princeſs. This contempt is mortifying, I cannot bear this ſtrange haughtineſs of eſteeming nothing.

Moron. He loves nor esteems no body but himself.

Princess. There is nothing but what I would do to humble him as I ought——

Moron. We have no marble in our mountains more hard and insensible than he is.

Princess. There he is.

Moron. Do you see how he passes by, without taking any notice of you?

Princess. Pray, Moron, go and acquaint him that I am here, and oblige him to come and speak to me.

SCENE IV.

THE PRINCESS, EURIALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

MORON going up to Eurialus and whispering to him.

ALL is as it should be, my lord, the Princess wishes you would accost her; but take care and continue your part, and for fear of forgetting it, do not stay long with her.

Princess. My lord, you are very solitary, and yours is an extraordinary temper, to renounce our sex in this manner, and at your age, to avoid that gallantry which is so esteemed by men in your circumstances.

Eurialus. The temper is not so extraordinary, madam, but that we may find examples of it without going far, and you cannot condemn the resolution I have taken of never loving any thing, without condemning your own sentiments at the same time.

Princess. There is a great deal of difference, and that which sits well upon one sex, ill becomes the other. Is is noble for a woman to be insensible, and preserve her heart free from the flames of love; but what is virtue in her, becomes a crime in a man, and

as beauty is the lot of our sex, you cannot avoid loving us, without wronging us of the homage that is due to us, and committing an offence which we ought all of us to resent.

Eurialus. I do not see, madam, why those women that will not love, should be at all concerned at these sort of offences.

Princess. My lord, that is no reason; for though we do not care to love, yet we chuse always to be beloved.

Eurialus. For my part, I am not of that temper; and as I have no intention to love any, I should be very sorry to be beloved.

Princess. Why so?

Eurialus. Because we are obliged to those who love us, and I should be sorry to be thought ungrateful.

Princess. So that to avoid ingratitude, you would love the person that should love you?

Eurialus. I, madam? Not at all, I say, I would not chuse to be ungrateful, but I should sooner be so than amorous?

Princess. But probably such a person might love you, that your heart——

Eurialus. No, madam, nothing can touch my heart; my liberty is the sole mistress to whom I consecrate my vows, and though heaven should employ its utmost care to form a perfect beauty, though it should endue her with the most surprising gifts, both of body and mind; in short, though it should expose to my view a miracle of wit, art and beauty, and that person should love me with all the tenderness imaginable, I must freely own to you, I should not love her.

Princess aside.] Was ever any thing like this?

Moron to the Princess.] Plague take the little brute! I have a good mind to give him a slap on the chops.

Princess aside.] This pride amazes me; it makes me so angry that I am not myself.

Moron to the Prince.] Very well. Courage, my lord. This is right.

Eurialus to Moron.] Ah, Moron, I can hold no longer, I have made ſtrange endeavours.

Princeſs to Eurialus.] It is having very great inſenſibility indeed to talk in the manner you do.

Eurialus. Heaven has not made me of any other temper: But, madam, I interrupt your walk; and my reſpect ought to inform me that you love ſolitude.

SCENE V.

THE PRINCESS, MORON.

MORON.

HE is not inferior to you, madam, in hardneſs of heart.

Princeſs. I would freely give all I have to triumph over it.

Moron. I believe you.

Princeſs. Could you not aſſiſt me, Moron, in ſuch a deſign?

Moron. You know very well, madam, that I am quite at your ſervice.

Princeſs. Speak of me to him in your converſation with him, commend my perſon, and the advantages of my birth, and try to ſhake his reſolution by the ſweetneſs of ſome expectation. I allow you to ſay all you think proper to engage him to me.

Moron. Let me alone.

Princeſs. It is a thing I have at heart. I wiſh ſincerely he may love.

Moron. It is true, the little dog is well made; he has a good air, a good face, and I believe he would ſerve a young princeſs's turn very well.

Princeſs. You may expect any thing from me, if you can but enflame his heart for me.

Moron. There is nothing impoſſible, madam; but if he ſhould come to love you, pray what would you do?

Princeſs. O then I would take a pleaſure in fully triumphing over his vanity; I would puniſh his diſdain by my coldneſs, and exerciſe over him all the cruelties I could imagine.

Moron. He will never yield.

Princeſs. Ah! Moron, we muſt make him yield.

Moron. No, he will not, I know him, my labour will be in vain.

Princeſs. We muſt however make ſome attempt, and try if his ſoul be quite inſenſible. Come, I will ſpeak to him and make trial of a ſcheme I have juſt thought of.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE PRINCESS, EURIALUS, MORON.

PRINCESS.

OUR ſentiments, prince, as hitherto, have been very ſimilar, and heaven appears to have put in us the ſame affection for liberty, and the ſame averſion to love; I am willing to open my heart to you, and to entruſt you with the ſecret of a change which will amaze you. I have always looked upon marriage as a frightful thing, and have vowed rather to abandon life than ever determine to loſe that liberty which I was ſo fond of; but now one minute has diſſipated all theſe reſolutions; the merit of a certain prince has to-day ſtruck my eyes, and my ſoul all of a ſudden, as it

were by a miracle, is become ſenſible to that paſſion which I always deſpiſed; I preſently found reaſons to authorize this change, and I may back it by the willingneſs to anſwer the ardent ſolicitations of a father, and the wiſhes of a whole kingdom; but to tell you the truth, I am in pain for the judgment you may paſs upon me, and I would fain know whether or no you will condemn my intention of taking an huſband.

Eurialus. Madam, you may make ſuch a choice, that I ſhall certainly approve of it.

Princeſs. Who do you think, in your opinion, I intend to chuſe?

Eurialus. If I were in your heart I would tell you; but as I am not, I cannot anſwer you.

Princeſs. Name ſomebody.

Eurialus. I am afraid I ſhould be deceived.

Princeſs. But who would you wiſh I ſhould declare myſelf for?

Eurialus. I muſt know your thoughts before I explain myſelf; I know for whom I could wiſh, if I were to ſpeak freely.

Princeſs. Well, I will diſcover it to you, Prince; I am ſure you will approve of my choice, and to keep you no longer in ſuſpence, the Prince of Meſſene is he whoſe merit has attracted my eſteem.

Eurialus aſide.] O heavens!

Princeſs aſide to Moron.] My invention has ſucceeded, Moron, he is diſturbed.

Moron to the Princeſs.] Good, madam. [to the Prince.] Courage, my lord. [to the Princeſs.] He is in for it. [to the Prince.] Do not be diſheartned.

Princeſs to Eurialus.] Do you not think that I am in the right, and that that prince has all poſſible merit?

Moron to the Prince.] Recover yourſelf, and anſwer.

Princeſs. What is the reaſon, prince, that you have nothing to ſay, and ſeem thunder-ſtruck?

Eurialus. I am ſo indeed, madam, and I admire, how heaven could form two ſouls ſo alike in every thing as ours, two ſouls in which were never ſeen a greater conformity of ſentiments, which have diſcovered at the ſame time a determination to brave the power of love, and which in the ſame inſtant have ſhewed an equal readineſs to loſe the name of inſenſible; for, madam, ſince your example authoriſes me, I ſhall not ſcruple to tell you that love this very day has maſtered my heart; and that one of the princeſſes your couſins, the amiable and lovely Aglanta, has overthrown with a glance all the projects of my haughtineſs. I am overjoyed, madam, that by this equality we cannot reproach each other; and I do not doubt but that as I infinitely praiſe you for your choice, you will likewiſe approve of mine. This miracle muſt be made appear to all the world, and we ought not to defer making ourſelves both eaſy. For my part, madam, I beg you would endeavour to obtain for me her I deſire, and conſent that I go to demand here of the prince your father immediately.

Moron aſide to Eurialus.] Ah brave and worthy heart!

SCENE II.

THE PRINCESS, MORON.

PRINCESS.

AH, Moron! I can hold no longer, this unexpected accident abſolutely triumphs over all my ſteadineſs.

Moron. It is true, the accident is wonderful, and I thought at firſt that your ſtratagem had its effect.

Princeſs. It is a vexation enough to make me frantic, that another ſhould have the advantage of ſubjecting an heart which I wanted to ſubject.

SCENE III.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, MORON.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS, I have one thing to beg of you, which you really muſt grant me: The prince of Ithaca loves you, and intends to aſk you of the prince my father.

Aglanta. The prince of Ithaca, madam?

Princeſs. Yes, the prince of Ithaca. He juſt now told it me himſelf, and aſked my conſent to obtain you; but I intreat you to reject this propoſition, and not lend ear to whatever he may ſay to you.

Aglanta. But, madam, if it is true that this prince really loves me, why, having yourſelf no intention to engage him, will you not allow———

Princeſs. No, Aglanta. I deſire it of you, I beg you would gratify me ſo far, and conſent that not having the advantage to conquer him myſelf, I may deprive him of the pleaſure of obtaining you.

Aglanta. Madam, I muſt obey you: but I ſhould think the conqueſt of ſuch an heart no contemptible victory.

Princeſs. No, no, he ſhall not have the pleaſure of braving me entirely.

SCENE IV.

THE PRINCESS, ARISTOMENES, AGLANTA, MORON.

ARISTOMENES.

AT your feet, Madam, I come to thank love for my happy fate; and teſtify to you, by my tranſports, the acknowledgment I am under for the wonderful goodneſs wherewith you condeſcend to favour the moſt humble of your ſlaves.

Princeſs. How?

Ariſtomenes. The prince of Ithaca, madam, juſt now informed me that your heart had the goodneſs to declare itſelf in my favour, in reſpect to that glorious choice which all Greece is in expectation of.

Princeſs. Then he told you that he had it from my mouth?

Ariſtomenes. Yes, madam.

Princeſs. He is a fool, prince, and you are a little too credulous, to believe ſo readily what he told you; ſuch news, in my opinion, ſhould have appeared doubtful to you for ſome time; and you could have done no more than believe it, if I myſelf had told it you.

Ariſtomenes. Madam, if I was too ready to perſuade myſelf———

Princeſs. Pray, my lord, let us break off here, and if you will oblige me, let me enjoy a moment's retirement.

SCENE V.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, MORON.

PRINCESS.

HOW rigorous heaven is to me in this adventure! Princeſs, remember at leaſt the requeſt I made to you.

Aglanta. Madam, I have already told you, that you muſt be obeyed.

SCENE VI.

THE PRINCESS, MORON.

MORON.

BUT, madam, if he loved you, you would not have him, and yet you will not let him be another perſon's. It is juſt like the dog in the manger.

Princeſs. No, I cannot bear he ſhould be happy with another: if he were, I believe I ſhould die with vexation.

Moron. Come, madam, confeſs all. You would fain have him yourſelf, and in all your actions it is eaſily ſeen that you have ſome regard for this young prince.

Princeſs. I have regard for him? O heavens! I have regard for him! Have you the impudence to pronounce theſe words? out of my ſight, raſcal, and never let me ſee your face again.

Moron. Madam——

Princeſs. Be gone, I ſay, or I will make you be gone in another manner.

Moron aſide.] Indeed her heart has its ſhare of it, and———

[He meets a look from the princeſs that makes him retire.

SCENE VII.

The PRINCESS alone.

WITH what uncommon emotion do I feel my heart affected! and with what ſecret uneaſineſs does it all of a ſudden diſturb the tranquillity of my ſoul! Is it not what I was juſt now told it is; and do I not love this young prince, without knowing it? Ah! if it were ſo, I ſhould go mad; but it is impoſſible it ſhould be ſo, and I plainly ſee I can never love him. What! Should I be capable of that baſeneſs? I have ſeen the whole earth at my feet, with the greateſt inſenſibility in the world. Reſpects, homages, and ſubmiſſions, could never affect my ſoul; and ſhall haughtineſs and diſdain triumph over it! I have deſpiſed all thoſe that have loved me; and ſhall I love the only one that deſpiſes me! No, no, I know very well I do not love him; there is no reaſon for it; but if it is not love that I now feel, what can it be? and whence can proceed this poiſon which runs through all my veins, and will not let me reſt? Out of my heart, whatever thou be, thou enemy that lurkeſt there; attack me viſibly, and appear to my eyes the moſt frightful monſter of all the woods, that I may kill thee with my javelin.

ACT V. SCENE I.

IPHITAS, EURIALUS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, MORON.

MORON to Iphites.

MY lord, it is no jeſt, I am what they call a diſgraced favourite. I was obliged to leave her; you never ſaw any body more angry than ſhe was.

Iphitas to Eurialas.] Ah prince! how I ought to thank that amorous ſtratagem, if it has diſcovered the ſecret of touching her heart!

Eurialus. Whatever, my lord, you may be informed, for my part, I dare not yet flatter myſelf with that delightful hope; but if it is not too great a raſhneſs for me to aſpire to the honour of your alliance, if my perſon and dominions——

Iphitas. Prince, do not let us engage in thoſe compliments; I find in you all a father could deſire, and if you have the heart of my daughter, nothing is wanting.

SCENE II.

THE PRINCESS, IPHITAS, EURIALUS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, MORON.

PRINCESS.

OH heavens! What do I ſee there?

Iphitas to Eurialus.] Yes, the honour of your alliance is of the greateſt conſequence to me; and I readily ſubſcribe my full conſent to your requeſt.

Princeſs to Iphitas.] I throw myſelf at your feet, my lord, to beg a favour of you. You always ſhewed an extreme tenderneſs for me; and I owe you much more for your goodneſs to me, than for my birth. But if ever you had any regard for me, I now deſire the moſt ſenſible proof of it that you can grant me; it is, my lord, not to liſten to that prince's requeſt, and not to allow the princeſs Aglanta to be married to him.

Iphitas. For what reaſon, daughter ſhould you oppoſe that union?

Princeſs. Becauſe I diſlike that prince, and, if I can, will croſs his intentions.

Iphitas. You hate him, daughter?

Princeſs. Yes, from my heart, I confeſs it to you.

Iphitas. What has he done to you, to deſerve your diſpleaſure?

Princeſs. He has deſpiſed me.

Iphitas. In what manner?

Princeſs. He did not think me handſome enough to pay his addreſſes to me.

Iphitas. What offence does that give you? You will accept none.

Princeſs. No matter, he ought to have loved me like the reſt, and left me the glory of refuſing him at laſt. His declaration affronts me; and it is a ſenſible diſgrace to me, that in my preſence, and in the midſt of your court, he ſhould follow any but me.

Iphitas. But what concern have you with him?

Princeſs. My lord, I take upon me to revenge his diſdain; and as I know he loves Aglanta violently, with your permiſſion I will prevent him from being happy with her.

Iphitas. Then you are very much concerned at this?

Princeſs. Wonderfully, my lord; and if he obtains his deſires I ſhall die in your ſight immediately.

Iphitas. Come, come, daughter, own the thing freely. This prince's merit has made you open your eyes; and, in short, you love him, say what you will.

Princess. I, my lord?

Iphitas. Yes, you love him.

Princess. I love him, do you say? Do you impute that rashness to me? O heavens, how great is my misfortune, can I hear these words and live, and must I be so unhappy as to be suspected of loving him? O, if it were any but you, my lord, that talked to me in this manner, I do not know what I should do.

Iphitas. Well, well, you do not love him. You hate him, I grant it; and I am determined to satisfy you, that he shall not have the princess Aglanta.

Princess. Oh! my lord, you give me pleasure.

Iphitas. But you must take him to yourself, to prevent his ever being her's.

Princess. My lord, you are deceived, that is not what he desires.

Eurialus. Forgive me, madam, I am rash enough to aspire so high; and I take to witness the prince, your father, if it was not you I asked of him. I have too long deceived you, I must now throw aside the mask, and though you yet carry it against me, I discover to you the real sentiments of my heart. I never loved any but you; and never will love any other. It is you, madam, that took from me the quality of insensible which I always affected, and all I said was only a pretence which I was inspired to by a secret motive, and which I did not follow without the greatest violence imaginable. It must soon have ceased, and I am amazed that it lasted for half a day; for I died, I burned when I disguised my sentiments to you, and never did a heart endure a constraint equal to mine. But if this feint, madam, offends you in the least, I am ready to

die to revenge you of it, you need but ſpeak, and my hand ſhall immediately make a glory of executing the decree you pronounce.

Princeſs. I do not take it ill, prince, that you have abuſed me, and I had rather have all you have ſaid to me a feint than not a truth.

Iphitas. So that you accept this prince for an huſband, daughter?

Princeſs. I do not yet know, my lord, what I ſhall do; pray give me time to think of it, and ſpare a little the confuſion I was in.

Iphitas. You may gueſs the meaning of this, prince, and may build upon it.

Eurialus. I will ſtay as long as you pleaſe, madam, for this decree of my deſtiny; and if it condemns me to death, I will obey it without repining.

Iphitas. Come, Moron. This is a day of peace, and I reſtore you to favour with the princeſs.

Moron. My lord, I ſhall take care how I ſpeak what I think again; I ſhall be a better courtier for the future.

SCENE III.

ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, IPHITAS, THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, MORON.

Iphitas to the Princes of Meſſene and Pylos.

I AM ſorry to inform you, Princes, that my daughter's choice will not be in your favour; but there are two princeſſes that may be a comfort to you under this ſmall misfortune.

Ariſtomenes. My lord, we ſhall do as we ought; and if theſe amiable princeſſes do not deſpiſe repulſed

hearts, we may in them have the honour of being allied to you.

SCENE THE LAST.

IPHITAS, THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS, EURIALUS, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, MORON.

PHILLIS to Iphitas.

THE goddeſs Venus, my lord, has proclaimed the change of the princeſs's heart every where: All the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes teſtify ther joy for it by dancing and ſinging, and if you are not averſe to ſuch ſpectacles, you may eaſily behold the public joy.

THE END.

THE FEASTS OF VERSAILES.

THE

Feasts of Versailles, in 1664.

THE king being desirous of giving the queens and his whole court the pleasure of some extraordinary entertainments, in a place adorned with all the delights that can make a country-seat be admired, pitched upon Versailles for that purpose, about four leagues distant from the metropolis. It is a seat which might be called an inchanted palace, so much have the embellishments of art seconded the care nature has taken to render it perfect: It is delightful every way, every thing smiles both on the inside and outside of it: gold and marble are there emulous which to outshine the other; and though it is not so extensive as the rest of his majesty's palaces, yet every thing in it is so genteel, so well contrived, and so perfect, that nothing can equal it. Its symmetry, the richness of its furniture, the beauty of its walks, and the immense quantity of its flower-pots, as well as of its orange-trees, render the neighbourhood of that place worthy of its singular rarity; the various sorts of beasts contained in the two parks and the menagery, wherein are several courts in the figures of stars, with ponds for the water-fowl, together with large structures, join pleasure to magnificence, and form one of the most agreeable of palaces.

THE FEASTS OF VERSAILLES, IN 1664.

THE FIRST DAY.

THE PLEASURES OF THE INCHANTED ISLAND.

IT was in this beautiful place that all the court met, on the fifth of May, and the king treated above six hundred persons till the fourteenth, not reckoning an infinite number of people necessary in the dancing and in the play, besides all sorts of artificers who came from Paris; so that it looked like a little army.

The very heavens appeared to favour his majesty's intention, since in a season hardly ever without rain, they came off with a little wind, which seemed as if

it roſe only to ſhew that the king's foreſight and power were proof againſt the greateſt inconveniencies. High curtains, buildings of timber, run up almoſt in an inſtant, and a prodigious number of flambeaux of white wax, to ſupply the place of above four thouſand tapers, every day reſiſted the wind; which to another would have rendered theſe diverſions almoſt impracticable.

Monſieur de Vigarini, a Modenois gentleman, very ſkilful in all ſuch things, invented and propoſed theſe; and the king ordered the duke of St. Aignan, who was then firſt gentleman of the bed-chamber, and who had before given ſeveral plans of very agreeable balls, to form a deſign wherein they might all be underſtood with connection and order, ſo that they could not fail of ſucceſs.

He choſe for his ſubject the palace of Alcina, which gave occaſion to the title of the pleaſures of the inchanted iſland; ſince, according to Arioſto, the brave Rogero and ſeveral other good knights, were there detained by the double charms of the beauty (though borrowed) and the learning of that inchantreſs, and were delivered, after a long time ſpent in pleaſures, by the ring, which deſtroyed the inchantment; it was that of Angelica, which Meliſſa in the ſhape of old Atlas, at length put upon Rogero's finger.

There was fitted up in a few days a round, wherein four great alleys met amongſt high paliſadoes, with four portico's thirty five foot high and twenty two foot ſquare, and ſeveral feſtoons enriched with gold and divers paintings with his majeſty's arms.

All the court being ſeated in it on the ſeventh, at ſix o'clock in the evening, there entered an herald at arms, repreſented by M. des Bardins, dreſſed after the

antique manner, in flame-colour embroidered with silver, very well mounted.

He was followed by three pages: that of the king, (M. de Artagnan,) went before the two others, very richly dressed in flame-colour, his majesty's livery, bearing his lance and shield, whereon shone a sun of precious stones, with these words.

Nec cesso, nec erro.

Alluding to his majesty's application to the affairs of state, and his manner of governing; which was likewise represented by these four verses of the president de Perigny, author of the said device.

'Tis with the highest reason that the earth,
And heav'ns behold with wonder this rare object,
Who in his no less hard than glorious race
Does never take repose, nor ever errs.

The two other pages belonged to the dukes of St. Aignon and Noailles: The former mareschal de camp, and the latter judge of the courses.

That of the duke of St. Aignon bore the shield of his device, and was dressed in his livery of silver cloth, enriched with gold, with carnation and black plumes, the ribbons the same. His device was a clock-bell, with these words, *De mi golpes mi ruido.*

The duke of Noailles's page was dressed in flame-colour, silver and black, and the rest of the livery answerable to it. The device which he bore on his shield was an eagle, with these words, *Fidelis & audax.*

Four trumpets and two kettle-drums followed these pages, dressed in flame-coloured satin, and silver; their plumes of the same livery, and the caparisons of

their horſes covered with the ſame embroidery, with ſuns of gold very glittering upon the bandrols of the trumpets, and the coverings of the kettle-drums.

The duke of St. Aignan, mareſchal de Camp, went after them armed in the Greek manner; with a cuiraſs of ſilver cloth covered with little ſcales of gold, as were his ſilk ſtockings; and his helmet was adorned with a dragon, and a great number of white feathers, mixed with carnation and black: He rode on a white horſe, armed in the ſame, repreſenting Guidon the ſavage.

For the duke de St. AIGNAN, repreſenting Guidon the ſavage.

THOSE combats in the dang'rous iſle I fought,
When I ſo many warriors did diſarm,
Follow'd by battles of a ſofter ſort,
Did ſignalize my force as well as heart.
Whether in lawful fights my ſtrength I ſhow,
Or whether in forbidden fields exert,
Proclaim it for my glory at both poles,
None, in each war, oftener or better ſtrikes.

For the ſame.

SINGLE againſt ten warriors and ten maids,
'Tis having two ſtrange conteſts upon hand,
Who comes with honour from this double combat,
Muſt be a moſt unconquerable ſoldier.

Eight trumpets and two kettle-drums dreſſed like the firſt, follow the mareſchal de Camp.

The king, repreſenting Rogero, followed them upon one of the fineſt horſes imaginable; the harneſs of it, which was flame-colour, ſhone with gold, ſilver and

precious ſtones. His majeſty was armed in the Greek manner, as were all thoſe of his troop, and wore a cuiraſs of ſilver plates, covered with a rich embroidery of gold and diamonds: His port and whole action were worthy of his rank; his helmet all covered with flame-coloured plumes, had an incomparable beauty; and never did a more free or warlike air exalt a mortal above other men.

For the KING, repreſenting Rogero.

WHAT ſtate, what port this dauntleſs hero wears!
His perſon dazzles each beholder's eye;
And though by his high poſt he is diſtinguiſhed,
Yet ſomething greater ſparkles in his mien.

His front foretells his future deeds: his virtue
Makes his high anceſtors forgot, and leaves 'em
At diſtance lagging in the courſe of glory.

His generous heart's moſt conſtant application
Is how to act for others, not himſelf;
In this his pow'r is gen'rouſly employ'd.

He quite eclipſes all the ancient heroes;
Honour's the only mark he keeps in view,
And always fights for intereſts not his own.

The duke of Noailles, judge of the liſts, by the name of Oger the Dane, marched after the king, wearing flame-colour and black, under a rich embroidery of ſilver; and his plumes, as well as all the reſt of his equipage, were of the ſame livery.

For the duke de NOAILLES, judge of the lists, representing Oger the Dane.

THIS Paladin applies to his sole business,
To serve and please the greatest king on earth:
And as who judges well as well must act,
None from his sentence justly can appeal.

The duke de Guise and the count de Armagnac went together after him. The former by the name of Aquilant the black, wore an habit of that colour embroidered with gold and jay-colour; his plumes, his horse and his lance being matched to his livery. And the other, representing Griffin the white, wore over an habit of silver cloth several rubies, and rode on a white horse armed in the same colour.

For the duke de GUISE, representing Aquilant the black.

BEAUTEOUS is day, nor does the night want charms,
Black is my colour, which I always lov'd:
But yet though darkness suits my amorous passion,
It never shall extend to touch my fame.

For the count de ARMAGNAC, representing Griffin the white.

BEHOLD the candour heaven on me bestows;
Beauty may safely trust to this fair hue;
And when I am call'd to face the enemy,
I there will gain more whiteness with my sword.

The dukes de Foix and Coaslin, who appeared afterwards, were dressed, one in carnation with gold and silver, and the other in green, white and silver. Their

livery and horſes were equal to the reſt of their equipage.

For the duke de FOIX, repreſenting Rinaldo.

HE bears a glorious name, is young and wiſe:
This, you will ſay, is ſoaring very high;
Such but to few at ſuch an age, heav'n grants,
With ſo much fire, a juſt allay of phlegm.

For the duke de COASLIN, repreſenting Dudon.

NONE can too far in glory's courſe engage,
Though I ſeven kings ſhould by my courage vanquiſh,
And ſee them ſubject to Rogero's power,
I ſhould not be content with my exploit.

After them marched the count du Lude, and the prince de Maſillac, the former dreſſed in carnation and white, and the other in yellow, white and black, enriched with ſilver embroidery, their livery of the ſame, and very well mounted.

For the count du LUDE, repreſenting Aſtolpho.

OF all the Paladins the world contains,
Sure a more amorous knight was never ſeen:
I ſtill in freſh adventures do engage,
Though ſtill enchanted by ſome youthful fairy.

For the prince de MARSILLAC, repreſenting Brandimart.

MY vows will be compleat, my wiſhes crown'd,
My fortune at its utmoſt height arriv'd,
When, lovely lily, you my zeal ſhall know,
Indelibly within my heart impreſt.

Next came the marquiſſes de Villequier and Soyecourt. One wore blue and ſilver, and the other blue, white and black, with gold and ſilver; their plumes and the harneſs of their horſes were of the ſame colour, and equally rich.

For the marquis de VILLEQUIER, repreſenting Richardet.

NONE e'er, like me, with gallantry could quit
A love-intrigue, where, doubtleſs, art's requir'd:
None, in my mind, e'er more agreeably
Was faithful in deceiving of his miſtreſs.

For the marquis de SOYECOURT, repreſenting Olivier.

BEHOLD the honour of the age, to whom
We when compar'd, nay giants, ſcarce are men:
This arrant knight, prepar'd for all that come,
Has ſtill his lance in order for the tilts.

They were followed by the marquiſſes de Humiers and Valliere. The firſt wearing fleſh colour and ſilver, and the other gray and ſilver; their whole livery being the richeſt and beſt matched imaginable.

For the marquis de HUMIERES, repreſenting Ariodant.

WHEN love, that fev'riſh paſſion of the ſoul,
Attacks me, I with trembling own its pow'r:
Yet nothing ſhall my ſpirits e'er controul,
Or make me ſhake, but ſhe whom I adore.

For the marquis de LA VALLIERE, repreſenting Zerbin.

WHERE'ER grand notions glory may inſpire,
When to a ſovereign degree we love;

To die within her arms whom we admire,
Is of all deaths the ſweeteſt, in my mind.

Monſieur the duke went alone, having for his livery a flame-colour, white and ſilver; a great number of diamonds were fixed on the magnificent embroidery with which his cuiraſs and ſilk ſtockings were covered; his helmet and the harneſs of his horſe being likewiſe enriched with them.

For monſieur the DUKE, repreſenting Orlando.

ORLANDO far and wide his luſtre ſpreads;
Glory obſervant does his ſteps await,
Sprung from a blood that burns to ſeek the field,
I ſpeak but truth, the blood of Charlemagne.

There appeared afterwards a chariot eighteen foot high, twenty-four long, and fifteen wide, ſhining with gold and divers colours. It repreſented that of Apollo, in whoſe honour were formerly celebrated the Pythian games, which theſe knights intended to imitate in their courſes and equipage. The deity, ſhining with light, was ſeated on the top of the chariot, having at his feet the four ages, diſtinguiſhed by rich habits, and by what they bore in their hands.

The golden age, adorned with that precious metal, was likewiſe ſet off with divers flowers, which made one of the principal ornaments of that happy age. Thoſe of ſilver and braſs had alſo their particular tokens. And that of iron was repreſented by a warrior of a terrible aſpect, holding in one hand his ſword, and in the other his buckler.

Several other large figures in Relievo adorned the ſides of the magnificent chariot, the celeſtial monſters, the ſerpent Python, Daphne, Hyacinthus, &c. and the

other figures that are ſuitable to Apollo, with an Atlas bearing the globe, were likewiſe agreeably carved. Time repreſented by the ſieur Millet with his ſcythe, his wings, and that decrepidneſs, wherewith he is always painted, was their conductor. Four horſes of an uncommon ſize and beauty, covered with large houſings, interſperſed with golden ſuns, and all in a row, drew that machine.

The twelve hours of the day, and the twelve ſigns of the zodiac very ſuperbly habited, as the poets deſcribe them, marched in two files on the two ſides of the chariot.

All the knights pages followed it two by two, after that of the duke, very properly dreſſed in their liveries, with a great many plumes, bearing their maſter's lances and ſhields with their devices.

The duke of Guiſe, repreſenting Aquilant the black, having for his device a lion ſleeping, with theſe words, *Et quieſcente paveſcunt.*

The count of Armagnac, repreſenting Griffin the white, having for his device an ermine, with theſe words, *Ex candore decus.*

The duke of Foix, repreſenting Rinaldo, having for his device a ſhip on the ſea, with theſe words, *Longe levis aura feret.*

The duke of Coaſlin, repreſenting Dudo, having for his device a ſun, and the ſun-flower, with theſe words, *Splendor ab obſequio.*

The count of Lude, repreſenting Aſtolpho, having for his device a cypher in the form of a knot, with theſe words, *Non ſia mai ſciolto.*

The prince of Marſillac, repreſenting Brandimart,

having for his device a watch in Relievo, of which all the springs were visible, with these words, *Quieto fuor, commoto dentro.*

The marquis of Villequier, representing Richardet, having for his device an eagle hovering before the sun, with these words, *Uni militat Astro.*

The marquis of Soyecourt, representing Olivier, having for his device Hercules's club, with these words, *Vix æquat fama labores.*

The marquis of Humiers, representing Ariodant, having for his device all sorts of crowns, with these words, *No quiero menos.*

The marquis of la Valliere, representing Zerbin, having for his device a Phœnix on a pile set on fire by the sun, with these words, *Hoc juvat uri.*

Monsieur the duke, representing Orlando, having for his device a dart wreathed with laurel, with these words, *Certe ferit.*

Twenty shepherds, laden with several pieces of the rails which were to be set up for the tilting, formed the last troop that entered the lists. They wore vests of flame-colour, enriched with silver, and caps of the same.

So soon as these troops were entered the camp, they went round it; and after having saluted the queens, separated, and took each his post: The pages at the head, the trumpets and kettle drums crossing, posted themselves on the wings. The king advancing to the middle, took his place opposite to the high canopy: The duke near his majesty, the dukes of St. Aignan and Noailles on the right and left; the ten knights in a

line on each side of the chariot; their pages in the same order behind them, the signs and hours as they entered.

When they had made a halt in this manner, a profound silence, caused by attention and respect, gave mademoiselle de Brie, who represented the Brass age, an opportunity to begin these verses in praise of the queen, addressed to Apollo, represented by the Sieur de la Grange.

The Brass Age to Apollo.

Thou brilliant father of the day, whose power
Does by its various aspects give us birth;
Hope of the earth, and ornament of heaven,
Thou fairest and most necessary God;
Thou whose activity and sovereign bounty
In every place makes itself seen and felt:
Say by what destiny, or what new choice,
Thy games are solemniz'd on Gallic shores?

Apollo.

In all th' address, the glory, valour, merit,
Which made Greece shine, are found on these blest shores,
Then justly hither are those games transferr'd,
Which, to my honour, earth has consecrated.
I ever did delight to pour on France
The balmy influence of my gentle rays;
But the bright dame whom Hymen there enthrones
Makes me for her disdain all other realms.
Since for the wide creation's good so long
I've made the boundless tour of seas and earth,
I ne'er saw ought so worthy of my fires,
Such noble blood, so generous a heart,

Never such lustre with such innocence,
Never such youth with so much weigh'd discretion;
Never such grandeur with such condescension,
Never such wisdom join'd with so much beauty.
The thousand various climates which are rul'd
By all those demi-gods from whom she springs,
Led by their own devoir and her high merit,
United, will one day confess her power.
Whatever grandeur France or Spain might boast,
The rights of Charles the fifth, and Charlemagne,
Auspiciously transmitted in her blood,
Will to her throne subject the universe:
But a yet greater title, nobler lot,
Which lifts her higher, and which charms her more,
A name which in itself all names outweighs,
Is that of consort to the mighty Louis.

SILVER AGE.

By what unjust decree has fate produc'd
A star so kindly in the iron age?

GOLDEN AGE.

Ah! Do not murmur at the gods appointment!
This age which has the hate of heav'n deserv'd,
Instead of growing proud with that rare blessing,
Ought thence to augurate its approaching ruin,
And think a virtue which it can't corrupt,
Comes rather to destroy than to ennoble it.
Soon as she chear'd the earth with her blest presence
See how she chas'd away the rage of war;
How from that very day unweary'd hands
Labour the happiness of human kind.
See by what hidden springs a Hero strives
To banish from a barbarous age its horrors,

And kindly to assist my resurrection,
With all those joys that innocence desires.

IRON AGE.

I KNOW what enemies have plan'd my ruin,
Their plots are known, their stratagems are trac'd;
But yet my courage is not so far sunk———

APOLLO.

SHOULD all hell's monsters join in thy defence,
Feeble and vain would their resistance prove
Against such grandeur and against such virtue:
Long with thy galling yoke the world oppress
Shall by thy flight a happier lot enjoy.
'Tis time that thou give way to the high law
Which an august and mighty queen imposes;
'Tis time thou yield to the illustrious labours
Of a great king favour'd by heav'n and earth:
But I too long with this dispute am held,
Yon lists invite to much more gentle combats,
Come then, let's open 'em, and laurels wreathe
To crown the brows of our brave conquerors.

After this, the running at the ring began, wherein, after the king had made his skill and gracefulness be admired in that exercise, as in all others, and after several fine courses of all those knights, the duke of Guise, the marquisses of Soyecourt and Vallière remained to dispute, the last whereof bore off the prize, which was a golden sword enriched with diamonds, with very valuable buckles for his belt, which the queen-mother gave, and wherewith she honoured him with her own hand.

They began their running in such good time, that

juſt as they had done it, night came, and a prodigious quantity of lights illuminating that beautiful place, there entered thirty-four muſicians very well dreſſed, who were to precede the ſeaſons, and make the moſt agreeable concert in the world.

Whilſt the ſeaſons were lading themſelves with delicious viands, for the magnificient entertainment of their majeſties, the twelve ſigns of the Zodiac, and the four ſeaſons danced in the ring one of the fineſt entries that was ever ſeen.

The Spring afterwards appeared on a Spaniſh horſe, repreſented by mademoiſelle du Parc; who with the ſex and advantages of a woman, ſhewed the ſkill of a man. Her habit was green with ſilver embroidery, and artificial flowers.

Summer followed, repreſented by the ſieur du Parc, upon an elephant covered with rich houſing.

Autumn as advantageouſly dreſſed, repreſented by the ſieur de la Thorilliere, came next, mounted on a camel.

Winter, repreſented by the ſieur Bejart, followed on a bear. Their train was compoſed of forty-eight perſons, who bare on their heads large baſins for the collation.

The twelve firſt covered with flowers, carried, like gardiners, baſkets painted with green and ſilver, garniſhed with a vaſt quantity of china, ſo full of ſweetmeats and other delicious things of the ſeaſon, that they bowed beneath the agreeable load.

Twelve others, like reapers, dreſſed in habits conformable to their profeſſion, but very rich, carried baſins of carnation colour which the riſing ſun is of, and followed Summer.

Twelve dreſſed like vintagers, were covered with vine leaves, and bunches of grapes, and bore panniers

of a yellow colour full of little baſins of the ſame colour, divers others fruits and ſweetmeats in the train of Autumn.

The twelve laſt were frozen old men, whoſe furs and manner of walking diſcovered their coldneſs and weakneſs, bearing, in baſins covered with ice and ſnow ſo well counterfeited, that one would have taken them for the thing itſelf, what was to contribute to the collation, and followed Winter.

Fourteen muſicians of Pan and Diana preceded thoſe two deities, with an agreeable harmony of flutes and other muſical inſtruments.

They afterwards came upon a very ingenious machine in form of a little mountain or rock, ſhaded with ſeveral trees; but what was moſt ſurpriſing is, that it was carried up into the air, without diſcovery of the artifice which gave it motion.

Twenty other perſons followed, carrying meats of the menagery of Pan and Diana's hunting.

Eighteen of the king's pages, very magnificently dreſſed, who were to wait upon the ladies at table, made the laſt of that troop; which being ranged, Pan, Diana, and the Seaſons preſented themſelves before the queen, and Spring firſt addreſſed theſe verſes to her.

SPRING to the Queen.

Of all the new-blown flowers that deck my gardens,
Scorning the jeſſamines, the pinks and roſes,
Thoſe lilies I have choſe to pay my tribute,
Which in your earlieſt years you ſo much cheriſhed.
Lewis from eaſt to weſt has made them ſhine,
Whilſt the charm'd world at once reſpects and fears them;

But ſtill their reign's more ſoft and powerful too,
When, brilliant like, they beam on your complexion.

SUMMER.

Seiz'd with too haſty a ſurprize, I bring
A ſlender ornament to grace this feaſt;
Yet know before my ſeaſon's paſs'd away,
To crown your warriors, in the fields of Thrace,
An ample crop of laurels ſhall ariſe.

AUTUMN.

Spring, proud of the beauty of thoſe flowers
Which to his lot have fortunately fall'n,
Thinks to have all th' advantage of this feaſt
And quite obſcure us by his lively colours.
But you, matchleſs princeſs, well remember,
What precious fruit my ſeaſon has produc'd,
Which in your houſe does one day mean to prove
The darling and the bleſſing of mankind.

WINTER.

The ſnow and iſicles I hither bring,
Are viands far from being rare or precious;
But they're moſt neceſſary in a feaſt,
Where with their killing eyes, a thouſand objects,
Replete with charms, ſo many flames create.

DIANA.

Our woods, our rocks, our mountains, all our hunters,
And my companions who have to me always
Paid ſovereign honours, ſince they have beheld
Your preſence here, will know me now no more;
And laden with their preſents come with me
To bring this tribute to you, as a mark
Of their allegiance.

The ſwift inhabitants of theſe bleſs'd groves,
Make it their choice to fall into your nets,
And only wiſh to periſh by your hands.
Love, whoſe addreſs and countenance you wear,
Alone with you this wondrous ſecret ſhares.

PAN.

Be not ſurpriz'd, young deity, that we
In this fam'd feſtival approach to offer
The choice of what our paſtures can beſtow.
For if our flocks their herbage taſte in peace,
'Tis to your charms that happineſs we owe.

After this a great table is ſeen, in the form of a half moon, round on the ſide where they were to ſerve, and garniſhed with flowers on the other ſide, which was hollow.

Thirty-ſix muſicians, very well dreſſed, were behind on a little ſtage, whilſt meſſieurs de la Marche and Parfait, father, brother, and ſon, controulers general, by the names of Plenty, Elegance and Good-Cheer, cauſed it to be covered by the Pleaſures, Sports, Smiles and Delights.

Their majeſties ſat down in this order, which prevented all the confuſion which might have riſen about precedency.

The queen-mother was ſeated in the middle of the table, and had at her right hand

The KING.

Mademoiſelle d'Alençon.
Madame la Princeſſe.
Mademoiſelle d'Elbeuf.

Madame de Bethune.
Madame la ducheſſe de Crequy.

The duke of ORLEANS.

Madame la Ducheſſe de St. Aignan.
Madame la Maréchale du Pleſſis.
Madame la Maréchale d'Etampe.
Madame de Gourdon.
Madame de Monteſpan.
Madame de Humiers.
Mademoiſelle de Brancas.
Madame d'Armagnac.
Madame la Comteſſe de Soiſſons.
Madame la Princeſſe de Bade.
Mademoiſelle de Grancay.

Oppoſite to them were ſitting,

The QUEEN.

Madame de Carignan.
Madame de Flaix.
Madame la Ducheſſe de Foix.
Madam de Bracas.
Madam de Froulay.
Madame la Ducheſſe de Navailles.
Mademoiſelle d'Ardennes.
Mademoiſelle de Coetlogon.
Madame de Cruſſol.
Madame de Montauzier.

The ducheſs of ORLEANS.

Madame la princeſſe Benedicte.
Madame la Ducheſſe.
Madame de Rouvroy.
Mademoiſelle de la Mothe.
Madame de Marſe.

Mademoiſelle de la Valliere.
Mademoiſelle d'Artigny.
Mademoiſelle du Bellay.
Madamoiſelle de Dampierre.
Mademoiſelle de Fiennes.

The magnificence of this collation exceeds all that can be written of it, as well for the abundance, as the delicacy of things that were ſerved up: It made likewiſe the fineſt object that the ſenſes were capable of; for in the night-time, near the verdure of thoſe palliſadoes, an immenſe number of candleſticks painted green and ſilver, each of them holding twenty four tapers, and two hundred flambeaux of white wax, held by as many perſons in maſks, gave light almoſt as great, and more agreeable than that of day. All the knights, with their helmets covered with feathers of various colours, and their running dreſſes, leaned on the liſts; and the great number of officers richly dreſſed, who waited, encreaſed its beauty, and rendered that ring an inchanted place; from whence, after the collation, their majeſties and all the court went out by the portico oppoſite to the liſts, and in a prodigious number of very commodious calaſhes, returned to the caſtle.

THE SECOND DAY.

The Sequel of the PLEASURES of the INCHANTED ISLAND.

AS ſoon as the night of the ſecond day was come, their majeſties repaired to another ring, ſurrounded with palliſadoes like the former, and on the

ſame line, ſtill advancing towards the lake, where the palace of Alcina was imagined to be built. The deſign of this ſecond feaſt was that of Rogero and the knights of his troop, after having done wonders in the courſes, which by order of the fair inchantreſs they had performed in favour of the queen, ſhould continue in the ſame deſign in order to the following diverſion; and that, the floating iſland not having removed from the French ſhore, they might give her majeſty the pleaſure of a comedy, whoſe ſcene lay in Elis.

The king then cauſed with ſurpriſing expedition all that ring to be covered with cloth in the manner of a dome, to defend againſt the wind the great number of flambeaux and candles, which were to light the theatre, the decoration of which was very agreeable. There they repreſented the comedy of The Princeſs of Elis.

During the dances, there riſes from under the ſtage the machine of a great tree with ſixteen Fauns in it, eight of which play upon the flute, and the others on the violin, with the moſt agreeable concert imaginable. Thirty violins anſwer them from the Orcheſtre, with ſix other inſtruments of harpſichords and theorboes, which were the ſieurs D'Anglebert, Richard, Itier, la Barre the younger, Tiſſu and le Moine; and four ſhepherds and four ſhepherdeſſes danced a very fine entry, which the Fauns deſcending from the tree mixed in from time to time. The ſhepherds were the ſieurs Chicanneau, du Pron, Noblet, la Pierre; the ſhepherdeſſes were the ſieurs Balthazard, Magni, Arnald, Bonard.

All this ſcene was ſo grand, ſo full and ſo agreeable, that there was never any thing of dancing finer ſeen; and ſuch an advantageous concluſion did it make to the diverſions of this day, that the whole court

praiſed it no leſs than that which had preceded it, retiring with a ſatisfaction which gave them great expectations of the ſequel of ſo compleat an entertainment.

THE THIRD DAY.

The ſequel and concluſion of the PLEASURES of the INCHANTED ISLAND.

THE more they advanced towards the great ring which repreſented the lake, on which was anciently built the palace of Alcina, the nearer they approached to the end of the diverſions of the inchanted iſland, as if it had not been juſt that ſo many brave knights ſhould any longer remain in an idleneſs which would have done wrong to their glory.

It was pretended, therefore, ſtill following the firſt deſign, that heaven having reſolved to free thoſe warriors, Alcina had ſome preſages of it, which filled her with terror and uneaſineſs: ſhe determined to provide all the remedies that were likely to prevent that misfortune, and fortify every way a place which might ſecure her whole repoſe and joy.

Within this ring, whoſe extent and form were extraordinary, there appeared a rock ſituated in the middle of an iſland covered with various kinds of animals, as though they would defend the entry of it.

Two other iſlands longer, but not ſo broad, were perceived on the two ſides of the firſt, and all three, as well as the borders of the ring, were ſo very much illuminated, that theſe lights produced a new day in the darkneſs of the night. Their majeſties being arrived, had no ſooner taken their places, than one of the two

iſlands that were by the ſides of the firſt, were all covered with violins very well dreſſed. The other that was oppoſite to it, was at the ſame time covered with trumpets and kettle-drums, whoſe habits were no leſs magnificent.

But what was more ſurpriſing was to ſee Alcina iſſue from behind the rock, born by a ſea-monſter of a prodigious ſize.

Two of the nymphs of her train, by the names of Celia and Dirce, appeared at the ſame time following her; and placing themſelves on each ſide of her upon huge whales, they approached the brink of the ring of water; and Alcina began verſes, which her companions anſwered, and which were in praiſe of the queen-mother.

ALCINA, CELIA, DIRCE.

ALCINA.

YOU, who are partners in my happineſs,
Come, weep with me in this extremity.

Celia. What unexpected cauſe of ſuch alarms?
Who draws ſuch floods of tears from thoſe bright eyes?

Alcina. I can't ev'n think to ſpeak on't without trembling.
'Midſt the dark horrors of a threatning dream,
A ſpectre with a hideous voice declar'd
That hell on my account ſuſpends its force,
That a celeſtial power arreſts its aid,
And, this day gone, that I ſhall be no more.
All the malignant influence of the ſtars,
Which adverſe reign'd aſcendant at my birth,
And all my art had promis'd of misfortunes,

This dream depainted in ſuch lively colours,
That ceaſeleſs to my waking eyes it offers
Meliſſa's power and Brandimart's misfortune.
Theſe evils I foreſaw, but the dear pleaſures,
Which here ſeem'd even to prevent our wiſhes;
Our lofty palaces, our fields, our gardens,
The pleaſing converſe of our dear companions,
Our ſongs and ſports, the concerts of the birds,
The zephyr's freſh perfume, the water's murmur,
And the ſweet adventures of our tender loves,
Made me forget thoſe fatal auguries;
When that dire dream, which ſtill diſtracts my ſenſes,
With ſo much fury brought 'em to my mind.
Methinks I ſee my troops each moment routed,
My guards put to the ſword, my priſons forc'd,
A thouſand lovers by my art transform'd,
Who bent on my deſtruction quit their trunks
And leafy dwellings to take vengeance on me;
And laſt methinks I ſee my dear Rogero
Ready to ſhake off my deſpiſed chains.

Celia. Expel ſuch childiſh fears, I beſeech you.
You reign ſole here; for you alone they ſigh;
Nought interrupts the courſe of your contentment,
But plaintive accents of your mournful lovers.
Logiſtile and his troops driv'n from our fields
Still quake with fear, bury'd beneath their mountains;
And ev'n Meliſſa's name, unheard-of here,
Is only by your aug'ries known to us.

Dirce. Ah! let us not deceive ourſelves, this phantom
Held, laſt night, the ſame diſcourſe with me.

Alcina. Alas! who then can doubt of our misfortunes?

Celia. I ſee a ſure and eaſy remedy;
A queen appears, whoſe moſt auſpicious aid

Will guard us from the efforts of Meliſſa.
The goodneſs of this queen is highly boaſted.
'Tis ſaid her heart, whoſe conſtancy deſpis'd
The inſolence of the moſt daring ſtorms,
Is ever open to her ſubjects vows.
Alcina. It is true, I ſee her. In this preſſing danger
Let us endeavour to engage her ſuccour.
Let's tell her that the public voice diſplays
The charming beauties of her royal ſoul.
Say, that her virtue, higher than her rank,
Adorns the luſtre of her noble blood;
And that our ſex's glory ſhe has born
So far, that times to come will ſcarce believe it.
That her great heart, fond of the public good,
Gives her a generous contempt of dangers;
Proof againſt ought that may befal herſelf,
She apprehends for nothing but the ſtate.
Say that her benefits profuſely pour'd,
Gain her the love and rev'rence of mankind,
That even the ſhadow of an ill that threatens her
Is cauſe enough to put the world in mourning.
Say that, at abs'lute power's higheſt point,
Her grandeur without pride or pomp appears;
That in moſt dang'rous times her conſtant prudence
Has fearleſs the prerogative ſupported;
And in the happy calm gain'd by her labours
Reſtores it to her ſon without regret.
Say, with what great reſpect, what complaiſance
That glorious ſon rewards her for her cares.
Boaſt the long labours, boaſt the righteous laws
Of that ſame ſon, the greateſt of all monarchs;
And how that mother, fortunately fruitful,
Giving but twice, gave ſo much to the world.
In fine, the more to move her to compaſſion,

Let's uſe the eloquence of ſighs and tears,
That we amidſt our grievous pain may find
A peaceful refuge at her royal feet.

Dirce. I know her heart, magnificently generous,
Receives the voice of miſery with pleaſure;
But yet ſhe ne'er was ſeen t'exert her power,
Unleſs to ſhield the innocent from wrong;
I know ſhe all things can, but dare not think
She'll ſtoop ſo low as to defend her cauſe.
She may have been inform'd of our ſoft errors,
And nothing is more claſhing with her conduct:
Her well-known zeal for piety will render
Our intereſts odious to her ſpotleſs virtue;
And far from growing leſs at her approach,
My fear redoubling chills your troubled ſpirits.

Alcina. Oh! my own fear's ſufficient to afflict me.
Inſtead of ſharp'ning, ſooth my grief, and try
To furniſh my dejected ſoul with means
Of warding off the ills that threaten it.
Mean time let all the palace-guards be doubled,
And if there be no ſanctuary for us,
Let us in our deſpair our comfort ſeek,
Nor yield ourſelves at leaſt without reſiſtance.

Alcina, Mademoiſelle du Parc.
Celia, Mademoiſelle de Brie.
Dirce, Mademoiſelle Moliere.

No ſooner had they ſaid this, and Alcina was gone to double the guards of the palace, than a concert of violins is heard, during which, the frontiſpiece of the palace opening with ſurpriſing art, and towers riſing to view, four huge giants appear with four dwarfs, who by the oppoſition of their little ſtature, make that of the giants ſeem ſtill more exceſſive. To theſe Co-

loſſuſſes was committed the guard of the palace, and by them began the firſt entry.

BALLET

Of the PALACE of ALCINA.

FIRST ENTRY.

GIANTS. The Sieurs Manſeau, Vagnard, Peſan and Joubert.

Dwarfs. The two young Des-airs, young Vagnard, and young Tutin.

SECOND ENTRY.

Eight Moors allotted by Alcina for the guard of the inſide, make an exact viſit of it with, each, two flambeaux.

Moors. The Sieurs d'Heureux, Beauchamp, Moliere, la Marre, le Chantre, de Gan, du Pron and Mercier.

THIRD ENTRY.

In the interim, an amorous indignation prompts ſix of the knights that Alcina kept priſoners, to attempt to get out of the palace; but fortune not ſeconding the endeavours they make in their deſpair, they are conquered after a ſharp combat by as many monſters which attack them.

Knights. Monſieur de Souville, the Sieurs Raynal, Des-airs the eldeſt, Des-airs the ſecond, de Lorge, and Balthazard.

Monſters. The Sieurs Chicanneau, Noblet, Arnald, Deſbroſſes, Deſonets and la Pierre.

FOURTH ENTRY.

This accident alarming Alcina, she invokes a-new all her spirits, and demands their assistance: Two of them present themselves before her, leaping with a surprising force and agility.

Active Demons. The Sieurs St. Andre and Magny.

FIFTH ENTRY.

Other Demons come, and seem to assure the inchantress that they will do every thing in their power to contribute to her repose.

Leaping Demons. The Sieurs Tutin, la Brodiere, Pesan and Bureau.

SIXTH and LAST ENTRY.

She had hardly begun to take heart, before she beheld the sage Melissa appear under the form of Atlas, near Rogero and some knights of his train: she presently runs to prevent her from effecting her intention; but she comes too late. Melissa has already put on the finger of that valiant knight, the famous ring, which destroys the inchantments. Then a clap of thunder, followed by several flashes of lightning, portends the destruction of the palace, which is presently reduced to ashes by a firework which puts an end to this adventure, and to the diversions of the inchanted island.

Alcina, Mademoiselle du Parc. Melissa, the Sieur de Lorge.

Rogero, the Sieur Beauchamp.

Knights, the Sieurs d'Heureux, Raynal, du Pron and Desbrosses.

Squires, the Sieurs la Marre, le Chantre, de Gan and Mercier.

END of the BALLET.

It appeared as if heaven, earth and water were all in a flame, and as if the deſtruction of the ſuperb palace of Alcina, as well as the liberty of the knights ſhe there retained, could not be effected but by prodigies and miracles; the height and number of ſky-rockets, thoſe which rolled along on the ſhore, and thoſe which returned out of the water, after having been caſt into it, made a ſcene ſo grand and magnificent, that nothing could better terminate the inchantments, than ſuch fine fireworks; which being at laſt ceaſed after an extraordinary length and noiſe, the *coups des Boetes* which had begun it redoubled again.

Then all the court retiring, owned that nothing could be more perfect than theſe three feaſts. And it is a ſufficient confeſſion that nothing could be added to it, to ſay, that the three days having each its partiſans, as every one of them had its particular beauties, none could agree which ought to bear away the bell; though they all agreed that they might juſtly diſpute it with all thoſe that ever had been ſeen till then, and perhaps ſurpaſs them.

THE FOURTH DAY.

BUT though the feaſt comprehended in the ſubject of the pleaſures of the inchanted iſland were ended, yet all the diverſions of Verſailles were not ſo, and the magnificence and gallantry of the king had reſerved ſome for other days, that were no leſs agreeable.

On Saturday the 10th, his majeſty had an inclination to run at heads. It is an exerciſe which moſt

people are acquainted with, and the uſe whereof comes from Germany, very well invented to ſhew a Cavalier's addreſs, as well in managing his horſe in turns of war, as in uſing a lance, a dart and a ſword properly. If there are any who never ſaw them run at, they may here find a deſcription of it, being not ſo common as the ring, and only brought hither lately: and thoſe who have had the pleaſure of ſeeing them, may however bear with ſo ſhort a narrative.

The knights enter the liſts one after another with lance in hand, and a dart under the right thigh, and after one of them has run and bore off a head of thick paſte-board painted, and in form of a Turk's, he gives his lance to a page, and making the half Volta, he returns on a full gallop to the ſecond head, which is the colour and form of a Moor's, bears it off with the dart which he ſtrikes it with as he paſſes; then taking a javelin little different in form from a dart, in a third turn he darts it in a buckler, whereon is painted a Meduſa's head; and ending his *demi-volta*, he draws his ſword, wherewith, as he gallops paſt, he bears off a head raiſed half a foot from the earth; then giving way to another, he who, in his running, bears off moſt, gains the prize.

All the court being placed on a balluſtrade of iron gilt, which went quite round the agreeable houſe of Verſailles, and which looks into the trench, wherein were prepared the liſts with rails; the king repaired thither, followed by the ſame knights that run at the ring. The dukes of St. Aignant and Noailles continuing in their former offices, one of mareſchal de Camp, and the other of judge of the courſes; of which many were run, very handſomely and ſucceſsfully; but the king's ſkill gained him not only the prize of the ladies courſe, but likewiſe that which the queen gave.

It was a roſe of diamonds of great value, which the king after having won it, freely gave to be run for by the other knights, and which the marquis de Coaſlin diſputed with the marquis of Soyecourt, and gained.

THE FIFTH DAY.

ON Sunday, at the king's Levee, moſt of the converſation turned on the fine running of the preceding day, and occaſioned a grand challenge between the duke de St. Aignan, who had not yet run, and the marquis of Soyecourt, which was put off till the next day, becauſe the mareſchal duke of Grammont, who wagered on the ſide of that marquis, was obliged to go to Paris, from whence he was not to return till the next day.

That afternoon the king carried all the court to his aviary, the particular beauties of which were greatly admired, and the almoſt incredible number of birds of all ſorts, amongſt which were ſeveral very ſcarce ones. It would be needleſs to mention the collation which followed this diverſion, ſince for eight ſucceſſive days every repaſt might be eſteemed one of the greateſt feaſts that could be made.

In the evening his majeſty cauſed to be repreſented, on one of thoſe double theatres of his Sallon, which his univerſal wit had itſelf invented, the comedy of the Impertinents, compoſed by the Sieur de Moliere.

THE SIXTH DAY.

THE report of the challenge which was to be run on Monday the twelfth, occasioned a vast number of wagers of great value to be laid; though that of the two knights was but an hundred pistoles. And as the duke by a happy boldness gave one head to that dexterous marquis, several laid for the latter; who coming somewhat late to the king, found a challenge to hasten him; which being only in prose, we have not inserted it.

The duke of St. Aignan had likewise shewn to some of his friends, as a happy presage of his victory, these three verses.

To the LADIES.

If, O ye fair, your sentiments agree
With mine, you shall confess this day, that he
Who conquers Soyecourt conquers ten besides.

Still alluding to his name of Guidon the savage whom the adventure of the dangerous island made conqueror over ten knights. So soon as the king had dined he conducted the queens, the duke and dutchess of Orleans, and all the ladies, to a place where a lottery was to be drawn, that nothing might be wanting to the gallantry of these entertainments. It was of precious stones, furniture, plate and such like things; and though chance used to decide these presents, yet it certainly accorded with his majesty's desire, when it gave the great prize to the queen; every one left that place very well satisfied, to go see the running which was going to begin.

Guidon and Olivier appeared in the lists, at five o' clock in the evening, very genteelly dressed, and well mounted.

The king and all the court honoured them with their presence, and his majesty himself read the articles of the running, that there might be no difference between them. The issue was successful to the duke of St. Aignan, who won the day.

At night his majesty caused the three first acts of a comedy called Tartuffe, which the Sieur de Moliere had made against the hypocrites, to be performed; but though the king thought it very diverting, yet he found so much conformity between those whom a true devotion puts in the way to heaven, and those whom a vain ostentation of good works does not prevent from committing bad; that his extreme delicacy in point of religion could hardly bear that resemblance of vice and virtue, and though he did not doubt the good intentions of the author, yet he prohibited the public acting of that comedy, till it was entirely finished and examined by competent judges, that it might not deceive others who were less capable to make a just discernment of it.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

TUESDAY the 13th, the king was pleased again to run at heads, as a common diversion, wherein he who hit most was to win. His majesty had again the prize of the course of the ladies, the duke of St. Aignan that of the sport; and having had the honour to enter the next time into competition with his majesty, the incomparable skill of the king gained him that prize too, and it was not without an unavoidable

ſurpriſe that the king was ſeen to gain four in two times which he run at the heads.

The ſame night was performed the comedy of the Forced Marriage, written alſo by the ſame Moliere; then the king took his way to Fountainbleau on Wedneſday the 14th. All the court was ſo well contented with what they had ſeen, that they were of opinion it ought to be put in writing, to give ſome idea of it to thoſe who did not ſee ſuch diverſified and agreeable entertainments, wherein were at once to be admired the project and the ſucceſs, the liberality with the politeneſs, the multitude with order, and the ſatisfaction of all; wherein the indefatigable pains of Monſieur Colbert were employed through all theſe diverſions, notwithſtanding his important affairs; wherein the duke de St. Aignan joined action to the invention of the deſign, wherein the fine verſes of the preſident de Perigny in praiſe of the queens were ſo juſtly conceived, ſo agreeably turned, and repeated with ſo much art; wherein thoſe which M. de Benſſerade made for the knights had a general approbation; wherein the exact vigilance of M. Bontemps, and the application of M. de Launay, let nothing that was neceſſary be wanting: In a word, wherein every one ſo advantagiouſly teſtified his deſign of pleaſing the king, at a time when his majeſty himſelf thought of nothing but pleaſing; and wherein all that was ſeen will for ever continue in the memory of the ſpectators, though care had not been taken faithfully to record all theſe amazing entertainments.

THE END.

THE

HYPOCHONDRIAC.

A

COMEDY.

The HYPOCHONDRIAC, *a Comedy of Three Acts, performed at Paris, at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, the* 10*th of February*, 1673.

THIS comedy was the laſt of our author's productions. In Belina we find a character which is but too frequently met with in the world; and it is with the higheſt pleaſure that we ſee the amiable Angelica laying aſide the concerns of her love, and giving up herſelf to grief and ſorrow upon her imagining her father was no more. Moliere is very ſevere upon the phyſicians in this piece; for not content with laughing at them, he in the part of Beraldo attacks the very foundation of their profeſſion, whilſt in the part of the Hypochondriac, he ridicules the moſt univerſal foible of mankind, the reſtleſs love of life, and the too aſſiduous care to preſerve it.

ACTORS.

ARGAN, the Hypochondriac.
BELINA, second wife to Argan.
ANGELICA, daughter to Argan.
LOUISON, younger daughter, sister to Angelica.
BERALDO, Argan's brother.
CLEANTHES, in love with Angelica.
Mr. DIAFOIRUS, a physician.
THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, son of Mr. Diafoirus.
Mr. PURGON, a physician.
Mr. FLEURANT, an apothecary.
Mr. BONNEFOY, a notary.
TOINET, servant to Argan.

SCENE, PARIS.

THE

HYPOCHONDRIAC.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene ARGAN's chamber.

ARGAN sitting with a table before him, casting up his apothecary's bills with counters.

TWO and three make five, and five makes ten, and ten makes twenty. Three and two make five. "Item, the twenty-fourth, "a little insinuative, preparative and emol- "lient clyster to mollify, moisten, and refresh his "worship's bowels." What I am pleased with in Mr. Fleurant my apothecary, is, that his bills are very civil. "His worship's bowels, thirty sous." Ay, but, Mr. Fleurant, being civil is not all, you should be reasonable also, and not flea your patients. Thirty sous for a clyster! Your servant, I have told you of this before. You have charged me in other bills but twenty sous, and twenty sous in the language of an apothecary means ten sous; there they are, ten sous. "Item, "the said day, a good detersive clyster composed of "double catholicum, rhubarb, mel rosatum, &c. ac-

" cording to prescription, to scour, wash and cleanse " his honour's abdomen, thirty sous;" ten sous, if you please. " Item, the same day at night, an hepatic, " soporific, and somniferous julep, composed to make " his honour sleep, thirty-five sous;" I do not scruple that, for it made me sleep well. Ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen sous, six deniers. " Item, the twenty-fifth, " a good purgative and corroborative medicine, com- " posed of cassia recens, with sen levantina, &c. ac- " cording to the prescription of Mr. Purgon, to expel " and evacuate his honour's choler, four livres." How! Mr. Fleurant, you certainly jest, you should treat your patients with some humanity. Mr. Purgon did not prescribe you to put down four livres; put down, pray put down three livres fifty sous.——" Item, the " said day, an anodyne and astringent potion to make " his honour sleep, thirty sous." Very well——fifteen sous. " Item, the twenty-sixth, a carminative " clyster to expel his honour's wind, thirty sous." Ten sous, Mr. Fleurant. " Item, his honour's clyster re- " peated at night as before, thirty sous." Ten sous, Mr. Fleurant. " Item, the twenty-seventh, a good " medicine composed to dissipate and drive out his ho- " nour's ill humours, three livres." Good, fifty sous; I am glad you are reasonable. " Item, the twenty- " eighth, a dose of clarified dulcified milk, to sweeten, " lenify, temper and refresh his honour's blood, twen- " ty sous." Ten sous, if you please. " Item, a cor- " dial preservative potion, composed of twelve grains " of bezoar, syrup of lemons, pomegranates, &c. ac- " cording to prescription, five livres." Oh! softly, Mr. Fleurant, if you please, if you use people thus, one would be sick no longer, content yourself with four livres; sixty sous. Three and two make five, and five makes ten, and ten makes twenty. Sixty-three

livres, four sous and six deniers. So then in this month I have taken one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight purges; and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve clysters; and there were twelve purges, and twenty clysters the last month. I do not wonder if I am not so well this month as the last. I shall tell Mr. Purgon of it, that he may set this matter to rights. Here take away all these things; there is no body there, it is to no purpose to speak, I am always left alone; I cannot fall upon a method to keep them here. [He rings a bell.] They do not hear, my bell is not loud enough. [Rings.] No. [Rings again.] They are deaf. Toinet! [Making as much noise with his bell as possible.] Just as if I did not ring at all. Hussey! Baggage! [Finding he still rings in vain.] I am mad. Drelin, drelin, drelin, the duce take the carrion. Is it possible they should leave a poor sick creature in this manner! Drelin, drelin, drelin, oh! lamentable! Drelin, drelin, drelin. Oh! Heavens, they will let me die here. Drelin, drelin, drelin.

SCENE II.

TOINET, ARGAN.

TOINET entring.

WHY, what do you want?

Argan. O, ye jade! O carrion! [Toinet pretending to have hurt her head.] The duce take your impatience, you hurry one so much, that I have knocked my head against the window-shutter.

Argan angrily.] Ah! baggage——

Toinet interrupting him.] Oh!

Argan. It is a———

Toinet. Oh!

Argan. It is an hour———

Toinet. Oh!

Argan. Thou haſt left me———

Toinet. Oh!

Argan. Hold your peace, you ſlut, that I may ſcold thee.

Toinet. Very well, i'faith, I like that, after I have hurt myſelf in this manner.

Argan. Gipſy, thou haſt made me bawl my throat ſore.

Toinet. And you have made me break my head, one is as good as the other, ſo, with your leave, we are quit.

Argan. How, huſſy———

Toinet. If you ſcold, I will cry.

Argan. To leave me, you ſlut——

Toinet ſtill interrupting him.] Oh!

Argan. Impertinence! thou wouldſt———

Toinet. Oh!

Argan. What, muſt I not have the pleaſure of ſcolding at her neither?

Toinet. You are welcome to have your penny-worth of ſcolding.

Argan. Huſſy, you prevent me from it, by interrupting me at every turn.

Toinet. If you have the pleaſure of ſcolding, I muſt, on my part, have the pleaſure of crying: Every one to their fancy is but reaſonable. Oh!

Argan. Come, I muſt paſs over this. Take away this thing, minx, take away this thing. [Riſing out of his chair.] Has my clyſter operated well to-day?

Toinet. Your clyſter!

Argan. Yes, have I voided much bilious matter?

Toinet. Indeed, I do not trouble myſelf about thoſe affairs. It is Mr. Fleurant's buſineſs to have his noſe in them, ſince he has the profit of them.

Argan. Remember to have me ſome broth ready, for the other I am to take preſently.

Toinet. This Mr. Fleurant and Mr. Purgon amuſe themſelves finely with your carcaſe; they have a rare milch-cow of you. I would fain aſk them what diſorder you have, that ye muſt take ſo much phyſic.

Argan. Hold your peace, ignorance, it is not for you to controul the decrees of the faculty. Bring my daughter Angelica to me, I want to ſpeak with her.

Toinet. Here ſhe comes of herſelf; ſhe has ſuſpected your intention.

SCENE III.

ANGELICA, TOINET, ARGAN.

ARGAN.

COME here, Angelica, you are come very ſeaſonably, I want to ſpeak with you.

Angelica. Sir, I am all attention.

Argan. Stay. [To Toinet.] Give me my cane, I will come again in a little.

Toinet. Go quickly, Sir, go. Mr. Fleurant finds us in buſineſs.

SCENE IV.

ANGELICA, TOINET.

ANGELICA.

TOINET.

Toinet. Madam.

Angelica. Look at me a little.

Toinet. Well. I do look at you.

Angelica. Toinet.

Toinet. Well, what would you have with Toinet?

Angelica. Do not you ſuſpect who I would talk of?

Toinet. I muſt ſuſpect of our young lover; for it is on him that our converſation has entirely turned for theſe ſix days paſt, and you are not ſatisfied except you are talking of him every minute.

Angelica. Since you know that, why are not you the firſt then to ſpeak of him to me, and ſpare me the trouble of forcing this diſcourſe?

Toinet. It is a difficult matter to be before-hand with you; you will not give me leave, you are in ſuch care about that matter yourſelf.

Angelica. I confeſs to thee that I am never tired of ſpeaking of him to thee, and that my heart eagerly takes advantage of every minute to diſcloſe itſelf to thee. But tell me, Toinet, doſt thou condemn the ſentiments I have for him?

Toinet. Not I indeed.

Angelica. Am I wrong to give myſelf up to theſe ſoft impreſſions?

Toinet. I do not ſay ſo.

Angelica. And wouldſt thou have me inſenſible to the tender proteſtations of that ardent paſſion he expreſſes for me?

Toinet. God forbid!

Angelica. But tell me, doſt not thou ſee as well as I ſomething of providence, ſome act of deſtiny in the unexpected adventure of our acquaintance?

Toinet. I do.

Angelica. Doſt not thou think that action of engaging in my defence, without knowing me, was very gallant?

Toinet. Yes.

Angelica. That a more generous uſe could not be made of it?

Toinet. I agree to what you ſay.

Angelica. And that he did all this with the beſt grace imaginable?

Toinet. He did indeed.

Angelica. Toinet, doſt not thou think, that he is well made in his perſon?

Toinet. To be ſure.

Angelica. That he has the beſt air imaginable.

Toinet. Certainly.

Angelica. That there is ſomething noble in his diſcourſe, as well as his actions.

Toinet. That is certain.

Angelica. That nothing can be more affectionate than all he ſays to me?

Toinet. Very true.

Angelica. And that there is nothing more provoking than the reſtraint I am kept under, which prevents all communication of the ſoft tranſports of that mutual ardor which heaven inſpires us with?

Toinet. You are certainly right.

Angelica. But, dear Toinet, doſt thou believe he loves me ſo much as he tells me?

Toinet. Um——thoſe ſort of things are ſometimes not abſolutely to be truſted to. The appearance of love is very much like the reality; and I have ſeen notable actors of that part.

Angelica. Ah! Toinet, do you think it poſſible he ſhould flatter in the manner he ſpeaks?

Toinet. However it be, you will be made clear in that point; and the reſolution which he writ you yeſterday he had taken to aſk you in marriage, is a ready

way to discover to you if he was sincere or not. That will be a certain proof of it.

Angelica. Ah! Toinet, if this man deceives me, I will never believe a man again while I live.

Toinet. Here is your father returned.

SCENE V.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, TOINET.

ARGAN sitting down.

DAUGHTER, I am going to tell you a piece of news, which you probably little expect. You are asked of me in marriage. What is the matter? You laugh. That is pleasant enough, ah! that word marriage. There is nothing so agreeable to young girls. Ah nature! nature! for what I can see then, child, I have no occasion to ask you if you chuse to be married.

Angelica. Sir, it is my duty to do whatever you shall please to enjoin me.

Argan. I am glad to have such a dutiful daughter; the thing is settled then, and I have promised you.

Angelica. It is my part, Sir, blindly to follow all your resolutions.

Argan. My wife, your mother-in-law, desired I should make a nun of you, and your little sister Louison also; and has always persisted in it.

Toinet aside.] The cunning devil had her reasons for it.

Argan. She would not agree to this match, but I have carried it, and my promise is given.

Angelica. Ah! Sir, how much am I obliged to you for all your goodness!

Toinet. Really, I take this kind of you now, this is the wiſeſt action you ever did in your life.

Argan. I have not ſeen the perſon yet, but they tell me I ſhall be pleaſed with him, and thou alſo.

Angelica. Certainly, Sir.

Argan. How?

Angelica. Since your conſent authoriſes me to open my heart to you, I muſt inform you, that chance brought us acquainted about ſix days ſince, and that the requeſt which has been made to you, is the effect of an inclination which we conceived for each other at firſt ſight.

Argan. I was not acquainted with that, but I am very glad of it, and it is ſo much the better that things go in that manner. They ſay that he is a handſome, well-made young man.

Angelica. Indeed he is, Sir.

Argan. Well ſhaped.

Angelica. Undoubtedly.

Argan. Very perſonable.

Angelica. Very.

Argan. Has a good countenance.

Angelica. Extremely good.

Argan. Prudent, and well born.

Angelica. Perfectly.

Argan. Very genteel.

Angelica. As genteel as poſſible.

Argan. Speaks Greek and Latin well.

Angelica. I know nothing of that.

Argan. And will be admitted doctor in three days time.

Angelica. Who, he, Sir!

Argan. Yes. Did he not tell thee ſo?

Angelica. No indeed. Who told you?

Argan. Mr. Purgon.

Angelica. Is Mr. Purgon acquainted with him?

Argan. A fine queſtion! He muſt certainly know his nephew.

Angelica. Cleanthes Mr. Purgon's nephew!

Argan. What Cleanthes? We are ſpeaking of the perſon you are aſked for in marriage.

Angelica. Well, yes.

Argan. Very well, and that is Mr. Purgon's nephew, who is the ſon of his brother-in-law, the phyſician Mr. Diafoirus; and his ſon's name is Thomas Diafoirus, not Cleanthes; and Mr. Purgon, Mr. Fleurant, and I, concluded the match this morning, and to-morrow this intended ſon-in-law is to be brought to me by his father. What is the matter? you look quite ſurpriſed.

Angelica. Sir, it is becauſe the perſon you ſpoke of is not the ſame I underſtood.

Toinet. What, Sir, would you entertain ſo burleſque a deſign? And with ſo much riches as you have, would you marry your daughter to a phyſician?

Argan. Yes, impertinent huſſey, what buſineſs have you with it?

Toinet. Good now, ſoftly, Sir, you fly directly to invectives. Cannot we reaſon together without falling into a paſſion? Come, let us talk in cool blood. Pray, what is your reaſon for ſuch a marriage?

Argan. My reaſon is, that finding myſelf infirm, and ſick as I am, I would procure me a ſon-in-law, and relations phyſicians in order to depend on good aſſiſtance againſt my diſtemper, and to have in my family ſources of remedies which are neceſſary for me, and to be preſent myſelf at conſultations and preſcriptions.

Toinet. Very well, that is giving a reaſon, and there is a pleaſure in anſwering each other calmly.

But, Sir, lay your hand on your heart. Are you really ſick?

Argan. How, impudence, am I ſick? am I ſick?

Toinet. Well, yes, Sir, you are ſick, do not let us differ about that. Yes, you are very ſick, I agree to that, and more ſick than you think; that is over. But your daughter is to marry a huſband for herſelf, and not being ſick, it is not neceſſary to give her a phyſician.

Argan. It is for my ſake that I give her this phyſician, and a girl of a good temper ſhould be rejoiced to marry for the benefit of her father's health.

Toinet. Look you, Sir, will you let me as a friend give you ſome advice?

Argan. What is that advice?

Toinet. Not to think of this match.

Argan. For what reaſon, pray?

Toinet. The reaſon is this, that your daughter will not agree to it.

Argan. She will not agree to it?

Toinet. No.

Argan. My daughter?

Toinet. Your daughter. She will tell you that ſhe has nothing to do with Mr. Diafoirus, nor with his ſon Thomas Diafoirus, nor all the Diafoirus's you can mention.

Argan. But I have ſomething to do with him. Beſides, the match is more advantageous than you imagine. Mr. Diafoirus has only his ſon to inherit all he has, and moreover, Mr. Purgon, who has neither wife nor children, gives him all his eſtate in favour of this marriage, and Mr. Purgon is a man that hath good eight thouſand livres a-year.

Toinet. He muſt have killed a world of people to have got ſo much riches.

Argan. Eight thouſand livres a-year is ſomething without reckoning the father's eſtate.

Toinet. All this, Sir, is fair and fine; but I ſtill return to the ſame ſtory. I adviſe you ſincerely between ourſelves to chooſe another huſband for her, for ſhe is not made to be madam Diafoirus.

Argan. But it ſhall be ſo.

Toinet. Oh fy, do not ſay ſo.

Argan. How! not ſay ſo?

Toinet. No.

Argan. And why ſhall I not ſay it?

Toinet. They ſhall ſay you do not know what you are ſpeaking of.

Argan. They may ſay what they pleaſe; but I tell you, I will have her make good the promiſe I have made.

Toinet. But I am certain ſhe will not.

Argan. I will oblige her to it then.

Toinet. I tell ye, ſhe will not.

Argan. I will put her into a convent, if ſhe will not.

Toinet. You?

Argan. I.

Toinet. Good!

Argan. How, good?

Toinet. You ſhall not put her into a convent.

Argan. I ſhall not put her into a convent?

Toinet. No.

Argan. No!

Toinet. No.

Argan. Hey-day, this is merry enough; I ſhall not put my daughter into a convent, if I chuſe it?

Toinet. No, I tell you.

Argan. Who ſhall prevent me from doing it?

Toinet. Yourſelf.

Argan. Myſelf?

Toinet. Yes, you would not have the heart.

Argan. I ſhall.

Toinet. You jeſt.

Argan. I do not jeſt.

Toinet. Fatherly tenderneſs will prevent you.

Argan. It would not prevent me.

Toinet. A little tear or two, her arms thrown about your neck, a dear papa pronounced tenderly, will be enough to move you.

Argan. All that will have no effect.

Toinet. Yes, yes.

Argan. I tell ye that I will not bate an inch on it.

Toinet. You trifle.

Argan. You ſhall not ſay that I trifle.

Toinet. Alas, I know you, you are good tempered.

Argan angrily.] I am not good-tempered, I am ill tempered, when I chuſe it.

Toinet. Softly, Sir, you do not remember that you are ſick.

Argan. I command her abſolutely to prepare to take the huſband I ſpeak of.

Toinet. And I abſolutely forbid her to do it.

Argan. Where-abouts are we then? and what impudence is this for a ſlut of a ſervant to talk at this rate before her maſter!

Toinet. When a maſter does not conſider what he does, a ſenſible ſervant is in the right to inform him better.

Argan running after Toinet.] Ah! impudence, I will knock thee down.

Toinet running from him and putting the chair between her and him.] It is my duty to oppoſe any thing that would diſgrace you.

Argan running after her in a paſſion round the chair

with his cane in his hand.] Come here, come here, that I may teach thee how to ſpeak.

Toinet, ſaving herſelf on the oppoſite ſide of the chair to where Argan is.] I intereſt myſelf as I ought, to prevent you from doing ſuch a fooliſh thing.

Argan. Huſſey!

Toinet. No, I will never agree to this match.

Argan. Jade.

Toinet. I will not have her marry your Thomas Diafoirus.

Argan. Baggage!

Toinet. And ſhe will obey me ſooner than you.

Argan. Angelica, will not you lay hold of that ſlut for me?

Angelica. Alas, Sir, do not make yourſelf ſick.

Argan. If thou doſt not lay hold of her for me, I will refuſe thee my bleſſing.

Toinet. And I will diſinherit her, if ſhe does obey you.

Argan throwing himſelf in his chair.] Oh! Oh! I can bear this no longer. It is enough to ſend me to my grave.

SCENE VI.

BELINA, ARGAN.

ARGAN.

AH! come here, dear wife.

Belina. My dear ſpouſe, what is the matter?

Argan. Pray come here to my aſſiſtance.

Belina. What is it then that is the matter, my dear?

Argan. My love.

Belina. My ſoul.

Argan. They have been making me angry.

Belina. Alas! my poor little love! and with what then, my ſoul?

Argan. Your ſlut Toinet is grown more impertinent than ever.

Belina. Do not be angry then.

Argan. My dear, ſhe has made me mad.

Belina. Softly, my child.

Argan. She has been thwarting me this hour about things that I am determined to do.

Belina. There, there, ſoftly.

Argan. And has had the aſſurance to tell me that I am not ſick.

Belina. She is an impudent gipſy.

Argan. You know, my love, how the matter is.

Belina. Yes, my love, ſhe is in the wrong.

Argan. My life, that ſlut will kill me.

Belina. Oh ſo, oh ſo.

Argan. She is the occaſion of all the choler I breed.

Belina. Do not be ſo uneaſy.

Argan. And I have deſired you, I know not how many times, to turn her away from me.

Belina. Alas, child, there are no ſervants, men or women, who have not their faults. We are ſometimes obliged to bear with their bad qualities for the ſake of their good ones. This wench is dexterous, careful, diligent, and above all, honeſt; and you know that at preſent there is a neceſſity of great precaution with reſpect to thoſe we take. Heark ye, Toinet.

SCENE VII.

ARGAN, BELINA, TOINET.

TOINET.

MADAM.

Belina. Why do you put my husband in this passion?

Toinet in a soft tone.] I, madam, alas! I do not know what you mean, it is my whole study to please my master in every thing.

Argan. Ah! Traitress!

Toinet. He told us that he intended to give his daughter in marriage to the son of Mr. Diafoirus; I answered him that I thought the match was very advantageous for her; but believed he would do better to put her into a convent.

Belina. There is no great harm in that, and I think she is in the right.

Argan. Ah! my love, dost thou believe her? she is a wicked jade. She said a hundred impertinent things to me.

Belina. Well, I believe you, my love; come, recover yourself. Heark ye, Toinet, if you ever vex my dear again, I will turn you out of doors. So, give me his furr-cloke, and the pillows, that I may set him easy in his chair. You are I do not know how. Pull your night cap over your ears; there is nothing gives people so much cold, as letting the air in at the ears.

Argan. Ah! my life, I am greatly obliged to you for all the care you take of me.

Belina adjusting the pillows which she puts round him.] Raise yourself up that I may put this under you. Let us put this to keep you up, and this on the other

ſide. Let us place this behind your back, and this other to ſupport your head.

Toinet clapping a pillow hard to his head.] And this to keep you from the damp.

Argan riſing up in a paſſion, and throwing all the pillows after Toinet as ſhe runs away.] Ah! ſtrumpet, thou intendeſt to ſtifle me.

SCENE VIII.

ARGAN, BELINA.

BELINA.

OH ſo, oh ſo. What is the matter now?

Argan throwing himſelf in his chair.] Oh! ah! oh! I can bear it no longer.

Belina. Why do you fly in ſuch paſſions? her intention was good.

Argan. Ah, my love, you do not know the malice of that baggage. Oh! ſhe has put me beſide myſelf; and there will be need of more than eight doſes of phyſic, and twelve clyſters to ſet all this to rights again.

Belina. So ſo, my little dearee, quiet yourſelf a little.

Argan. My love, you are all my comfort.

Belina. Poor little child.

Argan. That I may endeavour to requite the love you have for me, as I told you, my dear, I will make my will.

Belina. Ah! my love, do not talk of that, pray now, I cannot bear the thought of it; the very word of will makes me tremble with grief.

Argan. I deſired you to ſpeak of it to your notary.

Belina. He is within there, I brought him with me.

Argan. Let him come here then, my dear.

Belina. Alas! my ſoul, when one loves a huſband well, one cannot compoſe themſelves to think of theſe things.

SCENE IX.

MR. BONNEFOY, BELINA, ARGAN.

ARGAN.

COME here, Mr. Bonnefoy, come here. Take a chair pray. My wife has told me, Sir, that you are a very honeſt man, and a ſincere friend of hers; and I have deſired her to ſpeak to you about a will.

Belina. Alas, I am not capable of ſpeaking about thoſe things.

Mr. Bonnefoy. She has unfolded your intentions to me, Sir, and what you deſign for her; and I have to tell you upon that ſubject, that you cannot give your wife any thing by will.

Argan. Why ſo?

Mr. Bonnefoy. It is contrary to cuſtom. If you was in a country of ſtatute-law, it might be done; but at Paris, and in countries for the moſt part governed by cuſtom, it is what cannot be; and the diſpoſition would be of no effect. All the advantage that a man and woman joined by wedlock can give each to the other is by mutual gift during life; moreover, there muſt be no children, either of the two conjuncts, or of one of them, at the deceaſe of the firſt that dies.

Argan. Then it is a very fooliſh cuſtom that a huſband cannot leave any thing to a wife, by whom he is tenderly beloved, and who takes ſo much care of him. I ſhould deſire to conſult my counſellor to ſee what I could do.

Mr. Bonnefoy. You muſt not apply to counſel, for they are generally ſevere in theſe points, and ſuppoſe it a great crime to diſpoſe of any thing contrary to law. They are difficult people, and are ignorant of the by-ways of conſcience. There are other perſons to conſult who are much more proper to accommodate you; who have expedients of paſſing gently over the law, and of making that juſt which is not allowed; who know how to ſmooth the difficulties of an affair, and to find means of eluding cuſtom by ſome indirect advantage. Without that, where ſhould we always be? There muſt be a facility in things, otherwiſe we ſhould do nothing, and I would not give a farthing for our buſineſs.

Argan. My wife told me, Sir, that you was a very ſkilful and very honeſt man. How then can I do, pray, to give her my eſtate, and to deprive my children of it?

Mr. Bonnefoy. How can you do? Why you muſt ſecretly chooſe an intimate friend of your wife's to whom you may bequeath in due form by your will, all that you can, and this friend ſhall afterwards give up all to her. You may farther ſign ſeveral bonds, without ſuſpicion, payable to ſeveral creditors, who ſhall lend their names to your wife, and ſhall put into her hands a declaration, that what they had done in it was only to ſerve her. You may likewiſe in your life-time put into her hands ready money, or bills which you may have payable to the bearer.

Belina. Alas! you muſt not ſuffer all theſe things to torment you. I will ſtay no longer in the world when you are gone.

Argan. My dear life!

Belina. Yes, my dear, If I am ſo unfortunate as to loſe you———

Argan. My deareſt wife!

Belina. Life will be no longer valuable to me.

Argan. My life!

Belina. And to ſhew the tenderneſs I have for you, I will ſoon follow you.

Argan. My love, be comforted, I beg of you, you break my heart.

Mr. Bonnefoy. Theſe tears are very unſeaſonable, and things are not come to that yet.

Belina. Ah! Sir, you do not know what it is to have a huſband that one loves tenderly.

Argan. If I die, my ſoul, the greateſt concern I ſhall have is that I never had a child by thee. Mr. Purgon told me that he would make me able to get one.

Mr. Bonnefoy. That may happen ſtill.

Argan. I muſt then make my will, my dear, after the manner the gentleman ſays; but by way of precaution I will put into your hands twenty-thouſand livres in gold, which I have concealed in the ceiling of my alcove, and two notes payable to the bearer, which are due to me, one from Gerante, and the other from Mr. Damon.

Belina. No, no, I will have none of it. Ah!——how much do you ſay that there is concealed in your alcove?

Argan. Twenty thouſand livres, my dear.

Belina. I beg of you, do not ſpeak to me of riches. Ah!——how much are the two notes for?

Argan. My love, they are, one for four thouſand livres, and the other for ſix.

Belina. My dear, all the wealth in the world is nothing to me in compariſon of thee.

Mr. Bonnefoy to Argan.] Would you have us proceed to make the will?

Argan. Yes, Sir, but we ſhall be better in my little cloſet. My dear, lead me.

Belina. Come, my dearest honey.

SCENE X.

ANGELICA, TOINET.

TOINET.

THEY are busy with a scrivener there, and I heard them speak of a will. Your mother-in-law does not sleep, and it is certainly some contrivance against your interest that she is putting your father upon.

Angelica. Let him dispose of his estate as he thinks proper, provided he does not dispose of my heart. Thou seest the violent designs they have against it. Do not forsake me, I beseech thee, Toinet, in the extremity I am in.

Toinet. I forsake you! I will sooner die. Your mother-in-law in vain makes me her confidante, and endeavours to bring me into her interest; I never had any inclination for her, and have been always of your side. Let me alone, I will make use of every thing to serve you; but to serve you more effectually I will change my battery, conceal the zeal I have for you, and pretend to enter into the sentiments of your father and mother-in-law.

Angelica. Strive, I intreat thee, to give Cleanthes notice of the marriage they have determined on.

Toinet. I have no person to employ in that office but the old usurer Polichinello, my lover, and I must give him some kind words to have him do it, which I will willingly disburse for you. It is too late to-day, but very early to-morrow I will send to seek for him, and he will be delighted to———

Belina in the house.] Toinet.

Toinet to Angelica.] Good night. I am called. You may depend upon my ſervice.

ACT II. SCENE I.

TOINET, CLEANTHES.

Toinet, not knowing Cleanthes.

PRAY, Sir, what do you want?

Cleanthes. What do I want?

Toinet. Ah, hah, is it you! amazing! what are you come here to do?

Cleanthes. To know my fate; to conſult the ſentiments of the amiable Angelica's heart; and demand of her, what her reſolutions are in regard to the fatal marriage they have informed me of.

Toinet. Yes, but Angelica is not to be ſpoke with thus point blank; there muſt be intrigue to manage that point, and you have been informed under how ſtrict a guard ſhe is kept. That they do not ſuffer her to ſtir abroad, or ſpeak to any body, and that it was the curioſity of an old aunt only, which favoured us with the liberty of going to that play, which gave birth to your paſſion; and we are very much upon our guard leſt we mention that adventure.

Cleanthes. Accordingly I am not come here as Cleanthes, and under the appearance of her lover, but as a friend of her muſic-maſter, who allows me to ſay that he ſent me in his place.

Toinet. Here is her father. Retire a little, and I ſhall inform him you are there.

SCENE II.

ARGAN, TOINET.

ARGAN thinking himself alone, and not perceiving Toinet.

MR. Purgon advised me to walk in my chamber twelve times back and forwards in a morning; but I forgot to ask him, whether it should be longways, or broadways.

Toinet. Sir, there is one——

Argan. Speak low, child, thou hast split my brains, and thou never considerest that sick people should not be spoke to so loud.

Toinet. I would tell you, Sir——

Argan. Speak low, I tell you.

Toinet. Sir——[She appears as if she spoke.

Argan. Hey?

Toinet. I tell you that—[She still appears as if she spoke again.

Argan. What do you tell me?

Toinet aloud.] I tell you here is a man wants to speak with you.

Argan aloud.] Let him come here.

[Toinet beckons to Cleanthes to approach.

SCENE III.

ARGAN, CLEANTHES, TOINET.

CLEANTHES.

SIR——

Toinet to Cleanthes.] Do not talk so loud, for fear of splitting my master's brains.

Cleanthes. Sir, I am extreamly glad to find you up, and to see that you are better.

Toinet pretending to be in a passion.] How better? it is not so, my master is continually very ill.

Cleanthes. I had heard the gentleman was better, and I see he looks well.

Toinet. What do ye mean with your looks well? He looks very ill, and they are foolish people who told you he was better. He never was so ill in his life.

Argan. She is quite right.

Toinet. He walks, sleeps, eats, and drinks like other folks; but that does not prevent him from being sick.

Argan. Very true.

Cleanthes. Sir, I am really sorry for it. I come from the young lady your daughter's music-master. He was obliged to go into the country for a few days; and, as I am one of his most intimate friends, he sent me in his place, to go on with her lessons, for fear, that if they were discontinued, she might forget what she has already learnt.

Argan. Very well. [to Toinet.] Call Angelica here.

Toinet. It would be better, Sir, to shew the gentleman to her chamber.

Argan. No. Tell her to come here.

Toinet. He cannot teach her her lesson properly if they are not by themselves.

Argan. Yes, yes, he can.

Toinet. Sir, it will only stun you, and you had need to have nothing to disturb you, or split your brains, in your situation.

Argan. No, no, I love music, and I shall be glad to———Hoh! here she comes. [to Toinet.] Do you go see if my wife is dressed.

SCENE IV.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES.

ARGAN.

COME, daughter; your muſic-maſter is gone into the country, and here is a perſon he has ſent to teach you in the mean time.

Angelica knowing Cleanthes.] Oh, heavens!

Argan. What is the matter? Why are you ſurpriſed?

Angelica. It is———

Argan. What diſturbs you in this manner?

Angelica. It is a ſtrange accident, Sir, that I meet with here.

Argan. How?

Angelica. Laſt night I dreamt that I was in the greateſt diſtreſs imaginable, and that a perſon exactly like this gentleman, offered himſelf to me, of whom I begged aſſiſtance, and he preſently freed me from the trouble I was in; and my ſurpriſe was very great to ſee unexpectedly, upon my coming in here, what I had in idea all night.

Cleanthes. It is no ſmall pleaſure to have a place in your thoughts whether ſleeping or waking; and my good fortune would undoubtedly be very great, were you in any trouble from which you ſhould think me worthy to deliver you; and I would do every thing to———

SCENE V.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES, TOINET.

TOINET to Argan.

INDEED, Sir, I am on your ſide now, and unſay all that I ſaid yeſterday. Here are Mr. Diafoirus the father, and Mr. Diafoirus the ſon, come to pay you a viſit. How rarely will you be ſuited with a ſon-in-law! You will ſee one of the beſt made young fellows in the world, and the wittieſt too. He ſpoke but two words, and I was charmed at them, and your daughter will be delighted with him.

Argan to Cleanthes, who appears as if he were going.] Do not go, Sir; I am upon marrying my daughter, and the perſon they have brought hither is her intended huſband, whom ſhe has not ſeen yet.

Cleanthes. It is doing me a great deal of honour, Sir, to allow me to be witneſs of ſo agreeable an interview.

Argan. He is ſon to an eminent phyſician, and the nuptials will be celebrated in four days.

Cleanthes. Very well.

Argan. Pleaſe to inform her muſic-maſter of it, that he may be at the wedding.

Cleanthes. I ſhall be very ſure to do ſo.

Argan. I likewiſe invite you.

Cleanthes. You do me a great deal of honour.

Argan. Come, place yourſelves in order, here they come.

SCENE VI.

MR. DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, ARGAN, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES, TOINET, LACQUIES.

ARGAN putting his hand to his cap without taking it off.

I AM ordered by Mr. Purgon, Sir, not to take off my cap. You are of the faculty: you know the consequences.

Mr. Diafoirus. We are in all our visits to give relief to our patients, and not to bring any inconvenience upon them.

[Argan and Mr. Diafoirus speak at the same time.

Argan. I receive, Sir,

Mr. Diafoirus. We come here, Sir,

Argan. With a great deal of pleasure,

Mr. Diafoirus. My son Thomas, and I,

Argan. The honour you do me,

Mr. Diafoirus. To declare to you, Sir,

Argan. And I could have wished,

Mr. Diafoirus. The pleasure we receive,

Argan. To have been able to have gone to you,

Mr. Diafoirus. From the favour you do us,

Argan. To assure you,

Mr. Diafoirus. To admit us so kindly

Argan. But you know, Sir,

Mr. Diafoirus. To the honour, Sir,

Argan. What it is to be a poor sick creature,

Mr. Diafoirus. Of your alliance,

Argan. Who can do no more,

Mr. Diafoirus. And to assure you,

Argan. Than to tell you here,

Mr. Diafoirus. That in affairs depending on our faculty,

Argan. That he will ſeek all opportunities,

Mr. Diafoirus. As alſo in all others,

Argan. To make you ſenſible, Sir,

Mr. Diafoirus. We ſhall ever be ready, Sir,

Argan. That he is quite at your ſervice.

Mr. Diafoirus. To teſtify our zeal for you.——[to his ſon.] Come, Thomas, advance, make your compliments.

Thomas Diafoirus to Mr. Diafoirus.] Should not I begin with the father?

Mr. Diafoirus. Certainly.

Thomas Diafoirus to Argan.] Sir, I come to ſalute, recogniſe, cheriſh, and revere in you a ſecond father; but a ſecond father, to whom, I will be ſo bold, I am more indebted than to my firſt. The firſt begat me; but you have adopted me. He received me through neceſſity; and you have accepted me through favour. What I have from him, is the operation of his body, what I have from you, is the operation of your will; and by how much the mental faculties are ſuperior to the corporeal, by ſo much am I more indebted to you, and by ſo much do I hold, as more valuable, this future filiation, for which I this day come to pay you, beforehand, the moſt humble and moſt reſpectful homage.

Toinet. Proſperity to the colleges, which turn us out ſuch ingenious people!

Thomas Diafoirus to Mr. Diafoirus.] Was that well done, father?

Mr. Diafoirus. *Optime.*

Argan to Angelica.] Come, pay your compliments to the gentleman.

Thomas Diafoirus to Mr. Diafoirus.] Shall I kiſs her?

Mr. Diafoirus. Certainly.

Thomas Diafoirus to Angelica.] Madam, it is with juſtice that heaven has granted you the name of mother-in law, ſince one———

Argan to Thomas Diafoirus.] You are not ſpeaking to my wife, it is my daughter.

Thomas Diafoirus. Where is your wife then?

Argan. She is a coming.

Thomas Diafoirus. Shall I wait till ſhe comes, father?

Mr. Diafoirus. Always pay your compliments to the young lady.

Thomas Diafoirus. Madam, juſt in the ſame manner as the ſtatue of Memnon gave an harmonious ſound, when it was illuminated with the rays of the ſun; ſo, in like manner, do I feel myſelf animated with a ſweet tranſport at the appearance of the ſun of your beauty: and as the naturaliſts remark that the flower named the Heliotrope turns, without ceaſing, towards that glorious orb; ſo ſhall my heart, henceforth for ever, turn towards the reſplendent ſtars of your adorable eyes, as to its proper pole. Allow me then, madam, now to pay, at the altar of your charms, the offering of that heart, which breathes not after, nor is ambitious of any other glory than that of being till death, madam, your moſt humble, moſt obedient, and moſt faithful ſervant, and huſband.

Toinet. See what it is to ſtudy; it teaches people to ſay fine things.

Argan to Cleanthes.] Heh! What ſay you to that?

Cleanthes. That the gentleman does wonders, and that if he is as good a phyſician as he is an orator, it would be a great pleaſure to be one of his patients.

Toinet. Certainly. It will be a wonderful thing, if he performs as fine cures, as he makes fine ſpeeches.

Argan. Here, my chair quickly, and chairs for every body. Sit you there, daughter. [to Mr. Diafoirus.] I think you are very happy in having ſuch a ſon, you ſee all the world admires him.

Mr. Diafoirus. Sir, it is not becauſe I am his father, but I can ſay I have reaſon to be ſatisfied with him, and that all who ſee him, ſpeak of him as a youth who has no harm in him. He never had a very lively imagination, nor that ſparkling wit which one obſerves in ſome others; but it was that, I always looked upon, as a happy preſage of his judgment, a quality requiſite for the exerciſe of our art. When he was a little one, he was never what one may call roguiſh, or waggiſh. One might always ſee him mild, quiet, and taciturn, never ſaying a word, and never playing at any of thoſe little games, that we call children's play. They had all the difficulty imaginable to teach him to read, and he was nine years old before he knew his letters. Good, ſays I within myſelf; trees ſlow of growth, are thoſe which bear the beſt fruit. One writes upon the marble with much more difficulty than one does upon the ſand; but things are much longer preſerved there, and that ſlowneſs of apprehenſion, that heavineſs of imagination, is a mark of a future good judgment. When I ſent him to college he was hard put to it; but he bore up obſtinately againſt all difficulties, and his tutors always praiſed him to me for his aſſiduity and his pains. In ſhort, by mere dint of hammering, he glorioufly attained to be a licentiate; and I can ſay without vanity, that from the time he took his batchelor of phyſic's degree, there is no candidate that has made more noiſe than he in all the diſputes of the ſchools. He has rendered himſelf formidable there, and not an

act passes but he argues to the last extremity on the side of the contrary proposition. He is firm in a dispute, strenuous as a Turk in his principles; and pursues an argument to the fartheſt receſſes of logic. But what pleaſes me more than all the reſt, in which he follows my example, is that he is blindly attached to the opinions of the ancients, and that he would never comprehend nor hear the reaſons and experiments of the pretended diſcoveries of our age, concerning the circulation of the blood, and other opinions of the ſame ſtamp.

Thomas Diafoirus taking a large Theſis out of his pocket rolled up, which he preſents to Angelica.] I have ſupported a Theſis againſt the Circulators, which, with the gentleman's permiſſion, [bowing to Argan.] I make free to preſent to the young lady, as a homage I owe her of the firſt-fruits of my genius.

Angelica. Sir, it is an uſeleſs piece of goods for me, I do not underſtand thoſe ſort of things.

Toinet taking the Theſis.] Give it me, give it me, it is always worth taking for the picture, it will ſerve to adorn our garret.

Thomas Diafoirus. And with the gentleman's leave alſo, I invite you to come and ſee one of theſe days, for your diverſion, the diſſection of a woman, upon which I am to read lectures.

Toinet. The diverſion will be agreeable. There are ſome gentlemen give their miſtreſſes a play, but to give a diſſection is ſomething rare.

Mr. Diafoirus. As to the reſt, for what concerns the requiſite qualities for marriage and propagation, I do aſſure you, that according to the rules of us doctors, he is juſt ſuch as one could wiſh. That he poſſeſſes in a laudable degree the prolific virtue, and that he is

of a temperament proper to beget, and procreate healthy children.

Argan. Is it not your intention, Sir, to puſh his intereſt at court, and procure for him a phyſician's place there?

Mr. Diafoirus. To ſpeak freely to you, our profeſſion amongſt your great people never ſeemed agreeable to me, and I always found it would be much better for us to continue amongſt the commonalty. The public buſineſs is commodious. You are accountable to no body for your actions, and provided one does but follow the beaten track of the rules of art, one gives one's ſelf no manner of trouble about what may be the event. But what is troubleſome among your great people is, that when they happen to be ſick, they abſolutely expect their phyſicians ſhould cure them.

Toinet. That is a good joke indeed, and they are very fooliſh to expect that you gentlemen ſhould cure them: you do not attend them for that purpoſe; you only go to take your fees, and preſcribe remedies, it is their buſineſs to cure themſelves if they can.

Mr. Diafoirus. Very true. We are only obliged to treat people according to form.

Argan to Cleanthes.] Pray, Sir, allow my daughter to ſing before the company.

Cleanthes. I waited for your orders, Sir, and intend to amuſe the company, by ſinging along with miſs, a ſcene of a little opera lately compoſed. [To Angelica, giving her a paper.] There is your part.

Angelica. I?

Cleanthes low to Angelica.] Pray do not refuſe, but allow me to let you into the deſign of the ſcene we are going to ſing. [aloud.] I have no voice for ſinging; but it is ſufficient in this caſe if I make myſelf underſtood, you will be ſo good as to excuſe me, on

account of the neceſſity I am under to make the young lady ſing.

Argan. Are they pretty verſes?

Cleanthes. It is properly an *extempore* opera, and what you are to hear ſung, is no more than numbered proſe, or a kind of irregular verſe, ſuch as paſſion and neceſſity might ſuggeſt to two perſons, who ſay things out of their own head, and ſpeak off-hand.

Argan. Very well. Let us hear it.

Cleanthes. The ſubject of the ſcene is this. A ſhepherd was attentive to the beauties of a public entertainment, which was juſt begun, when his attention was interrupted by a noiſe on one ſide of him. He turns to look, and perceives a brutiſh clown abuſing a ſhepherdeſs very impertinently. Immediately he eſpouſed the intereſt of a ſex to which all men owe homage; and having chaſtiſed the churl for his inſolence, he comes to the ſhepherdeſs, and obſerves a young creature, who was ſhedding tears from two of the fineſt eyes he had ever ſeen. Alas! ſays he within himſelf, could any perſon be capable of inſulting one ſo amiable? And what inhuman, what barbarous creature would not be affected with ſuch tears? He was ſollicitous to ſtop thoſe tears, which he thought ſo beautiful; and the lovely ſhepherdeſs took care at the ſame time, to thank him for the ſlight ſervice he had done; but in a manner ſo charming, ſo tender, ſo paſſionate, that the ſhepherd could not reſiſt it, but every word, every look was a flaming ſhaft, which he found pierced him to the heart. Is there any thing, ſaid he, can poſſibly deſerve the lovely expreſſions of ſuch an acknowledgment? And what would one not do, what ſervice, what dangers would not one go through with pleaſure, to attract but one moment the moving tenderneſs of ſo grateful a mind? The whole diverſion

paſſes without his paying the ſmalleſt attention to it; but he complains it is too ſhort, becauſe the concluſion of it ſeparates him from his lovely ſhepherdeſs, and from this firſt view, from this firſt moment he carried along with him all the violence of a paſſion of many years ſtanding. He immediately ſuffered all the miſeries of abſence, and was tormented that he could no longer ſee what he ſaw for ſo ſhort a time. He does every thing poſſible to regain that ſight, the dear idea of which remains in his mind by day and by night; but the great conſtraint under which the ſhepherdeſs is kept, deprives him of all opportunity. The violence of his paſſion makes him determine to aſk the adorable beauty in marriage, as he can live no longer without her, and he obtained her permiſſion for this by a letter which he had the dexterity to have conveyed to her hands. But at the ſame time he underſtands that the father of this fair one has concluded a marriage with another perſon, and that all things are diſpoſing for the celebration of the ceremony. Judge what a cruel ſtroke to the heart of the melancholy ſhepherd. See him overwhelmed with mortal ſorrow. He cannot ſupport the terrible idea of ſeeing all that he loves in the arms of another perſon, and his paſſion being deſperate makes him introduce himſelf into the houſe of his ſhepherdeſs to learn her ſentiments, and know from her what deſtiny he is to determine upon. He there meets with preparations for every thing he fears; he there ſees the unworthy rival, which the caprice of a father oppoſes to the tenderneſſes of his love. He ſees this ridiculous rival, near the lovely ſhepherdeſs, triumphing, as if the conqueſt were certain, and this ſight fills him with indignation, which he has the utmoſt difficulty to conceal. He caſts a mournful look on the adorable fair one, and both his reſpect for her, and

the presence of her father, prevent his saying any thing to her but by looks. But at last, he breaks through all restraint, and the transport of his passion makes him express himself in this manner. [He sings.]

Fair Phillis, 'tis too much to bear,
Break cruel silence; and your thoughts declare.
Tell me at once my destiny,
Shall I live, or must I die?

[Angelica singing.]

With sad, dejected looks, O Thyrsis, see
Poor Phillis dreads th' ill-fated wedding day;
Sighing, she lifts her eyes to heav'n and thee,
And needs she more to say?

Argan. Hey, hey! I did not know my daughter was such a mistress of the art, as to sing immediately without hesitating.

Cleanthes. Alas! my Phillis fair,
Can the enamour'd Thyrsis be so blest,
Your favour in the least to share,
And find a place within that lovely breast?

Angelica. In this extreme, if I confess my love,
Not modesty itself can disapprove,
Yes, Thyrsis, thee I love.

Cleanthes. O! sound enchanting to the ear!
Did I dream, or did I hear?
Repeat it, Phillis, and all doubt remove.

Angelica. Yes, Thyrsis, it is thee I love.

Cleanthes. Once more, my Phillis.

Angelica. Thee I love.

Cleanthes. A thousand times repeat, nor ever weary prove.

Angelica. I love, I love,
Yes, Thyrsis, thee I love.

Cleanthes. Ye monarchs of the earth, ye pow'rs divine,
Can you compare your happiness to mine?

But, Phillis, there's a haughty thought
Does my tranſporting joy abate,
A rival———

Angelica. I more than death the monſter hate,
And if his preſence tortures you,
It does no leſs to Phillis too.

Cleanthes. If with the match a father's pow'r,
Wou'd force you to comply.

Angelica. I'd rather, rather die than give conſent,
Much rather, rather die.

Argan. And what ſaid the father to all this?

Cleanthes. He ſaid nothing.

Argan. That ſame father was a fool of a father, to hear all theſe fooliſh things without ſaying a word.

Cleanthes continuing to ſing.] Ah! my love——

Argan. No, no, enough of it. This play is of very bad example. The ſhepherd Thyrſis is a fooliſh puppy, and the ſhepherdeſs Phillis, an impertinent baggage, to ſpeak in this manner before a father. [to Angelica.] Shew me the paper. Ha, ha. Where are the words then that you ſpoke? there is nothing written here but the muſic.

Cleanthes. Why, do not you know, Sir, that they have diſcovered an invention lately, of writing the words in the very notes themſelves?

Argan. Very well. I am your ſervant, Sir; farewell! We could very well have ſpared your impertinent opera.

Cleanthes. I expected to divert you.

Argan. Impudence never diverts. Hah! here comes my wife.

SCENE VII.

BELINA, ARGAN, ANGELICA, MR. DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, TOINET.

ARGAN.

MY dear, here is young Mr. Diafoirus.

Thomas Diafoirus. Madam, heaven has justly granted you the name of mother-in-law, since one perceives in your face———

Belina. I am very glad I came here at this time, that I might have the honour of seeing you.

Thomas Diafoirus. Since one sees in your face—— Since one sees in your face—Madam, you interrupted me in the middle of my period, and that has hurt my memory.

Mr. Diafoirus. Thomas, you may reserve that for another time.

Argan. Dearee, I wish you had been here just now.

Toinet. Oh, madam, you have lost much by not being here at the "second father," at the "statue of "Memnon," and the "flower named the Heliotrope."

Argan. Daughter, come, join hands with the gentleman, and plight him your troth, as your husband.

Angelica. Sir.

Argan. Hey, Sir! What is the meaning of this?

Angelica. For goodness sake, do not hurry things too fast. Give us time to know each other at least, and to find the growth of that inclination in each for the other, which is so necessary to form a perfect union.

Thomas Diafoirus. As for me, madam, I have no occasion to stay any longer, mine is grown already.

Angelica. If you are so forward, Sir, it is not so with me, and I own to you that your merit has not as yet made impression enough upon my mind.

Argan. Hoh! well, well, when you are married together there will be time enough for that.

Angelica. Oh! Father, pray give me time. Marriage is a chain should never be imposed by force upon a heart, and if the gentleman is a man of honour, he will never accept of a person, who must be his by constraint.

Thomas Diafoirus. *Nego consequentiam*, madam; and I may be a man of honour, and yet accept you from the hands of your father.

Angelica. To offer violence is but a very bad way to make you beloved by any one.

Thomas Diafoirus. We read in the ancients, madam, that their custom was to carry off the young women they were going to marry, from their father's house by force, that it might not appear to be with their consent that they flew into the arms of a man.

Angelica. The ancients, Sir, are the ancients, and we are moderns. Such grimaces are unnecessary in our age, and when a marriage is agreeable to us, we know very well how to go to it, without any body's dragging us. Have patience, Sir; if you love me, every thing that is agreeable to me should be so to you also.

Thomas Diafoirus. Yes, madam, as far as the interests of my love exclusively.

Angelica. But a great sign of love is, to submit to the will of her one loves.

Thomas Diafoirus. *Distinguo*, madam. In what regards not the possession of her, *Concedo;* but in what regards that, *Nego*.

Toinet. Reasoning is to no purpose. The gentle-

man is come fire-new from college, and he will always be too hard for you. Why ſhould you reſiſt ſo much, and refuſe the glory of being tacked to the body of the faculty?

Belina. Perhaps ſhe has ſome other inclination in her head.

Angelica. If I had, madam, it ſhould be ſuch as reaſon and honour might allow me.

Argan. Hey-day! I act a pleaſant part here.

Belina. If I were as you, child, I would not by any means force her to marry, and I know what I would do.

Angelica. I know, madam, what you mean, and the kindneſs you have for me: but probably your counſels may not be lucky enough to be put in execution.

Belina. In times of old it was eſteemed a virtue for children to be obedient and ſubmiſſive to the will of their parents; but very wiſe and good children like you ſcorn to be ſo.

Angelica. Madam, the duty of a daughter has bounds, and neither reaſon nor law extend it to all ſorts of things.

Belina. That is as much as to ſay you have no averſion to matrimony; but you would chuſe a huſband to your own fancy.

Angelica. If my father will not give me a huſband to my liking, I ſhall, at leaſt, intreat him not to oblige me to marry one I cannot love.

Argan. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for all this.

Angelica. Every body to their own end in marrying. For my part, I would not marry a huſband but really to love him, and to be entirely attached to him for life; I own to you I uſe ſome precaution in the affair. There are ſome perſons who take huſbands

only to ſet themſelves free from the reſtraint of their parents, and to put themſelves in a ſituation of doing whatever they pleaſe. There are others, madam, who make marriage a commerce of pure intereſt; who only marry to get a jointure, to enrich themſelves by thoſe they marry; and run without ſcruple from huſband to huſband, to engroſs to themſelves their ſpoils. Thoſe people really do not ſtand much upon ceremonies, and have little regard to the perſon of the man.

Belina. You are in a mighty vein of reaſoning to-day, and I would fain know what you mean by that.

Angelica. I, madam, what ſhould I mean but what I ſay?

Belina. My dear, you are ſuch a ſimpleton, that there is no bearing you any longer.

Angelica. Madam, you would be glad to oblige me to give you ſome impertinent anſwer; but I tell you before-hand, you ſhall not have that advantage.

Belina. Nothing can equal your impudence.

Angelica. No, madam, your talking is to no purpoſe.

Belina. You have a ridiculous pride, an impertinent preſumption which makes you be ridiculed by all the world.

Angelica. All this will be of no ſervice, madam: I ſhall be diſcreet in ſpite of you, and to take away from you all hope of ſucceeding in what you deſire to be at, I ſhall retire.

SCENE VIII.

ARGAN, BELINA, MR. DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, TOINET.

ARGAN to Angelica, who goes out.

HEARK'E, there is no medium in the caſe. You have your choice either to marry this gentleman in four days time, or to go to a convent. [To Belina.] Do not give yourſelf any uneaſineſs, I will bring her into good order.

Belina. I am ſorry to leave you, my deareſt, but I have an affair in the city, which I muſt attend. I ſhall come back again ſoon.

Argan. Go, love, and call upon your lawyer, that you may bid him haſten you know what.

Belina. Adieu, my little dearee.

Argan. Adieu, love.

SCENE IX.

ARGAN, MR. DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, TOINET.

ARGAN.

IT is not credible how much this woman loves me.

Mr. Diafoirus. We ſhall bid you farewell, Sir.

Argan. Pray, Sir, tell me how I am.

Mr. Diafoirus feeling his pulſe.] Here, Thomas, take the gentleman's other arm, to ſee whether you can form a good judgment of his pulſe. *Quid dicis?*

Thomas Diafoirus. *Dico*, that the gentleman's pulſe, is the pulſe of a perſon who is not well.

Mr. Diafoirus. Very well.

Thomas Diafoirus. That it is harſh, not to ſay hard.

Mr. Diafoirus. Good.

Thomas Diafoirus. Recoiling.

Mr. Diafoirus. *Bene.*

Thomas Diafoirus. And even a little friſking.

Mr. Diafoirus. *Optime.*

Thomas Diafoirus. Which ſhews an intemperature in the parenchyma ſplenicum, that is to ſay, the ſpleen.

Mr. Diafoirus. Very well.

Argan. No, Dr. Purgon ſays it is my liver that is out of order.

Mr. Diafoirus. Why yes, he who ſays Parenchyma, means both one and the other, becauſe of the ſtrict ſympathy they have together, by means of the *vas breve* of the Pylorus, and ſometimes the Meatus Cholidici. He undoubtedly orders you to eat roaſt-meat.

Argan. No, nothing but boiled.

Mr. Diafoirus. Yes, yes, roaſt, boiled, the ſame thing. He orders you very properly, and you cannot be in better hands.

Argan. Pray, Sir, how many corns of ſalt ſhould one put in an egg.

Mr. Diafoirus. Six, eight, ten, by even numbers; as in medicines, by odd numbers.

Argan. Sir, your very humble ſervant.

SCENE X.

BELINA, ARGAN.

BELINA.

MY dearee, I come, before I go abroad, to inform you of a thing, which you muſt take care of. As I paſſed by Angelica's chamber-door, I obſerved a

young fellow with her, who made his eſcape as ſoon as he perceived me.

Argan. A young fellow with my daughter?

Belina. Yes. Your little daughter Louiſon was with them too, ſhe can probably give you ſome account of them.

Argan. Send her hither, lovee; ſend her hither. [alone.] Oh! the impertinent baggage! I am no longer ſurpriſed at her obſtinacy.

SCENE XI.

ARGAN, LOUISON.

LOUISON.

DO you want me, papa, my mamma told me, that you want to ſpeak with me?

Argan. Yes, come hither. Come nearer. Turn you. Look at me. Heh!

Louiſon. What, papa?

Argan. So.

Louiſon. What?

Argan. Have you nothing to ſay to me?

Louiſon. If you pleaſe, I ſhall tell you, to amuſe you, the ſtory of the aſs's ſkin, or the fable of the crow and the fox, which they taught me the other day.

Argan. That is not what I want.

Louiſon. What then?

Argan. Ye cunning gipſey, you know very well what I mean.

Louiſon. Forgive me, papa.

Argan. Do you obey me in this manner?

Louiſon. How?

Argan. Did I not charge you to come directly and inform me of all that you ſaw?

Louiſon. Yes, papa.

Argan. Have you done ſo then?

Louiſon. Yes, papa, I am come to tell you all that I have ſeen.

Argan. And have you ſeen nothing to-day?

Louiſon. No, papa.

Argan. No?

Louiſon. No, papa.

Argan. Indeed?

Louiſon. Indeed no.

Argan. Hoh, very well, I will ſhew you ſomething.

Louiſon ſeeing Argan take a rod.] Ah! papa.

Argan. Ha, hah, you little hypocrite, you do not tell me, you ſaw a man in your ſiſter's chamber.

Louiſon crying.] Papa.

Argan taking her by the arm.] Here is ſomething will teach you to lie.

Louiſon falling down on her knees.] Ah, papa, pray forgive me. It was becauſe my ſiſter had bid me not to tell it you; but I am going to tell you every thing.

Argan. You muſt, firſt of all, have the rod, for having told a lie. After that we ſhall conſider of the reſt.

Louiſon. Pray, papa, pardon me.

Argan. No, no.

Louiſon. Do not whip me, my dear papa.

Argan. You muſt be whipped.

Louiſon. For heaven's ſake, papa, do not whip me.

Argan going to whip her.] Come, come.

Louiſon. Oh! papa, you have hurt me. Hold, I am dead. [She feigns herſelf dead.

Argan. Hola, what is the meaning of this? Louiſon, Louiſon. Oh! bleſs me! Louiſon. Ah! my

poor child. Oh! wretched me! My poor child is dead. What have I done, wretch! Oh! villanous rod! A curſe on all rods! Oh! my dear child; my poor little Louiſon.

Louiſon. So, ſo, papa, do not cry ſo, I am not quite dead.

Argan. Do you ſee the cunning gipſey! Oh! come, come, I forgive you for this time, if you will really tell me all.

Louiſon. Yes, yes, papa.

Argan. Take ſpecial care you do however, for here is my little finger knows all, and will tell me if you lie.

Louiſon. But, papa, do not tell my ſiſter, that I told you.

Argan. No, no.

Louiſon, after looking if any body liſtened.] Why, papa, there came a man into my ſiſter's chamber when I was there.

Argan. Well?

Louiſon. I aſked him what he wanted, and he told me he was her muſic maſter.

Argan aſide.] Um, um. There is the buſineſs. [to Louiſon.] Well?

Louiſon. Afterwards my ſiſter came.

Argan. Well?

Louiſon. She ſaid to him, be gone, be gone, be gone, for heaven's ſake! Be gone, you give me pain.

Argan. Very well?

Louiſon. And he would not go.

Argan. What did he ſay to her?

Louiſon. He ſaid a great many things.

Argan. But what were they?

Louiſon. He told her this, and that, and the other,

how he loved her dearly, and that ſhe was the prettieſt creature he ever ſaw.

Argan. And then?

Louiſon. And then he fell down on his knees before her.

Argan. And then?

Louiſon. And then he kiſſed her hand.

Argan. And then?

Louiſon. And then my mamma came to the door, and he run off.

Argan. Was there nothing more?

Louiſon. No, papa.

Argan. My little finger however mutters ſomething beſides. [Putting his finger to his ear.] Stay. Eh? ha, hah! ay? hoh, hoh; here is my little-finger tells me ſomething you ſaw more, which you have not told me.

Louiſon. Oh! papa. Your little-finger fibs.

Argan. Take care.

Louiſon. No, papa, do not believe it, I aſſure you it is a fibber.

Argan. Hoh, well, well, we ſhall ſee that. Go your way, and be ſure you obſerve every thing, go. [alone.] Well! I have no more children. Oh! what perplexity of affairs! I have not time ſo much as to mind my illneſs. Really, I can hold out no longer.

[Falls down in his chair.

SCENE XII.

BERALDO, ARGAN.

BERALDO.

WELL, brother, how do you do? What is the matter?

Argan. Ah, very ill, brother.

Beraldo. How, very ill?

Argan. Yes. I am ſo very weak, it is incredible.

Beraldo. That is a ſad thing indeed.

Argan. I have not ſtrength to ſpeak, brother.

Beraldo. Brother, I came here to propoſe a match for my niece, Angelica.

Argan ſpeaking with great anger, and ſtarting out of his chair.] Brother, do not ſpeak to me about tha wild baggage. She is an idle, impertinent, impudent huſſy, and I will put her into a convent, before ſhe lives two days longer.

Beraldo. Hoh, it is mighty well. I am very glad your ſtrength returns to you a little, and that my viſit has done you ſervice. Well, come, we will talk of buſineſs preſently. I have brought you an entertainment here, that will diſſipate your melancholy, and diſpoſe you better for what we are to talk about. They are gipſies, dreſſed in Mooriſh habits, who perform ſome dances, mixed with ſongs, that I am ſure you will be pleaſed with, and this will do you more good than one of Mr. Purgon's preſcriptions. Come along.

ACT III. SCENE I.

BERALDO, ARGAN, TOINET.

BERALDO.

WHAT do you think of this, brother? Is it not well worth a dose of Cassia?

Toinet. Ho, good Cassia is an excellent thing.

Beraldo. Well, shall we talk together a little?

Argan. A little patience, brother, I shall return presently.

Toinet. Hold, Sir; you forget that you cannot walk without your cane.

Argan. Very true.

SCENE II.

BERALDO, TOINET.

TOINET.

PRAY, Sir, be stedfast in the interest of your niece.

Beraldo. I will try every way to obtain for her what she desires.

Toinet. We certainly must prevent this extravagant match, which he has got in his head, and I have thought with myself it would be a good job, if we could introduce here a physician into our post, to disgust him with his Mr. Purgon, and cry down his conduct. But as we have no body at hand to do it, I have determined to play a trick of my own head.

Beraldo. How?

Toinet. It is a whimsical fancy. It may probably be more fortunate than prudent. Let me alone with it; do you act your own part. Here he comes.

SCENE III.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

BERALDO.

LET me beg, brother, above all things, that you will not put yourself into any heat during our conversation.

Argan. Done.

Beraldo. That you would answer without any eagerness to the things I may mention to you.

Argan. Yes.

Beraldo. And that we may reason together upon the business we have to talk over, with a mind free from all passion.

Argan. Alas, yes. What a deal of preamble!

Beraldo. Whence comes it, brother, that having such an estate as you have, and having no children but one daughter; for I do not reckon your little one: What is the reason, I say, that you talk of putting her into a convent?

Argan. Whence comes it, brother, that I am master of my family, but to do what I think proper?

Beraldo. Your wife does not fail advising you to get rid of your daughters in this manner; and I do not doubt, but that, through a spirit of charity, she would be rejoiced to see them both good nuns.

Argan. O, ye are thereabouts. My poor wife is at once brought into play. All the world will have it that it is her who does all the mischief.

Beraldo. No, brother, let that alone; she is a wo-

man who has the beſt intentions in the world for your family, and who is free from all ſort of intereſt; who has a ſurpriſing affection for you, and ſhews a tenderneſs and kindneſs for your children which is inconceivable, that is true. We will not talk of that, but return to your daughter. Brother, why would you give her in marriage to the ſon of a phyſician?

Argan. Brother, with an intention to give myſelf ſuch a ſon-in-law as I want.

Beraldo. That is no concern, brother, of your daughter's, and there is a more ſuitable match offered to her.

Argan. Yes, but this, brother, is more ſuitable to me.

Beraldo. But, brother, ought the huſband ſhe takes, to be for you, or herſelf?

Argan. Brother, it ought to be both for herſelf, and for me, and I will bring into my family people that I have occaſion for.

Beraldo. By the ſame reaſon, if your little girl was old enough, you would marry her to an apothecary.

Argan. Certainly.

Beraldo. Is it poſſible you ſhould always be ſo infatuated with your apothecaries and doctors, and determine to be ſick in ſpite of mankind and nature?

Argan. What do you mean, brother?

Beraldo. I mean, brother, that I do not ſee any man who has better health than yourſelf, and I would not deſire a better conſtitution than yours. It is a great mark that you are well, and have a habit of body perfectly well eſtabliſhed, that with all the pain you have taken, you have not been able yet to ſpoil the goodneſs of your conſtitution, and that you are not deſtroyed by all the medicines you have taken.

Argan. You do not know, brother, it is that which

preſerves me, and that Mr. Purgon ſays, I ſhould go off, if he was only three days without taking care of me.

Beraldo. If you do not take care of yourſelf, he will take ſo much care of you, that he will preſently ſend you to your grave.

Argan. But let us reaſon a little, brother. You have no faith then in phyſic?

Beraldo. No, brother, and I do not find it is neceſſary to ſalvation, to have faith in it.

Argan. What, do not you believe a thing to be true which has been eſtabliſhed through all the world, and which all ages have revered?

Beraldo. Far from thinking ſo, I look on it, between us, as one of the greateſt follies which prevails amongſt men; and to conſider things philoſophically, I do not know a more pleaſant piece of mummery; I do not ſee any thing more ridiculous, than for one man to undertake to cure another.

Argan. Why, brother, will you not allow that one man may cure another?

Beraldo. For this reaſon, brother, becauſe the ſprings of our machines are hitherto myſteries that men ſcarce can ſee into; and becauſe nature has thrown before our eyes too thick a veil to know any thing of the matter.

Argan. Then in your opinion phyſicians know nothing.

Beraldo. True, brother. They underſtand for the moſt part polite literature; can talk good Latin, know how to call all diſtempers in Greek, to define, and to diſtinguiſh them; but for what belongs to the curing of them, that is what they do not know.

Argan. But nevertheleſs you muſt agree, that in this matter phyſicians know more than other people do.

Beraldo. They know, brother, what I have told you, which will not cure any great matter; and all the excellency of their art consists in pompous nonsense, in a specious babbling, which gives you words instead of reasons, and promises instead of effects.

Argan. But in short, brother, there are people as wise and as learned as yourself; and we see that all the world have recourse to physicians in sickness.

Beraldo. That is a mark of human weakness, and not of the truth of their abilities.

Argan. But physicians themselves must needs believe in the truth of their art, since they make use of it themselves.

Beraldo. The reason of that is, because there are some amongst them, who are themselves in the popular error by which they profit, and others who make a profit of it without being in it. For example, your Mr. Purgon knows no artifice; he is a thorough physician, from head to foot. One that believes in his rules, more than in all the demonstrations of the mathematics, and who would think it a crime but to be willing to examine them; who sees nothing obscure in physic, nothing dubious, nothing difficult, and who with an impetuosity of prepossession, and obstinacy of assurance, and a brutality void of common sense and reason, bleeds and purges at hazard, and stops at nothing. He means no ill in all that he does for you, it is with the best principle in the world, that he will dispatch you, and he will do no more in killing you, than what he has done to his wife and children, and what upon occasion he would do to himself.

Argan. That is because you dislike him, brother. But in short, let us come to fact. What must we do then, when we are sick?

Beraldo. Nothing, brother.

Argan. Nothing?

Beraldo. Nothing, brother. We muſt only keep ourſelves quiet. Nature herſelf, would we let her alone, will gently deliver herſelf from the diſorder ſhe is fallen into. It is our inquietude and impatience which ſpoils all, and almoſt all men die of their phyſic, and not of their diſorders.

Argan. But you muſt allow, brother, that we may aſſiſt this nature by particular things.

Beraldo. Alas, brother, theſe are mere notions which we love to feed ourſelves with; and at all times ſome fine imaginations have crept in amongſt men which we are apt to believe becauſe they flatter us, and that it were to be wiſhed they were true. When a phyſician talks to you of aſſiſting and ſupporting nature, of removing from her what is hurtful, and giving her what is defective, of re-eſtabliſhing her and reſtoring her to a full exerciſe of her functions: when he talks to you of rectifying the blood, refreſhing the bowels, and the brain, correcting the ſpleen, reſtoring the lungs, fortifying the heart, re-eſtabliſhing and preſerving the natural heat, and of having ſecrets to lengthen out life for a long term of years; he repeats to you exactly the romance of phyſic. But when you come to the truth and experience of it, you find nothing of all this, and it is like thoſe fine dreams which leave you nothing upon waking but the regret of having believed them.

Argan. That is to ſay, that all the knowledge of the world is ſhut up in your head; and you pretend to know more of it than all the great phyſicians of our age.

Beraldo. In talk, and in things, your great phyſicians are two ſorts of people. Hear them talk, they are

the moſt ſkilful perſons in the world: See them act, and they are the moſt ignorant of all men.

Argan. Alas! By what I perceive, you are a grand doctor, and I heartily wiſh that ſome one of thoſe gentlemen were here to pay off your arguments, and check your prating.

Beraldo. Indeed, brother, I do not make it my buſineſs to attack the faculty, and every one at their perils and fortune, may believe what they pleaſe. What I ſay of it is only amongſt ourſelves, and I could wiſh to have been able to deliver you a little out of the error you are in, and could carry you to ſee one of Moliere's comedies upon this ſubject to amuſe you.

Argan. Your Moliere with his comedies is a fine impudent fellow, and I think him very pleaſant to pretend to bring on the ſtage ſuch worthy people as the phyſicians.

Beraldo. It is not the phyſicians that he expoſes, but the ridiculouſneſs of phyſic.

Argan. It is mighty fine for him to pretend to controul the faculty; a fine ſimpleton, a ſaucy creature, to make a jeſt of conſultations and preſcriptions, to attack the body of phyſicians, and to bring on the ſtage ſuch venerable perſons as thoſe gentlemen.

Beraldo. What would you have him bring there, but the different profeſſions of men? They bring there every day princes and kings, who are of as good a family as the phyſicians.

Argan. Now by all that is terrible, if I was a phyſitian I would be revenged of his impudence, and, when he was ſick, let him die without aſſiſtance. He ſhould ſay and do in vain, I would not preſcribe him the leaſt bleeding, the ſmalleſt clyſter, and would ſay to him, periſh, periſh, it will learn you another time to make a joke of the faculty.

Beraldo. You are in a great rage at him.

Argan. Yes, he is a fooliſh fellow; and if the phyſicians are wiſe, they will do as I ſay.

Beraldo. He will be ſtill wiſer than your phyſicians: For he will not aſk any aſſiſtance from them.

Argan. So much the worſe for him, if he has not recourſe to remedies.

Beraldo. He has his reaſons for not intending it, and he thinks that it is not proper but for vigorous and robuſt people, and thoſe who have ſtrength left to bear the phyſic with the diſeaſe; but for him, he has but juſt ſtrength to bear his illneſs alone.

Argan. Very fooliſh reaſons, thoſe! Hold, brother, let us talk no more of that man, for it raiſes my paſſion, and you will bring my diſtemper upon me.

Beraldo. With all my heart, brother; and to change the converſation, I muſt tell you, that for a little repugnance which your daughter has diſcovered to you, you ought not to take the violent reſolution of putting her into a convent, that in choice of a ſon-in-law, you ſhould not blindly follow a paſſion that tranſports you, and that you ought in this matter to accommodate yourſelf a little to the inclination of your child, ſince it is for all her life, and ſince the whole happineſs of her future life depends on it.

SCENE IV.

Mr. FLEURANT with a glister-pipe in his hand, ARGAN, BERALDO.

ARGAN.

OH! brother, with your permission.

Beraldo. How, what would you do?

Argan. Take this little clyster here, it will soon be done.

Beraldo. You are certainly in jest. Cannot you be one minute without a clyster or purge? Send it back till some other time, and take a little patience.

Argan. This night, Mr. Fleurant, or to-morrow morning.

Mr. Fleurant to Beraldo.] For what reason do you pretend to oppose the prescriptions of the faculty, and to prevent the gentleman from taking my clyster? You are very pleasant to be so free.

Beraldo. Be gone, Sir, we see very well that you have not been accustomed to speak to people's faces.

Mr. Fleurant. You ought not to make a joke of physic in this manner, and to make me waste my time. I am not come here but on a good prescription, and I will go tell Mr. Purgon how I have been prevented from executing his orders, and from performing my function. You will see, you will see———

SCENE V.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

ARGAN.

BROTHER, you will be the cauſe here of ſome diſaſter.

Beraldo. The great diſaſter of not taking a clyſter agreeable to Mr. Purgon's preſcription! Once more, brother, is it poſſible that there ſhould be no way of curing you of the diſeaſe of the doctor, and will you all your lifetime lie buried in their drugs?

Argan. Ah, brother, you ſpeak of it like a man that is in perfect health; but if you was in my place, you would ſoon change your manner of ſpeaking. It is eaſy to talk againſt phyſic, when one is in perfect health.

Beraldo. But what illneſs have you?

Argan. You will make me mad. I wiſh that you had my illneſs, to ſee if you would prattle thus. Ah! here comes Mr. Purgon.

SCENE VI.

MR. PURGON, ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET.

MR. PURGON.

I Have juſt now been told very pleaſant news below at the door; that you make a joke of my preſcriptions here, and refuſe to take the remedy which I preſcribed.

Argan. Sir, it was not———

Mr. Purgon. It is great impudence, a ſtrange rebellion of a patient againſt his phyſician.

Toinet. That is terrible.

Mr. Purgon. A clyſter which I had the pleaſure of compoſing myſelf.

Argan. It was not I———

Mr. Purgon. Invented and made up according to all the rules of art.

Toinet. He was wrong.

Mr. Purgon. And which would have produced a ſurpriſing effect on the bowels.

Argan. My brother———

Mr. Purgon. To return it with contempt!

Argan pointing to Beraldo.] It is he——

Mr. Purgon. It is an exorbitant action.

Toinet. It is ſo.

Mr. Purgon. An enormous outrage againſt the profeſſion.

Argan pointing to Beraldo.] He is the cauſe of it.

Mr. Purgon. A crime of high treaſon againſt the faculty, which cannot be ſufficiently puniſhed.

Toinet. You are certainly in the right.

Mr. Purgon. I declare to you that I break off all commerce with you.

Argan. It is my brother———

Mr. Purgon. That I will have no more to do with you.

Toinet. You will do well.

Mr. Purgon. And to finiſh all union with you, there is the deed of gift which I made to my nephew in favour of the marriage.

Argan. It is my brother that has done all this miſchief.

Mr. Purgon. To contemn my clyſter!

Argan. Let it be brought, I will take it immediately.

Mr. Purgon. I ſhould have delivered you from your illneſs before it was long.

Toinet. He does not deſerve it.

Mr. Purgon. I was going to cleanſe your body, and to have diſcharged it entirely of all its bad humours.

Argan. Ah, brother!

Mr. Purgon. And I wanted no more than a dozen purges to have gone to the bottom with you.

Toinet. He does not deſerve your care.

Mr. Purgon. But ſince you do not chuſe to be cured by my hands——

Argan. It is not my fault.

Mr. Purgon. Since you have forſaken the obedience which a man owes to his phyſician,

Toinet. That cries for vengeance.

Mr. Purgon. Since you have declared againſt the remedies I have preſcribed you,

Argan. Ah, not at all.

Mr. Purgon. I muſt inform you that I abandon you to your evil conſtitution, to the intemperature of your bowels, the corruption of your blood, the acrimony of your bile, and the feculency of your humours.

Toinet. It is very well done.

Argan. Oh! heavens!

Mr. Purgon. And my intention is that within four days time you enter into an incurable ſtate.

Argan. Ah! mercy!

Mr. Purgon. That you fall into a Bradypepſia.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From a Bradypepſia into a Dyſpepſia.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From a Dyſpepſia into an Apepſia.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From an Apepſia into a Lienteria.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From a Lienteria into a Diſſenteria.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From a Diſſenteria into a Dropſy.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. And from a Dropſy into a privation of life, which will be the end of your folly.

SCENE VII.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

ARGAN.

AH heavens, I am dead! brother you have undone me.

Beraldo. Why! what is the matter?

Argan. I can hold no longer. I feel already that the faculty is taking its revenge.

Beraldo. Faith, brother, you are a fool, and I would not for a great deal that you ſhould be ſeen doing what you do. Pray feel your own pulſe, come to yourſelf again, and do not be ſo much ruled by your imagination.

Argan. You ſee, brother, the ſtrange diſeaſes he has threatened me with.

Beraldo. What a fooliſh man you are!

Argan. He ſaid I ſhould be incurable in leſs than four days.

Beraldo. And of what conſequence is it what he ſaid? One would imagine that you thought Mr. Purgon an oracle, and that he held the thread of your days in his hand, and could by ſupreme authority prolong or cut it ſhort as he thought proper. Conſider that the principles of your life are in yourſelf, and that the anger of Mr. Purgon is as incapable of killing you, as his remedies are of keeping you alive. Here

is an opportunity, if you have a mind to it, to rid yourself of the doctors, or if you was not born to be able to live without them, it is easy to have another of them, with whom, brother, you may run the less hazard.

Argan. Ah! brother, he knew perfectly my constitution, and in what manner to manage me——

Beraldo. I must confess to you, that you are a man of great prepossession, and that you are wonderfully infatuated.

SCENE VIII.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET.

Toinet to Argan.

SIR, a doctor below desires to see you.

Argan. What doctor?

Toinet. A doctor of physic.

Argan. I ask thee who he is.

Toinet. Really I cannot tell, but he is as like me as two drops of water, and if I was not certain that my mother was an honest woman, I should suspect that this was some little brother she had given me since my father's death.

Argan. Let him come in.

SCENE IX.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

BERALDO.

YOU are served to your desire. One doctor leaves you, and another offers himself to you.

Argan. I am much afraid that you are the cauſe of ſome misfortune.

Beraldo. Again! are you always upon that topic?

Argan. See how I have at heart all thoſe diſtempers which I do not know, thoſe——

SCENE X.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET dreſſed like a phyſician.

TOINET.

ALLOW me, Sir, to pay you a viſit, and to offer you my ſmall ſervices for all the bleedings and purgations you may have occaſion for.

Argan. Sir, I am extreamly obliged to you. [to Beraldo.] Really, Toinet herſelf!

Toinet. Excuſe me a little, Sir, I had forgot to give my ſervant a meſſage, I will return directly.

SCENE XI.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

ARGAN.

HAH! would you not think that it is Toinet? Beraldo. The likeneſs is certainly very great. But this is not the firſt time we have ſeen theſe ſort of things, and hiſtories are replete with theſe ſports of nature.

Argan. For my part I am amazed at it, and——

SCENE XII.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET.

TOINET.

PRAY, Sir, what do you want?

Argan. What?

Toinet. Did you not call me?

Argan. I? no.

Toinet. I have been miſtaken then.

Argan. Stay a little here, and ſee how much this doctor is like thee.

Toinet. Yes, really; I have other buſineſs below, and I have ſeen enough of him.

SCENE XIII.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

ARGAN.

IF I had not ſeen them both together, I ſhould have believed it was the ſame.

Beraldo. I have read amazing things of theſe kind of reſemblances, and we have ſeen of them in our times, where every body have been deceived.

Argan. For my part, this would have deceived me, and I ſhould have ſworn it was the ſame perſon.

SCENE XIV.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET dreſſed like a phyſician.

TOINET.

SIR, I ſincerely aſk pardon.

Argan aſide to Beraldo.] This is ſurpriſing.

Toinet. Pray, Sir, do not be diſpleaſed at my cur oſity, I had a deſire to ſee ſuch an illuſtrious patient a you are; your reputation, which reaches every where may excuſe the freedom I have taken.

Argan. I am your ſervant.

Toinet. I perceive, Sir, that you look earneſtly a me: how old do you think I am?

Argan. I imagine that you may be twenty-ſix, o twenty-ſeven at moſt.

Toinet. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I am fourſcore an ten!

Argan. Fourſcore and ten!

Toinet. Yes. You ſee an effect of the ſecrets of m art, to preſerve me thus freſh and ſtrong.

Argan. Really, a fine youthful old fellow for one o fourſcore and ten.

Toinet. I am an itinerant phyſician, that go fro town to town, province to province, kingdom to king dom, to ſeek out famous matter for my capacity, t find patients worthy of employing myſelf on, ca pable of exerciſing the great and noble ſecrets which have diſcovered in phyſic. I diſdain to amuſe myſe with the little fry of common diſeaſes, with the trifle of rheumatiſms and defluxions, agues, vapours, an megrims. I would have diſeaſes of conſequence, goo perpetual fevers, with a diſordered brain, good purp

fevers, good plagues, good confirmed dropſies, good pleuriſies, with inflammations of the lungs, this is what pleaſes me, this is what I triumph in; and I wiſh, Sir, that you had all the diſorders I have juſt now mentioned, that you was abandoned by all the phyſicians, deſpaired of, at the point of death, that I might demonſtrate to you the excellency of my remedies, and the deſire I have to do you ſervice.

Argan. I am obliged to you, Sir, for your kind wiſhes.

Toinet. Allow me to feel your pulſe. Come then, beat as you ſhould. Aha, I ſhall make you go as you ought. Ho, this pulſe plays the impertinent; I obſerve you do not know me yet. Who is your phyſician?

Argan. Mr. Purgon.

Toinet. That man is not wrote in my table-book amongſt the eminent phyſicians. What does he call your illneſs?

Argan. He ſays that it is the liver, and others ſay that it is the ſpleen.

Toinet. They are all blockheads, your diſorder is in your lungs.

Argan. Lungs?

Toinet. Yes, what do you feel?

Argan. I feel pains frequently in my head.

Toinet. The lungs to be ſure.

Argan. I ſeem ſometimes to have a dimneſs before my eyes.

Toinet. The lungs.

Argan. I have ſometimes a pain at the heart.

Toinet. The lungs exactly.

Argan. I ſometimes have a wearineſs in all my limbs.

Toinet. The lungs indeed.

Argan. And sometimes I am attacked with pains in my belly resembling the cholic.

Toinet. The lungs. You have an appetite for what you eat?

Argan. Yes.

Toinet. The lungs. You have no dislike to drinking a little wine?

Argan. No, Sir.

Toinet. The lungs. You take a little nap after repast, and are ready to sleep?

Argan. Yes, Sir.

Toinet. The lungs, the lungs I assure you. What does your physician order you for diet?

Argan. Soop.

Toinet. Ignorant!

Argan. Fowl.

Toinet. Foolish!

Argan. Veal.

Toinet. Stupid!

Argan. Broth.

Toinet. Foolish!

Argan. New-laid eggs.

Toinet. Ignorant!

Argan. And a few prunes at night to relax the belly.

Argan. And above all to drink my wine well diluted.

Toinet. *Ignorantus, ignoranta, ignorantum.* You must have your wine unmixed, and to thicken your blood, you must eat good fat beef, good fat pork, good Dutch cheese, good rice guel, and chesnuts and wafers, to thicken and conglutinate. Your doctor is a blockhead. I will send you one of my own choice, and will come and see you from time to time, as long as I stay in this town.

Argan. You will greatly oblige me.

Toinet. What the devil do you do with this arm?

Argan. How?

Toinet. Here is an arm I would cut off directly, were I in your place.

Argan. And for what?

Toinet. Do not you see that attracts all the nourishment to itself, and hinders this side from growing?

Argan. Yes, but I cannot want my arm.

Toinet. You have a right-eye there too that I would pluck out if I were in your place.

Argan. Pluck out an eye?

Toinet. Do not you find it incommodes the other, and robs it of all its nourishment? Take my advice, have it plucked out immediately, you will see the clearer with the left eye.

Argan. There is no occasion for haste in this affair.

Toinet. Farewell. I am sorry to leave you so soon, but I must be present at a grand consultation we are to have about a man who died yesterday.

Argan. About a man who died yesterday!

Toinet. Yes, to consult and see what ought to have been done to have cured him. Farewell.

Argan. You know that sick people are excused from ceremony.

SCENE XV.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

BERALDO.

WHY now, this doctor seems to be a very understanding man.

Argan. Yes; but goes a little too fast.

Beraldo. All your great phyſicians do ſo.

Argan. To cut off my arm, and pluck out my eye, that the other may be better! I would much rather that it ſhould not be quite ſo well. A pretty operation indeed, to make me both blind and lame at once.

SCENE XVI.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET.

TOINET pretending to talk with ſomebody.

NO, no, I am your humble ſervant for that. I am not in a merry humour.

Argan. What is the matter?

Toinet. Your phyſician, truly, wants to feel my pulſe.

Argan. Obſerve, there, at fourſcore and ten years of age.

Beraldo. Well, come, brother, ſince your Mr. Purgon has differed with you, will you give me leave to ſpeak of the match, which is propoſed for my niece.

Argan. No, brother, I will put her into a convent, as ſhe oppoſed my inclinations. I ſee plainly there is ſome intrigue in the caſe, and I have diſcovered a certain ſecret interview, which they do not know I have diſcovered.

Beraldo. Well, brother, allowing there were ſome little inclination, would that be ſo offenſive, and can any thing appear criminal, when all this tends only to what is very honeſt, as matrimony?

Argan. Be it as it will, brother, ſhe ſhall be a nun, that I am reſolved upon.

Beraldo. You will pleaſe a particular perſon very much.

Argan. I underſtand you. You are always harping upon that ſtring, and my wife ſticks in your ſtomach very much.

Beraldo. Well, yes, brother, ſince I muſt ſpeak freely, it is your wife which I mean; and I can no more endure the infatuation you are under in reſpect to her, than I can your infatuation in reſpect to phyſic, nor to ſee you run headlong into every ſnare ſhe lays for you.

Toinet. Ah, Sir, do not talk of madam, ſhe is a woman of whom there is nothing to be ſaid; a woman without artifice, and who loves my maſter, who loves him——One cannot expreſs how much.

Argan. Aſk her but how fond ſhe is of me.

Toinet. It is true.

Argan. What pain my ſickneſs gives her.

Toinet. Moſt certainly.

Argan. And the care and the pains ſhe takes about me.

Toinet. It is true. [to Beraldo.] Do you chuſe I ſhould convince you, and ſhew you ſoon how madam loves my maſter? [to Argan.] Sir, let me undeceive him, and free him from his miſtake.

Argan. How?

Toinet. My miſtreſs is juſt come back. Set yourſelf down in this chair, ſtretched out at your full length, and feign yourſelf dead. You will ſee the diſtreſs ſhe will be in when I have acquainted her with the news.

Argan. I will do it.

Toinet. Yes, but do not let her remain in deſpair long, for ſhe may probably die by it.

Argan. Let me alone.

[Toinet to Beraldo.] Conceal yourſelf in this corner.

SCENE XVII.

ARGAN, TOINET.

ARGAN.

IS there not some hazard in counterfeiting death?

Toinet. No, no. What hazard can there be? Only stretch yourself out there. It will be a great pleasure to confound your brother. Here is my mistress. Steady as you are.

SCENE XVIII.

BELINA, ARGAN stretched out in his chair, TOINET.

TOINET pretending not to see Belina.

OH! heavens! oh! wretched! what a strange accident!

Belina. What is the matter, Toinet?

Toinet. Ah, madam!

Belina. What is the matter?

Toinet. Your husband is dead.

Belina. My husband dead?

Toinet. Oh! yes. The poor soul is defunct.

Belina. Certainly?

Toinet. Certainly. No body knows of this affair as yet, I was here all alone with him. He just now died in my arms. Here, see him laid at his full length in this chair.

Belina. God be thanked. Here I am delivered from a terrible burden. What a fool art thou, Toinet, to be so afflicted at his death!

Toinet. Madam, I thought that we ought to cry.

Belina. Go, go, it is not worth while. There is no loſs of him, and what good did he do upon earth? A troubleſome wretch to all the world, a filthy, nauſeous fellow, never without a clyſter, or a doſe of phyſic in his guts; always ſniveling, coughing, or ſpitting; a ſtupid, tedious, ill natured creature; for ever fatiguing people, and bawling continually at his maids and his footmen.

Toinet. An admirable funeral oration!

Belina. Toinet, you muſt help me to execute my intention, and you may depend upon it, in ſerving me your recompence is certain. Since it is ſo lucky no body is yet acquainted with the affair, let us carry him to his bed, and keep his death a ſecret, until I have accompliſhed my buſineſs. There are ſome papers, and there is ſome money, that I have a mind to ſeize on, and it is not juſt that I ſhould have paſt the prime of my years with him, without any manner of advantage. Come, Toinet, let us in the firſt place take all his keys.

Argan ſtarting up haſtily.] Not ſo faſt.

Belina. Ah!

Argan. Ay, miſtreſs wife, is this your affection for me?

Toinet. Ah, hah, the defunct is not dead.

Argan to Belina, who makes off.] I am very glad to diſcover your love, and to have heard the fine panegyric you made upon me. It is a wholeſome piece of advice, which will make me wiſe for the future, and prevent me doing a good many things I intended.

SCENE XIX.

BERALDO coming out of the place where he was hid, ARGAN, TOINET.

BERALDO.

WELL, brother, you see how it is.

Toinet. Really, I could never have believed it. But I hear your daughter; place yourself as you were, and let us see how she will receive the accounts of your death. It is a thing which it will not be at all amiss to try, and since your hand is in, you will know, by this means, how much you are esteemed by your family.

[Beraldo conceals himself again.

SCENE XX.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, TOINET.

TOINET pretending not to see Angelica.

OH heaven! ah! sad affair! unlucky day!

Angelica. What is the matter with you, Toinet, and what do you cry for?

Toinet. Oh! I have melancholy news to acquaint you with.

Angelica. Eh? what?

Toinet. Your father is dead.

Angelica. Ah, Toinet, my father dead?

Toinet. Yes, you see him there, he died this moment of a fainting fit which he was seized with.

Angelica. Heavens! what a misfortune! cruel fate! Alas! must I lose my father, the only person I had left in the world! and must I also, to increase my de-

ſpair, loſe him at a time when he was angry with me! what will become of me, unhappy wretch! and what comfort can I find after ſo irreparable a loſs!

SCENE XXI.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES, TOINET.

CLEANTHES.

WHAT ails you, fair Angelica? and what miſfortune makes you weep?

Angelica. I weep for the death of my father, the greateſt loſs I could meet with.

Cleanthes. Heavens! what an unexpected ſtroke! Alas! after the demand I had intreated your uncle to make of you in marriage, I was coming to preſent myſelf to him, to endeavour by my reſpects and intreaties to incline his heart to grant you to my wiſhes.

Angelica. Ah! Cleanthes, let us ſpeak no more of it. Let us here lay aſide all thoughts of marriage. After the death of my father, I will have nothing more to do with the world, I renounce it for ever. Yes, my dear father, if I have oppoſed your inclinations lately, I will follow one of your intentions at leaſt, and make amends, by that, [kneeling] for the concern I accuſe myſelf of having given you. Allow me, father, now to give you my promiſe of it, and to embrace you, to witneſs to you my reſentment.

Argan embracing Angelica.] Oh! my child!

Angelica. Hah!

Argan. Come, be not afraid, I am not dead. Come, thou art my true fleſh and blood, my real daughter, and I am delighted that I have diſcovered thy affection.

SCENE XXII.

ARGAN, BERALDO, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES, TOINET.

ANGELICA.

HOW agreeably am I surprised! Since, by very good fortune, heaven restores you to my wishes, Sir, allow me here to throw myself at your feet, to implore one favour of you. If you are not favourable to the inclination of my heart, if you refuse me Cleanthes for a husband; I conjure you at least, not to oblige me to marry another. This is all the favour I ask of you.

Cleanthes throwing himself at Argan's feet.] Ah! Sir, permit yourself to be touched with her intreaties and mine; and do not shew yourself averse to the mutual ardors of so agreeable a passion.

Beraldo. Brother, can you withstand this?

Toinet. Sir, can you be insensible of so much love.

Argan. Let him turn physician, I consent to the marriage. [to Cleanthes.] Yes, Sir, turn physician, and you shall have her.

Cleanthes. Most willingly. If it only sticks at that, Sir, to become your son-in-law, I will be a physician, and even an apothecary, if you chuse it. I should do much more to obtain the fair Angelica.

Beraldo. But, brother, I have just recollected, that the conveniency will be much greater to turn physician yourself, and have all that you want within yourself.

Toinet. Very true. That is the right way to cure yourself soon; and there is no distemper so daring, as to meddle with the person of a physician.

Argan. I fancy, you banter me, brother. Am I of an age to study?

Beraldo. Pſhaw, ſtudy! why, you are learned enough; there are a great many among them, who do not know more than yourſelf.

Argan. But one ſhould know how to ſpeak Latin well, to know the diſtempers, and the remedies proper to apply to them.

Beraldo. You will learn all that by putting on the robe and cap of a phyſician, and you will afterwards be more ſkilful than you would wiſh to be.

Argan. What! do people underſtand how to converſe upon diſtempers, when they have on that habit?

Beraldo. Yes. You have nothing to do, but to talk; with a gown and cap, any ſtuff becomes learned, and nonſenſe becomes ſenſe.

Toinet. Hold, Sir, were there no more than your beard, that goes a great way already; a beard makes more than half in the compoſition of a doctor.

Cleanthes. At worſt, I am ready to do every thing.

Beraldo to Argan.] Will you have the thing done directly?

Argan. How directly?

Beraldo. Yes, and in your own houſe.

Argan. In my own houſe?

Beraldo. Yes, I know a body of phyſicians, my friends, who will come immediately and perform the ceremony in your hall. It will coſt you nothing.

Argan. But what ſhall I ſay, what ſhall I anſwer?

Beraldo. They will inſtruct you in a few words, and they will give you in writing, what you are to ſay. Go dreſs yourſelf in a decent manner, I will go ſend for them.

Argan. Very well, do ſo.

SCENE THE LAST.

BERALDO, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES, TOINET.

CLEANTHES.

WHAT are you going to do with this body of your friends?

Toinet. What is your intention?

Beraldo. We are going to amuſe ourſelves a little this evening. The players have made an interlude of a doctor's admiſſion with dances and muſic, I deſire we may take the diverſion of it together, and that my brother may be the chief performer in it.

Angelica. But, uncle, methinks you play upon my father rather too much.

Beraldo. Dear Angelica, this is not ſo much playing on him, as giving into his fancies. We may each of us take a part in it ourſelves, and ſo perform the comedy to one another. The carnival will permit us to do all this. Let us go immediately to put every thing in readineſs.

Cleanthes to Angelica.] Do you agree to it?

Angelica. I will agree to every thing of which my uncle takes the management.

INTERLUDE.

FIRST ENTRY.

Upholsterers enter dancing to prepare the hall, and place the benches to music.

SECOND ENTRY.

A cavalcade of physicians to the sound of instruments.

Persons carrying clyster-pipes which represent maces, enter first. After them come the apothecaries with their mortars, surgeons and doctors two by two, who place themselves on each side the stage, whilst the president ascends a chair, which is placed in the middle, and Argan who is to be admitted a doctor of physic, places himself on a low stool at the foot of the president's chair.

PRÆSES.

Scavantissimi doctores,
Medicinæ professores,
Qui hic assemblati estis;
Et vos altri messiores,
Sententiarum facultatis
Fideles executores;
Chirurgiani et apothicari,
Atque tota compania aussi,
Salus, honor, et argentum,
Atque bonum appetitum.
Non possum, docti confreri,
In me satis admirari,

Qualis bona inventio,
Est medici professio;
Quam bella choſa eſt, et bene trouvata,
Medicina benedicta.
Quae ſuo nomine ſolo
Marveloſo miraculo
Since ſi longo tempore;
Has made in clover vivere
So many people omni genere.
Per totam terram videmus
Grandam vogam ubi ſumus;
Et quod grandes et petiti
Sunt de nobis infatuti:
Totus mundus currens ad noſtros remedios,
Nos regardat ſicut deos,
Et noſtris praeſcriptionibus
Principes et reges ſubjectos videtis.
'Tis therefore noſtra ſapientia,
Bonus ſenſus atque prudentia,
Strongly for to travaillare,
A nos bene conſervare
In tali credito, voga et honore;
Et take care a non recevere
In noſtro docto corpore
Quam perſonas capabiles,
Et totas dignas fillire
Has plaças honorabiles.
For that nunc convocati eſtis,
Et credo quod findebitis
Dignam matieram medici,
In ſçavanti homine that there you ſee;
Whom in thingis omnibus
Domo ad interrogandum
Et á bottom examinandum
Veſtris capacitatibus.

First Doctor. *Si mihi licentiam dat dominus praeſes.*
Et tanti docti doctores,
Et aſſiſtantes illuſtres,
Learnidiſſimo bacheliero
Quem eſtimo et honoro,
Demandabo cauſam et rationem, quare
Opium facit dormire?

Argan. *Mihi á docto doctore*
Demandatur cauſam et rationem, quare
Opium facit dormire.
To which reſpondeo,
Quia eſt in eo
Virtus dormitiva,
Cujus eſt natura
Senſus ſtupifire.

Chorus. *Bene, bene, bene, bene, reſpondere,*
Dignus dignus eſt intrare
In noſtro docto corpore.

Second Doctor. *Cum permiſſione domini praeſidis,*
Doctiſſimae facultatis,
Et totius his noſtris actis
Companiae aſſiſtantis,
Demandabo tibi, docte bacheliere,
Quae ſunt remedia,
Quae in maladia
Call'd Hydropiſia
Convenit facere?

Argan. *Cliſterium donare,*
Poſtea bleedare,
Afterwards purgare.

Chorus. *Bene, bene, bene, bene reſpondere,*
Dignus, dignus eſt intrare
In noſtro docto corpore.

Third Doctor. *Si bonum ſemblatur domino praeſidi,*
Doctiſſimae facultati
Et companiae praeſenti,

Demandabo tibi, docte bacheliere,
Quae remedia eticis,
Pulmonicis atque asmaticis
Do you think a-propos facere?

Argan. *Clisterium donare,*
Postea bleedare,
Afterwards purgare.

Chorus. *Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere:*
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

Fourth Doctor. *Super illas maladias,*
Doctus bachelierus dixit maravillas:
But if I do not teize and fret dominum praesidem,
Doctissimam facultatem,
Et totam honarabilem
Companiam hearkennantem;
Faciam illi unam quaestionem.
Last night patientus unus
Chanc'd to fall in meus manus:
Habet grandam fievram cum redoublamentis.
Grandum dolorem capitis,
Et grandum malum in his si-de,
Cum granda difficultate
Et pena respirare.
Be pleas'd then to tell me,
Docte bacheliere,
Quid illi facere?

Argan. *Clisterium donare,*
Postea bleedare,
Afterwards purgare.

Fifth Doctor. *But if maladia*
Opiniatria,
Non vult se curire,
Quid illi facere?

Argan. *Clisterium donare,*
Postea bleedare,
Afterwards purgare.
Rebleedare, repurgare, et reclysterifare.
Chorus. *Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere:*
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.
The President to Argan.] *Juras keepare statuta*
Per facultatem praescripta,
Cum sensu et jugeamento?
Argan. *Juro.*
The President. *To be in omnibus*
Consultationibus
Ancieni aviso:
Aut bono,
Aut baddo?
Argon. *Juro.*
The President. *That thou'lt never teservire*
De remediis aucunis,
Than only those doctae facultatis;
Should the patient burst-O
Et mori de suo malo?
Argan. *Juro.*
The President. *Ego cum isto boneto*
Venerabili et docto,
Dono tibi et concedo
Virtutem et powerantiam,
Medicandi,
Purgandi,
Bleedandi,
Prichandi,
Cuttandi,
Slashandi,
Et occidendi
Impune per totam terram.

THIRD ENTRY.

The Surgeons and apothecaries bow to muſic to Argan.

ARGAN.

GRANDES doctores doctrinae,
Of rhubarbe and of ſene:
I wou'd be in me without doubt one thinga folla,
Inepta et ridicula,
If I ſhould m'engageare
Vobis louangeas donare,
Et pretendebam addare
Des lumieras au ſoleillo,
Et des etoilas au cielo,
Des ondas a l'oceano;
Et des roſas to the ſpringo.
Agree that in one wordo
Pro toto remercimento
Randam gratiam corpori tam docto,
Vobis, vobis debeo
More than to naturae, et than to patri meo;
Natura et pater meus
Hominem me habent factum:
But vos me, that which is plus,
Avetis factum medicum.
Honor, favor, et gratia,
Qui in hoc corde que voila,
Imprimant reſſentimenta
Qui dureront in ſaecula.

Chorus. *Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, for ever vivat*
Novus doctor, qui tam bene ſpeakat,
Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,
Et bleedet et killat.

FOURTH ENTRY.

All the ſurgeons and apothecaries dance to the ſound of the inſtruments and voices, and clapping of hands, and apothecaries mortars.

FIRST SURGEON.

MAY he ſee doctas
Suas praeſcriptionas
Omnium chirurgorum,
Et apotiquarum
Fillere ſhopas.

Chorus. *Vivat, vivat, vivat, for ever vivat*
Novus doctor, qui tam bene ſpeakat,
Mille mille annis, et manget et bibat,
Et bleedat et killat.

Second Surgeon. *May all his anni*
Be to him boni
Et favorabiles,
Et n'habere jamais
Quam plaguas, poxas,
Fievras, pluresias,
Bloody fluxies et diſſenterias.

Chorus. *Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, for ever vivat.*
Novus doctor, qui tam bene ſpeakat,
Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,
Et bleedet et killat.

FIFTH and laſt ENTRY.

While the chorus is ſinging, the doctors, ſurgeons and apothecaries go out all according to their ſeveral ranks, with the ſame ceremony they entered.

FINIS.